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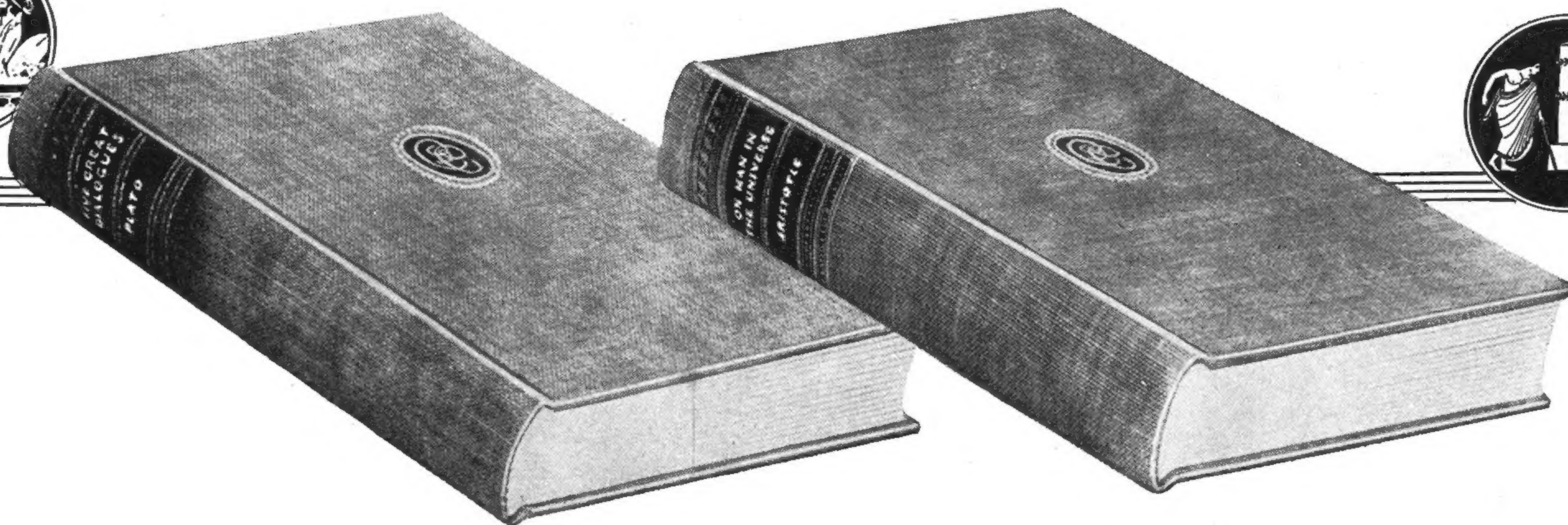
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Coming in September
What's Wrong with Our Women?
by Leland Stowe

A distinguished commentator and world traveler makes some startling observations concerning one of America's greatest natural resources. Are men fed up with the rudeness, selfishness, and expensive habits of American women? Did a few million G.I.s learn in France, Italy, and England what a real woman can be like? Pulling no punches, Mr. Stowe makes some cogent points that no man—or woman, if she can take it—can afford to miss.

Esquire Bedside Mystery
Murder Is Her Crooked Smile
by James West

Sometimes a woman can be so devastatingly beautiful and provocative that a man stands to lose his heart, his honor, and his life if he looks too long—but let Author James West, an Esquire discovery and master of the jet-propelled mystery-telling style, spiel the rest of this for you. Once you've started to read, all passengers are requested to stop smoking and fasten their seat belts. The story does the rest in the fastest take-off of the season.

Required reading for college men
Design for Living, Learning, and Leisure
An illustrated "must" for everyone Going Back to Campus this September: How to decorate a man's room. What's new and best in study equipment. The new campus styles; East, West, North, South. Good marks are up to you, but Esquire gives you all the tips on how to find the good life under the elms.

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contents for August, 1948

Vol. XXX. No. 2 Whole No. 177

articles

LOVE ON BROADWAY	Jimmy Cannon	25
WHITE WATER UP AHEAD		31
PARIS OF THE BALKANS	R. Michael	32
"LOOK MA, I'M EATIN'!"	Donald Hough	41
FRED LUDEKENS: GOOD FORM	Robert Ulrich Godsoe	57
NO CURE FOR THE CLUMSY	Herb Graffis	80

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY		10
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE		22
Fashions: GOING PLACES	O. E. Schoeffler	64
Discs: THE WAXWORKS	Herbert Kubly	137

fiction

LA TIGRESSE	Bel Kaufman	28
BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY	George W. Morse	36
THE LASHER ICE	William Francis	46
THE CODE OF THE ESCRIBIENTE	Mel Matison	52
FREE ASSOCIATION	Bruce Henry	60
NOTHING TO BE DONE	Joseph Heller	73
CHIEF KOALA'S SON-IN-LAW	Jim Buford	103
TOWARD ENDLESS HORIZONS	Si Podolin	105

personality

BEEF BARON ON A CORRAL FENCE	Oren Arnold	27
------------------------------	-------------	----

poetry

INBOUND	Joseph E. Shaner	53
---------	------------------	----

sports

EATING TO SET SPORTS RECORDS	Georg Mann	34
EVERYBODY'S MY BOSS	Anonymous	55
FOXY GRANDPA GOES TO THE OLYMPICS	Keith Monroe	62

pictorial features

COVER ILLUSTRATION	Painting by B. Shermund	
WHITE WATER UP AHEAD	Kodachrome by Art Griffin	30
GLADIOLI	Kodachrome by Walter Strate	33
BULLFIGHT	Painting by Edouard Manet	37
TIGER LILY	Painting by Al Moore	39
COUNTRY CLUB, U.S.A.	Drawings by D. McKay	42
BLACK AND WHITE STARDUST	Photographs by Karl Bissinger	44
RAMSAY JAMES—RISING STAR		49
THE GENTLEMAN FARMER	Drawings by Sam Cobean	50
INBOUND	Photomontage by André de Dienes	53
ART PORTFOLIO	Paintings by Fred Ludekens	56
FOREST HILLS: BIG TIME TENNIS	Kodachromes by Sally Haas	59
RIVIERA SOUTH OF THE BORDER	Kodachromes by Bernard Silberstein	74
A DAY AT THE RACES	Photographs from European	76
A PICNIC'S THE THING	Drawings by Howard Baer	78

wearables

GOING PLACES	Eight pages of fashions, beginning on	64
WHEREVER YOU GO, WHITE IS RIGHT		64
WHITE IS RIGHT FOR A SUMMER DINNER JACKET	Kodachrome by Manuel de Agustin	65
WHITE IS RIGHT FOR SUIT OR JACKET	Drawing by Martin Burniston	66
WHITE IS RIGHT FOR SLACKS OR SHIRT	Drawing by Martin Burniston	67
WHITE IS RIGHT — EVEN AT NIGHT!	Drawing by Jack Fenton	68
HOW TO CLOTHES THAT SUITCASE		69
SEASHORE, MOUNTAIN	Drawing by Merrill Harvey	70
LAKE CITY, HOME	Drawing by Merrill Harvey	71

the Esquire liquor intelligencer

HOW TO DRINK LIKE A GENTLEMAN		82
ESQUIRE'S WHAT AND WHEN CHART		84
THE ESQUIRE HERE'S HOW GUIDE TO MIXING		86
AGED IN THE WOOD		88
THE LONG DRINK		89
TWENTY-FIVE COCKTAILS		90
THE BALANCED BAR		92
BAR ACCESSORIES		93
WINES		94
HOW TO BUY WINES		95
BRANDIES AND LIQUEURS		96
THE LIQUOR CLOSET		97
CONNOISSEUR'S CONSULTANT		98
BEERS & ALES		99
MEN, MICE & MALT		100

credits

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH OF MANET'S ORIGINAL PAINTING, BULLFIGHT	Ed Rinker	37
ADVERTISERS' INDEX		138

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Editorial: Who Wears the Pants

ROGER BUTTERFIELD, in his fine book, *The American Past*, has occasion to refer to the gent on this page as "the lanky rube in red-striped overalls."

This kind of affectionate caricature is one of the things about the U.S. that puzzles the rest of the world. Without asking him, we presume that Mr. Butterfield likes Uncle Sam about as much as the rest of us, which is plenty. And, part of the game is giving the old boy a hotfoot once in a while, just to let him know that he's still in the family. In another country such playful familiarity might mean a shooting squad: here it gets a chuckle. The attitude is something of a mental holdover from the frontier. The practical joke is a home-grown product.

That is why the most astute visitors to this country sometimes catch the wrong signals. For example, Geoffrey Gorer, a British scientist, who writes with the grace and good humor of a best-selling author, still has failed to catch the spirit of Uncle Sam, although his book, *The American People*, is certainly recommended for its penetrating and startlingly accurate picture of us as we look from the outside.

Mr. Gorer has this to say about Uncle Sam as a figurehead:

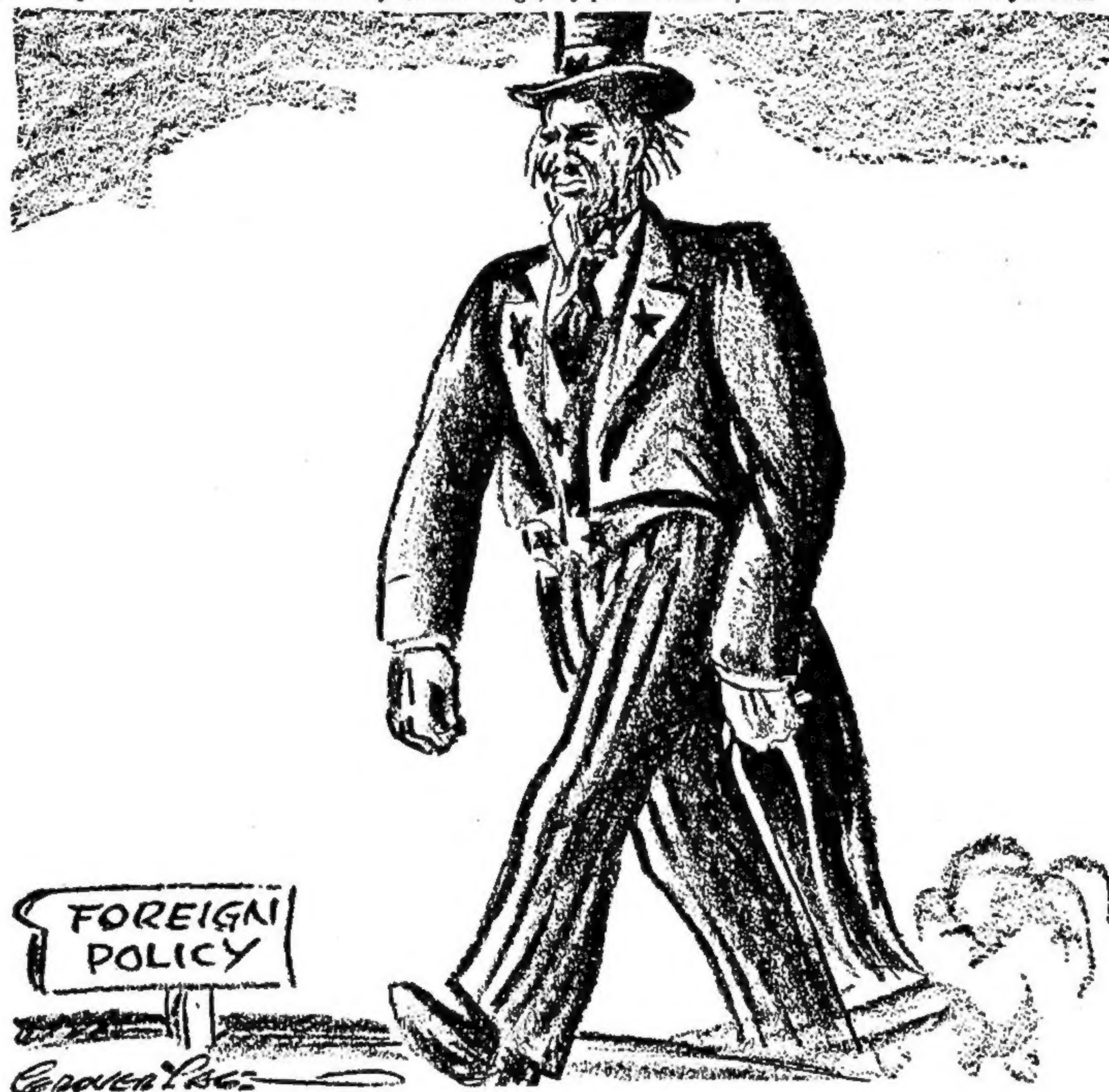
"America is commonly represented by two images, two icons. One is an extremely thin, tall old man, his grey beard trimmed to an old-fashioned goatee, his clothes of a bygone era embellished with the stars and stripes of the national flag; the other a portly maternal female dressed in flowing robes of classical style (which still do not differ too greatly from the ceremonial costumes worn by matrons at such functions as weddings), crowned with a diadem, and holding a torch in one hand. These two images are used alternatively in poster, cartoon, or medal to represent the United States; as far as I know there is no accepted rule as to which icon should be used in which circumstances; and consequently the choice, as it is commonly practiced, is the more revealing.

"Uncle Sam represents above all the government of America, chiefly in its demanding aspects, occasionally negotiating, rarely giving. Uncle Sam is to the fore when sacrifices or deprivations are called for: Uncle Sam wants you, or your boy, in the Army; Uncle Sam wants your savings for war loans; Uncle Sam wants your money for taxes; Uncle Sam wants you to use the telephone, or transport, or electricity less, for the sake of the war effort. This is his most constant role, the embodiment of a despised government in its most unpleasant and interfering aspects. More rarely he is shown in cartoons as negotiating with other government figures and, shrewd old Yankee horse trader as he is pictured, almost inevitably being cheated, robbed or swindled by his companions. Occasionally Uncle Sam gives handouts of 'the people's money,' either to undeserving foreign nations or to special groups of Americans, sometimes deserving, such as veterans when they receive a bonus, more often parasitic, such as artists and dancers and the lazy supported by W.P.A. Incidentally, I remember few caricatures of Uncle Sam as benefactor to the deserving; it occurs more commonly as a figure of speech in the talk

of the recipients, who may feel some uneasiness about their right to this unearned increment.

"This summary (and certainly partial) description of the functions of Uncle Sam will account for the very negative attitudes most Americans have toward this figure. It has amused me to ask a great number of Americans the symbolic relationship of Uncle Sam to themselves. None have admitted that Uncle Sam represents some feature of themselves, and the greater number deny any kinship with him, despite the use of the term 'Uncle.' His clothes date him, and the contemporary ancestors of most Americans were not Yankees. He is unrelated, neither loved nor respected, but at best grudgingly obeyed. Government must needs come, but woe to him through whom government cometh."*

Reproduced from a cartoon by Grover Page, by permission of the Louisville Courier-Journal



"The Bold Look"

So there you have our Sam, a rather unpleasant rural character, behind the times, unloved, unrespected, undone. But, before we write the old boy off to the morgue, perhaps we might go back a step or two. Uncle Sam has been around quite a while, and it might be hard to get rid of his ghost after the awful deed is done.

Uncle Sam got his breath of life in the War of 1812, the best authorities agree. It's a good local yarn. Seems that the troops in that distant fracas with Great Britain began to notice that the G.I. food issue was always marked, "E.A.—U.S." The "E.A.," it turns out, was for the resounding Yankee name of Elbert Anderson, a Troy contractor, who kept the vittles going to the Army. "U.S." happened to stand for the United States, but the boss up at the packing house was old Samuel Wilson, and known to his boys as Uncle Sam. That's where the grub came from, from Uncle Sam, and it said "U.S." to prove it. The feeble little conceit ran through the Army like a Kilroy fable, until "U.S." stood for any Government issue, during the war and after it. Uncle Sam was in business to stay. He was The Boss.

Uncle Sam grew with the country. His clothes, the plug hat, probably a beaver in

the original, the frock coat, the trousers with the strap under the foot to hold them snug—were dandy style, circa 1840. Twenty years later Abraham Lincoln still wore styles not unlike these. But it was not until the golden age of newspaper political cartooning, in the last twenty-five years of the nineteenth century, that Uncle Sam got his whiskers, and walked in the front door to stay. He became the symbol of this country in the minds of its citizens, and it was a perverse and rough-and-ready American trait to accept the image of the lanky frontiersman, dressed up but uncomfortable, untutored but shrewd, the rough exterior over the heart of gold.

We think that Uncle Sam still means pretty much the same to the United States at large. In some of the most beloved Lincoln legends, for example, you could call him

Uncle Sam as well as Uncle Abe. It was related that he could raise a barrel of whiskey from the ground and drink from the bung—yet he never drank the whiskey. He is said to have lifted a box of stones weighing over half a ton. Yet Uncle Abe was gentle, and never sought a fight until aroused. When the Giant Jack Armstrong attacked him, Abe picked him up by the throat and shook him like a rag. Those stories are *Uncle* stories around all U.S. firesides.

We think that we can risk contradicting Mr. Gorer, perhaps, in his feeling that Uncle Sam is only a grasping old coot to most Americans. We have an idea that there's still a great deal of admiration around these parts for the old boy. He's quite a man still, we think.

So what? Well, we noticed that the cartoon shown on this page—depicting Uncle Sam assuming what Secretary of State Marshall refers to as "the military posture"—was captioned as "The Bold Look." It was a pleasant surprise to us, since we never knew it was to appear until the paper was published. "The Bold Look," you

know, is Esquire's own phrase to interpret what we feel is one of the few great "natural" styles for men. In presenting it, some months ago, we were bold enough to claim that this new feeling in clothes for men was in harmony with some of the traditions of our country. We were not linking, of course, stitches and colors and fabrics with the epic deeds in U.S. history. But we were sincerely hoping that something of the spirit of the American Man, or of Uncle Sam, if you will, through the generations could be caught up in the new point of view towards the things that he wears and uses in his daily life.

To put it another way, Esquire didn't invent the Bold Look. We just noticed that it has been a masculine heritage since Uncle Sam went to war out of Troy. You have it, sir. It isn't ours. We just want respectfully to recommend a few fitting ways to express it in the way you dress. Others will like the way it looks on you. You'll like the way the Bold Look *feels*—dress may not make the man, but what he wears will make him feel more confident, more vital, and we make bold to suggest that he'll like it. ‡

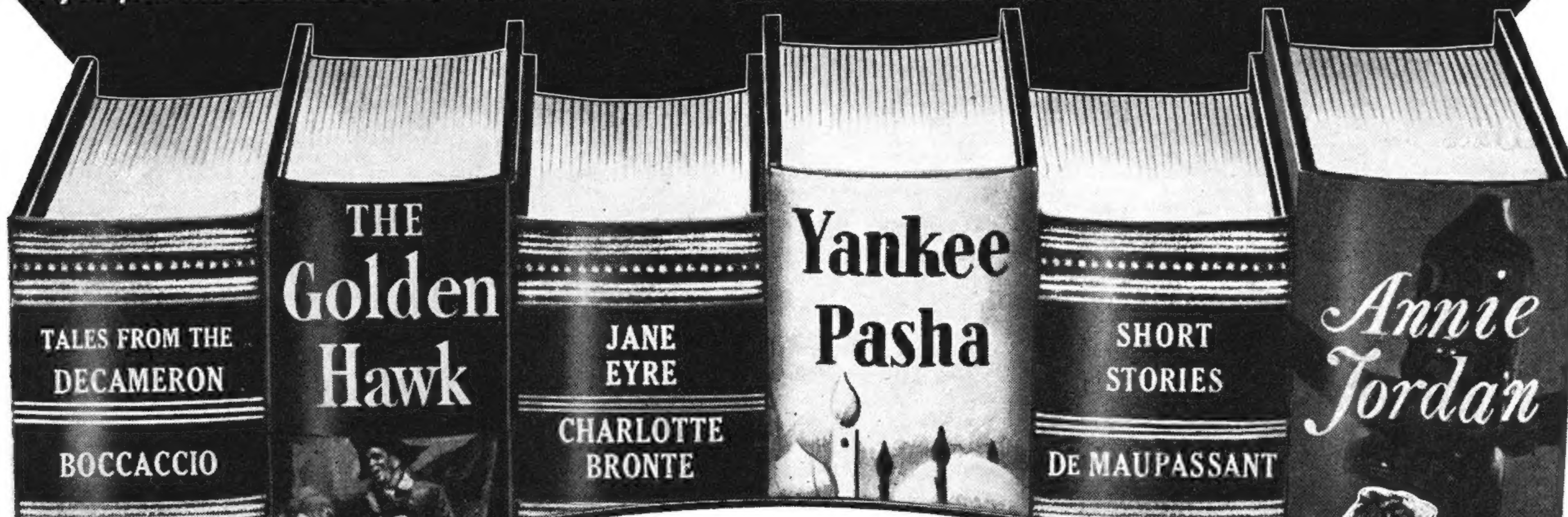
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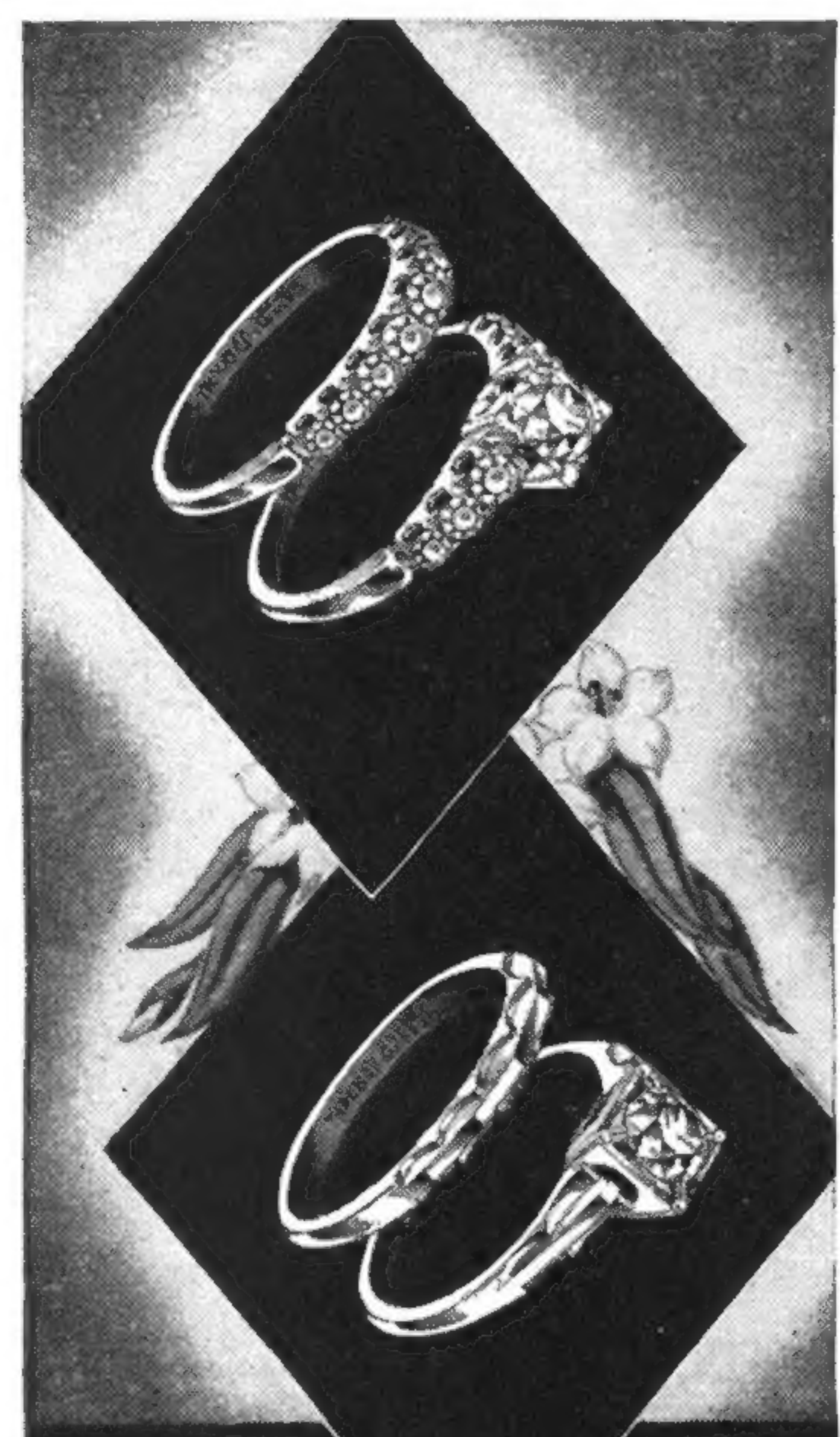
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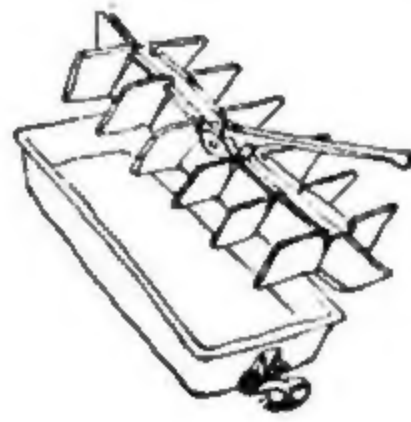
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KEEPING COOL is no problem for the ice cubes—not when they're in this double-walled plastic container. Special construction keeps ice cubes intact and the transparent cover enables you to keep an eye on the supply. Even when the weather's

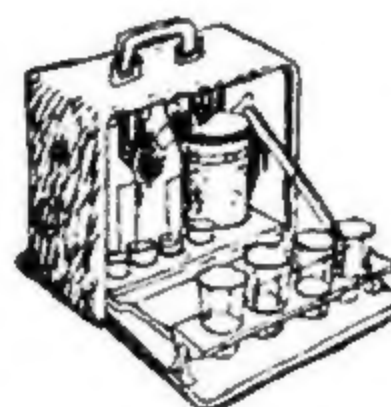


humid, the container won't get moist on the outside. (Also serves effectively as a container to keep hot foods hot—holds about three quarts.) Light in weight, only 37 ounces. Inner bowl is ivory; outer surface comes in a variety of finishes—mahogany, walnut, red, maroon or silver.



SPARKLE PLENTY. Carbonated beverages keep their zip, and beer stays alive when re-capped with this screw-seal device. Slips easily onto any standard size bottle, and seals with a half-turn. Made of stainless aluminum,—the bottle cap takes up very little "headroom" in the ice-box, allowing tall bottles to stand upright.

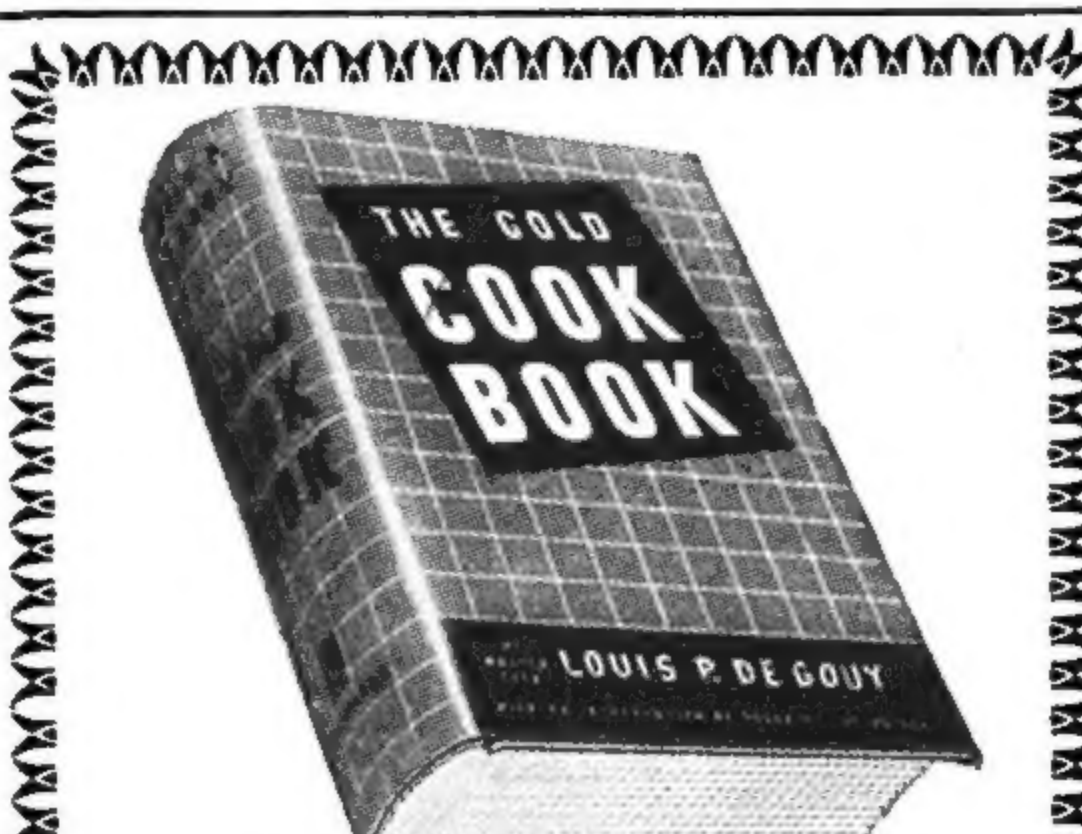
PORTABLE BAR. Going for a trip? Throwing a beach party? Wherever you're headed, you have all the necessary bar equipment right at hand in this compact, traveling bar. Looks like a well-made piece of luggage



in transit. Opened up, it's ready for business with a cork-insulated ice container, four jiggers, four highball glasses that are held upright and in place—there's no knocking them over while mixing the drinks. Room for two, quart bottles—and a device which holds them securely. There is a Junior edition, slightly smaller, with ice bucket, tumblers, and room for a pint and a fifth of liquor, and two bottles of mix.

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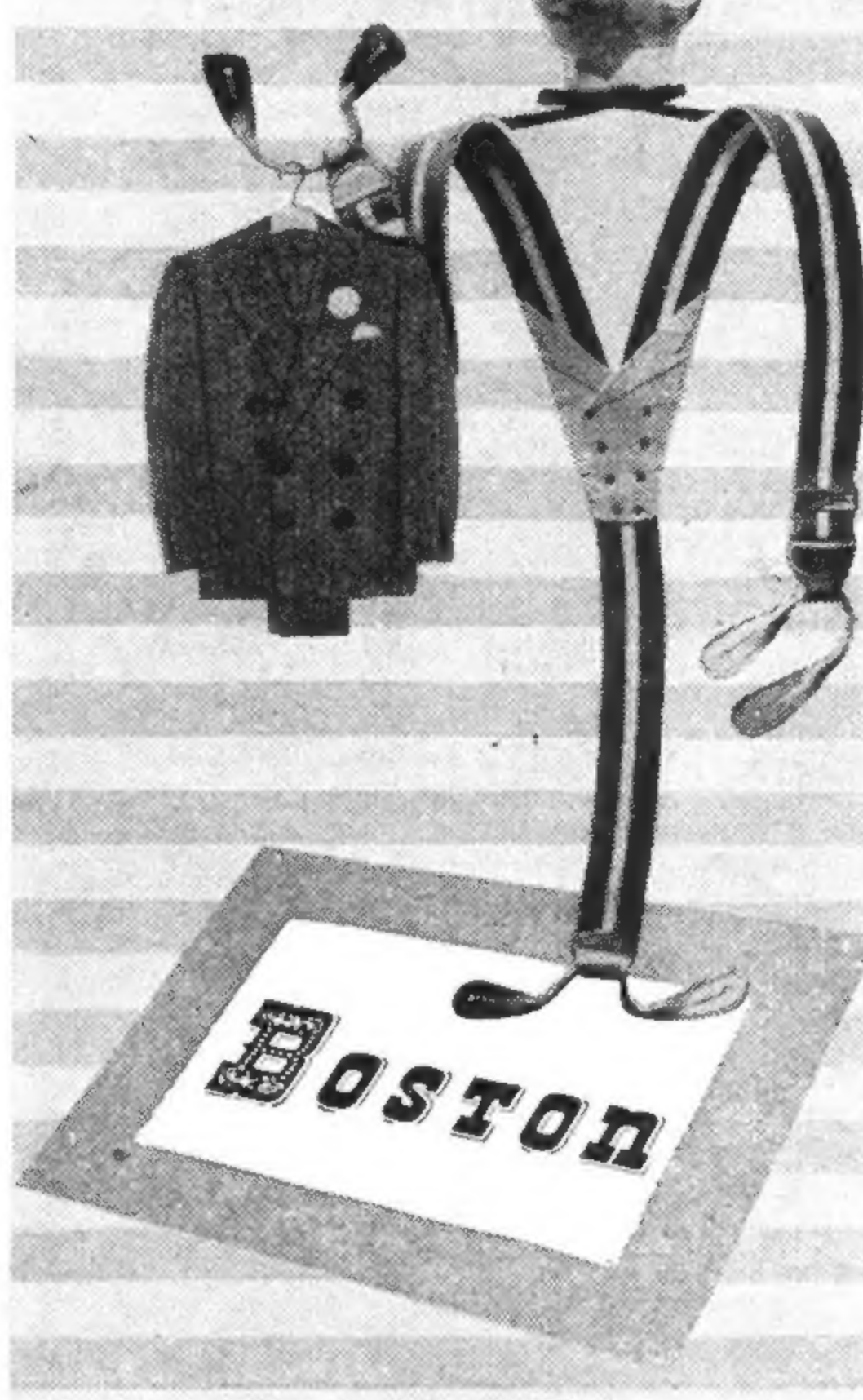
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"What's Wrong With our Women," by Leland Stowe,
in the same issue.*

The Sound and the Fury

toujours l'amour

An old bachelor turns to his favorite magazine for the first piece of psychological artillery in a burgeoning summer campaign!

From your record editor's vast knowledge of popular records and bands recording same, would he list five or six discs of such smooth, mellow and romantic tunefulness that the title "Music to Woo By" would be appropriate?

I am a classical record enthusiast by nature, and as such have no background at all for making such a selection—and the jivehounds in the local record shops are strictly no help. I am thinking of the ingratiating sort of stuff that Sablon attempts to put over—not V. Herbert or operetta music. Straight instrumental recordings would be the most welcome.

ADAM LOFLAND

Mt. Carroll, Ill.

Any guaranteed effectiveness of these suggestions for your summer campaign would depend largely on knowing more about the personality of your lady. If she's a dreamy clinging vine, might I suggest some of the softer cocktail pianists such as Buddy Cole who makes albums for Capitol, and Eddy Duchin, for Columbia. If she's got a mind of her own any of the King Cole Trio albums (Capitol) would have a couple sides that would help make your point. I recommend especially, Vol. 1. *You Made Me Love You* by Eddie Heywood (Decca) might help too.

If none of these work try *Duke Ellington Plays the Blues* album for Victor. It'll talk for you, softly enough so as not to wake the neighbors.

For your later consideration, the Capitol thrush, Peggy Lee, has a nice bit of advice called *Don't Smoke in Bed*.

HERBERT KUBLY

New York, N.Y.



rich man's Kinsey

Now that Dr. Rice asks, I'm not so sure as I was.

Following a group reading of his article *Do You Know Your Women?*, both sexes were as vocal as a pack of good hounds on a fresh-meat trail. All of the ladies confessed that it was written cleverly and by an experienced observer and none of them had too much difficulty in identifying their sisters, but I sensed a general undercurrent that they found it more unfunny than the males.

I suggest that for the peace of mind of a number of American families, there should be a companion piece to level the male sex off to proportionate size. We might even have it coming to us. Perhaps if Dr. Rice were to bring

us all under his candid microscope he might find—in pants or in petticoats—that PEOPLE, from the cradle to the crypt, can make the shift from halo to horns in nothing flat without half trying.

B. THURBER GUILD, M.D.
Sands Point, Long Island, N.Y.



lively art

Returning home from Washington last Monday, our Ambassador to the U.S.A. gave me a copy of the last issue of Esquire, insisting that I read the article entitled *The Greatest Bullfight Ever* as it was one of the most beautiful articles written on bullfights.

I should like to express my gratitude to Esquire for printing such a lovely article, but at the same time I cannot forbear to tell you that I was deeply shocked to see that you had classified bullfighting as a sport and not as an art. You may not agree, in which case ask anyone who has *afición* for bullfighting.

L.R.C. DE CASTRO FREIRE
Lisbon, Portugal



add whiskey soy

I was surprised at Don Whitehead's article stating that cooking with whiskey is an unusual art; then when I learned he lived in Honolulu, I was downright shocked. He must be nothing but a malahini. Why, Hawaii and the South Sea Islands are where I learned to cook with whiskey. And not mamby-pamby puddings and cakes, but man-style steaks, fish and dressings. Here is one of my favorites:

Steaks in Whiskey Soy

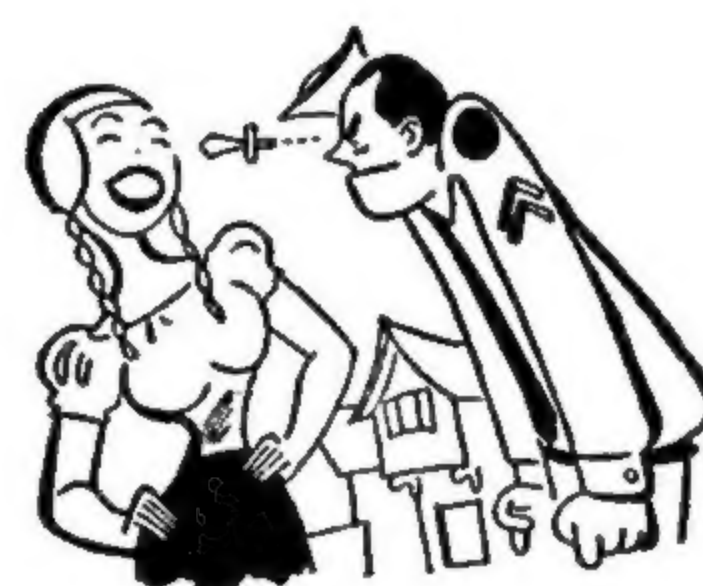
Place in large bowl the steaks (hamburger patties or what have you) and pour one jigger of whiskey on each piece of meat. In another bowl mix two cups of soy, $\frac{1}{4}$ pt. whiskey, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. ginger. Some add half a well-whipped egg. Pour over meat and set in icebox from four hours to all day, turning now and then so meat is well covered. Drain and cook in a skillet or under the broiler.

Be sure to save sauce. This can be used again and again. Try cooking green beans in it, or adding it to pork chops as they steam.

RUTH-HAL SLOCUM
Los Angeles, Calif.

Counter-Fräulein

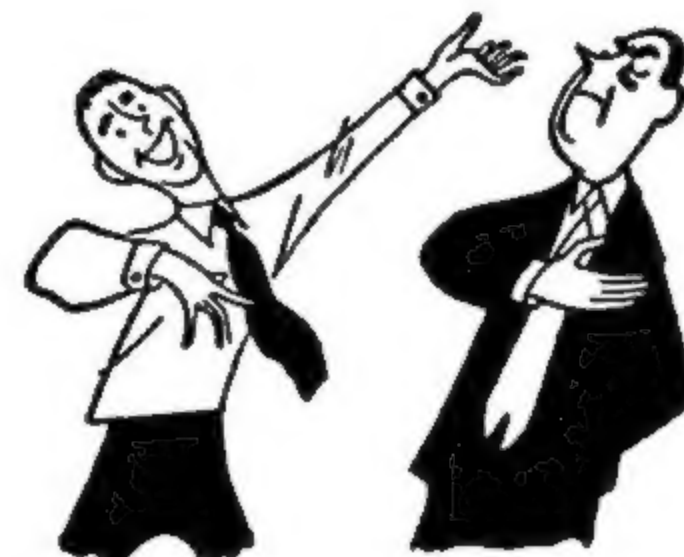
Just completed Harry Sperber's *The Fräulein Wins the Peace*. It's a wonderful story and true through and through. Spent three years in Europe with airborne units and graves-registration teams and worked as an identification expert after the end of hostilities as a civilian for the War Department. In Dachau alone we identified and interred over 5000 Allied men, women and children whose bodies were stacked in a warehouse ready for the furnace. And of course the local people knew nothing of such slaughter. At Aachen I saw an entire squad of front scouts killed by machine guns manned by German women. I also witnessed the atrocities at Malmédy where seventy-five men were machine gunned by a tank commander of the German Panzer Division. I speak and understand



German well and as a civilian I was many times mistaken for a German. I know how they think and talk when we aren't around. It's disgusting to see our occupation troops fraternizing with the German Fräuleins.

Yes, I have a solution. Take the new boys on a little tour before entering Germany. Take them to the military cemeteries at Henri-Chapelle and Neuville-En-Condroz in Belgium; Draguignan, Epinal, St. Avold, St. James, St. Laurent in France; Margraten in Holland and Hamm in Luxembourg. Then finish off the course at a place called the C. I. P. (Central Identification Point). That is where they fly the boys in to be identified.

RONALD B. STICKLEY
Des Moines, Iowa



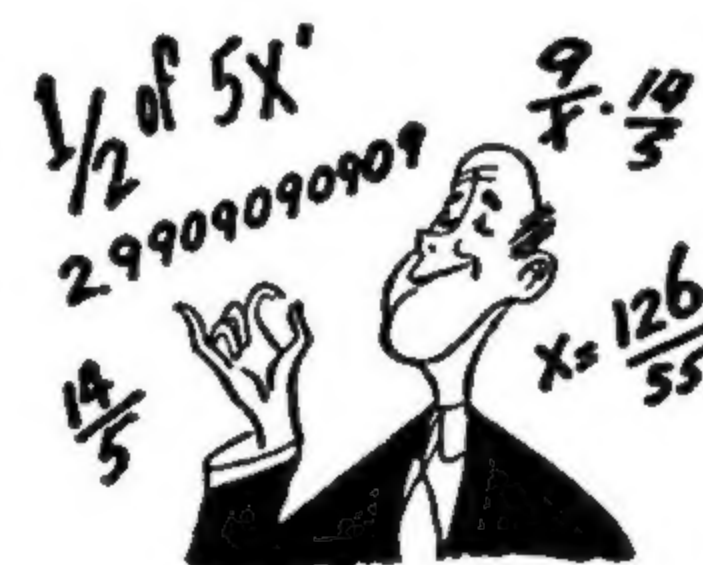
on curbing nature

Dr. Rice states, "There's a lot of good medicine in doing what comes naturally." Brother that may be true, but if it ever becomes too popular, this country will hit the skids quicker than through any political ill that it will ever develop. One of the greatest adjuncts to strength of character is in refraining from "doing what comes naturally," if that thing is personally injurious, or bad for society. What is Rice trying to do, make a bunch of mollycoddles out of us

as a nation? Most people are going to "do what comes naturally" anyway, but if there are one or two who aren't, don't try to talk them into it.

SAM G. COOK

Austin, Tex.



logical jabberwocky

The answer submitted by Alice of Wonderland to Mr. Shank's problem is not correct as it gives an impossible result of $16x = 0$

To solve this problem, it is necessary to introduce a "conversation factor" into the equations as:

$$\begin{aligned} \frac{1}{2} \text{ of } 5X \text{ "factor a"} &= 7 \\ \frac{1}{9} \text{ of } 9X \text{ "factor a"} &= 11 \\ x & \end{aligned}$$

Solving for "factor a" in the first equation, you get $\frac{14}{5}$

Substituting $\frac{14}{5}$ for "factor a" in

the second equation, the problem is easily solved as follows:

$$\begin{aligned} 9 \times \frac{14}{5} &= 11 & x &= \frac{126}{55} \\ \frac{9}{x} \times \frac{14}{5} & & & \\ \frac{1}{x} &= \frac{55}{126} & \text{or} & \\ & & 1 & \end{aligned}$$

2.2909090909090909

THE MAD HATTER

Ocean City, N.J.

catch Hatch

Harry N. Sperber's article, *The Fräulein Wins the Peace*, was very interesting. How about one on the Occupation in Japan? The differences and similarities would prove very interesting for your readers.

So the Germans want to know when America is going to fight Russia, eh! I left Japan in December '47 and a Japanese shoe-shine boy said good-by to me with these words: "Good-by, and I hope you no die when you fight Russia."

FRED J. HATCH, JR.
Baltimore, Md.

a long way from Ky.

In regard to the article *Kentucky's Cookin' Whiskey* of your April issue, "Grandmother Moss" must have "smacked her lips" over too many "whiskey-laden desserts" to come up with "Bisquit Tortoni." My Grandmother Strebel would never dream of such a concoction—much less give it such a non-Kentucky, "high-falutin'" name as "Bisquit Tortoni." May I suggest that Mr. Whitehead return to Kentucky's drinkin' whiskey?

LT. (J.G.) RALPH E. KLEIN
Formerly of Kentucky
NAS Kaneohe, Oahu, T.H.



Two Birds and One Stone



During the war, The Springs Cotton Mills was called upon to develop a special fabric for camouflage. It was used in the Pacific to conceal ammunition dumps and gun emplacements, but the Japanese learned to detect it because of its lack of jungle smells. To overcome this, when the fabric was dyed, it was also impregnated with a permanent odor of hibiscus, hydrangea, and peacock's plumes. The deception was so successful that when Tokyo fell, the victorious invaders hung a piece of this fabric on a Japanese flagpole.

This process has been patented, and the fabric is now available to the false bottom and bust bucket business as *SPRINGMAID PERKER*. It is made of combed yarn and is sold finished in 37" width, 152 x 68 approximate count, weight about 3.30, the white with gardenia, the pink with camellia, the blush with jasmine, and the nude dusty.

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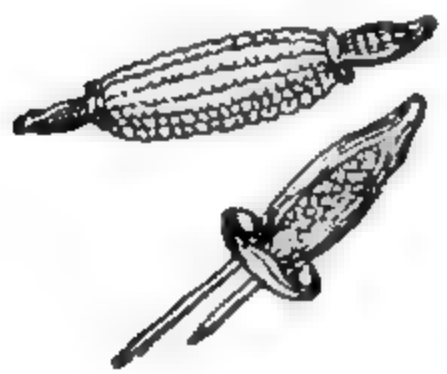


A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey

Talking Shop with Esquire



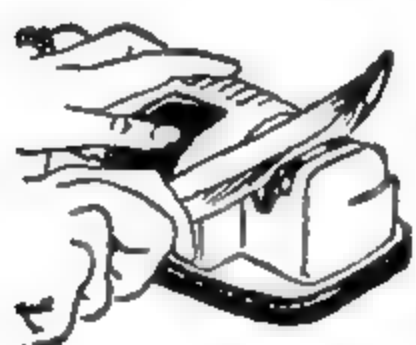
BUTTER FINGERS? You can get a good grip on an ear of hot roasted sweet corn without burning your digits or getting them smeared with butter, with these "corn handles." They look like miniature ears of corn and each handle has two, nickel plated prongs that insert securely, keep the corn from turning while you're working on it. Packaged in sets of eight—to serve four corn eaters at a time.



CLEVER CLEAVER. If it's a hunk of meat that needs "tenderizing", a chicken to be cut up for frying, or a jar with a stubborn lid to be pried off—this one-piece, streamlined cleaver will do the job. The little woman will also find it an effective weapon to wield on bottle caps and to dislodge thumb tacks and nails—without disturbing your tool kit.



HOW SHARP CAN YOU GET? The answer is "very"—with this motor-driven, electric knife sharpener that will keep blades in prime cutting condition. Sharpening wheel rotates at 3500 r.p.m., sharpens only cutting edge of the knife—puts a real professional edge on the blade. Wheel stops automatically if more than the edge is pressed against it. White enamel finish, stainless steel guide plates, rubber base. About 3½ inches in height and 8 inches long, 3½ inches wide. Operates on A-C current.



COOK'S HELPER. Electrical device that makes itself very useful in the food department. The single, compact unit is equipped to liquefy fruits and vegetables into juice, to shave ice for drinks, grind up cooked meats for sandwiches and salads, chop nuts and grate cheese. If you're a demon for extra fresh coffee, you can grind up roasted coffee beans in this machine. All this—and more too—at the flick of a switch. Pyrex glass container fits over the top of the motor unit which is encased in the base. Whips, chops and mixes at your command. Really does its stuff when it comes to mixing a smooth drink—whether it's a milk shake or a mint julep. Sells for about thirty-five dollars.



CORNY. An ear of good sweet corn deserves a liberal coat of butter—but try and do a satisfactory job with an ordinary knife or fork! This little buttering gadget will put the butter right where you want it—on the corn, not the tablecloth. Scoops up a piece of butter, distributes it evenly over the corn. Work on a simple kind of "perforated" spoon arrangement—the butter being held securely in the spoon section, and melting evenly onto the corn through the open sections as it's spread over the corn. They're trimly designed, and silver-plated—come in sets of eight.



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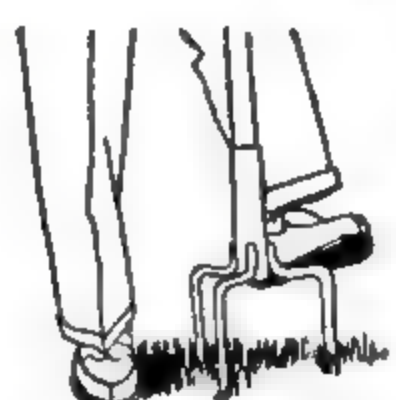


A SPADE IS A SPADE, no matter what you call it, but when the smoke is thick, sometimes it gets called a club!

Same thing with hearts and diamonds... Here though, is a deck designed to eliminate such confusion. Every suit is printed in a different color—the spades are black and clubs green; hearts red and diamonds orange. Value and suit symbol appear in each of the four corners, which also helps to clarify matters. Cards are plastic coated and come clean with a damp cloth.



BASIC INFORMATION. When it comes to putting up a badminton net in the back yard, or setting up a big beach umbrella, the operation usually calls for a sledge hammer, a step ladder and plenty of help. It's not



nearly so complicated, however, if you rely on one of these steel lawn prongs for a firm foundation. All you have to do is stand on the base, and the three prongs sink right into the ground, leaving the socket exposed. Comes in green, yellow, white or red, and ought to be useful for putting up other temporary equipment on lawns, like Christmas trees, play pens and clothes lines.

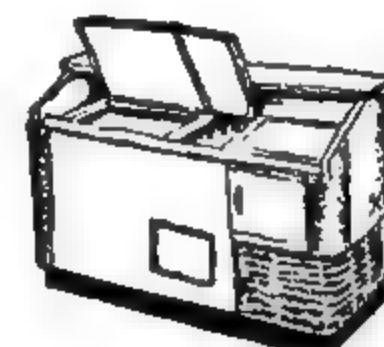
SMALL FRY are encouraged to save their pennies with this miniature Juke Box bank. When a coin is inserted in the slot, it trips a lever, and starts in playing a tune. The savings bank is about six inches high and is made out of bright colored plastic, just like the real nickelodeons. A Swiss music box mechanism takes care of the tune department, and a clear plastic window enables the youngster to watch the music go 'round and 'round.



BLOW A FUSE? Don't reach for the matches, or bother to grope for the candles—this new 6-in-1 fuse has a little neon safety light that glows automatically when the fuse blows. It sheds enough light for you to turn the indicator top, which renews the fuse without even removing it from the socket. Really six fuses in one. Available in 10, 20, 25 and 30 amp.



REFRIGERATED BAR. Happy the host who has this versatile home bar. And the distaff side of the house will be happy too, for it contains a special frozen food compartment that holds up to 16 gallons of ice cream or 150 packages of frozen foods. There's another cold compartment for beverages and foods that require less chilling—beer and such. Then, a third section—not refrigerated—is reserved for your Private Stock, with privacy insured by lock and key. Front and sides of the bar are upholstered in an acid-proof, burn-proof material that looks like leather. Bar top is solid Formica and the trim is stainless steel.



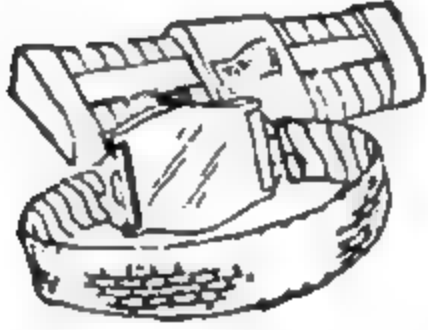
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**AMAZING, HARD-HITTING POWERFUL
3 In 1 AIR PISTOL**

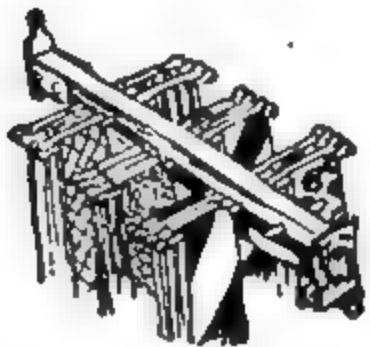
SPORTSMAN JR.—sensation-al, low priced air pistol. Ruggedly built, full size target gun that shoots either standard BB's, pellets or steel darts. Fast, single-action compression chamber. Single shot; silent shooting. Use indoors or outdoors. Modeled after famous target pistol. Economical to operate. Die cast all metal non-slip molded grip; machined steel chamber and barrel. 8-in. long; 4 1/2-in. deep; full size. Weighs 15 oz. **EACH ONLY \$3.49**
BB's, 3 pkg, 25c; .177 pellets, 500 for \$1.50; steel darts, 35c package. (Order plenty.) **Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. B312, Detroit 7, Mich.**

with Esquire

LOTS OF STRETCH. This flexible gold watch strap has a generous 100% expansion to it. No squeezing necessary to slip it over your fist. On the wrist, it has the appearance of a basket weave, mesh watch bracelet, but expands just like a regular link strap. Actually the basket design is super-imposed on the link foundation, combining the style of one and the functionalism of the other. Inside of the strap is non-corrosive stainless steel, so it won't mark the wrist; top-side is gold filled.



FIT TO BE TIED? Your best four-in-hand may *not* be if it's spent the night on a nail or some equally uncomfortable place! Here's an aluminum tie-rack to keep your neckwear in good shape and out of the way at the

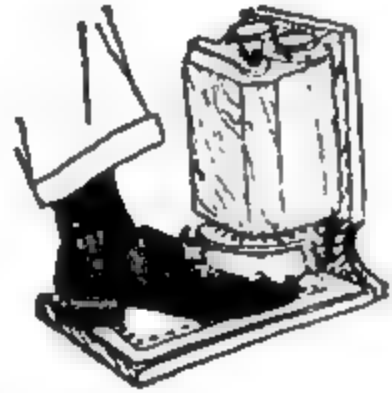


same time. Twelve movable rods provide space for twenty-four neckties. They can all be held firmly in place with a small stop pin, which locks the whole business. Comes in a chromium version too.

THE SLACK SEASON is here again, and with it the problem of keeping shirt tails tucked in, and slacks in place. Here's the "inside" solution to the situation — a narrow, cloth backed strip of synthetic rubber (neoprene foam), sewn inside the waistband of your slacks. So light in weight you don't know it's there, but it really manages to keep shirt and trousers together. You can buy this tape by the yard and have your tailor (or the Little Woman, if she's handy with a needle) sew it in the waistband of your slacks.



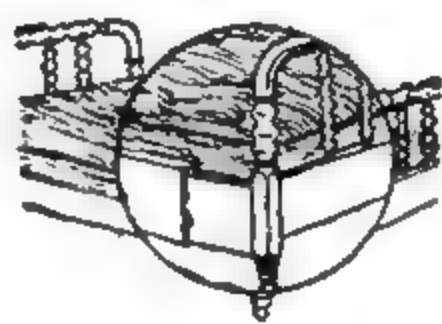
ELECTRIC SHINE. Shoes get a high polish the easy way with this electric shiner. The sheepskin buffer is motor driven, and placed so that it also reaches around the sides and polishes the sole. The motor shaft is encased in a Walnut or Cherry finished cabinet, and a slanting footrest holds your foot in the right position. Operates on 110-116 volt A.C. current.



BRUSH PLUS. This clothes brush for travelers amounts to more than meets the eye. The pigskin top zips open and there's a shoe horn, a comb and nail file held neatly in place in the leather-lined interior. Brush is about six inches long, and there's a small chrome stirrup to hang it by.



BED STRETCHER. Six-footers who suffer from insomnia and a cramped-quarters complex can loll in comfort when they discover this three-way deal to make beds longer. There's an inner spring mattress and box springs—both a luxurious 82 inches long, plus two panels that clamp onto the side frames of the bed, just in front of the footboard. Thus, your own bedstead "stretches" out to fit the mattress and box springs. The special mattress, which is long on comfort as well as size, has a narrow, flexible steel border concealed in the edge, to prevent sagging and breaking down. It's air-conditioned, too—260 small eyelet "ventilators" keep air circulating through its innards.



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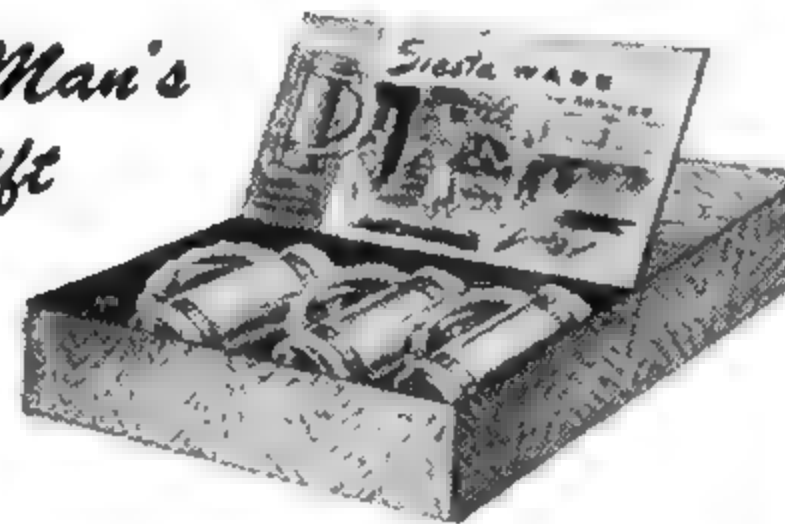
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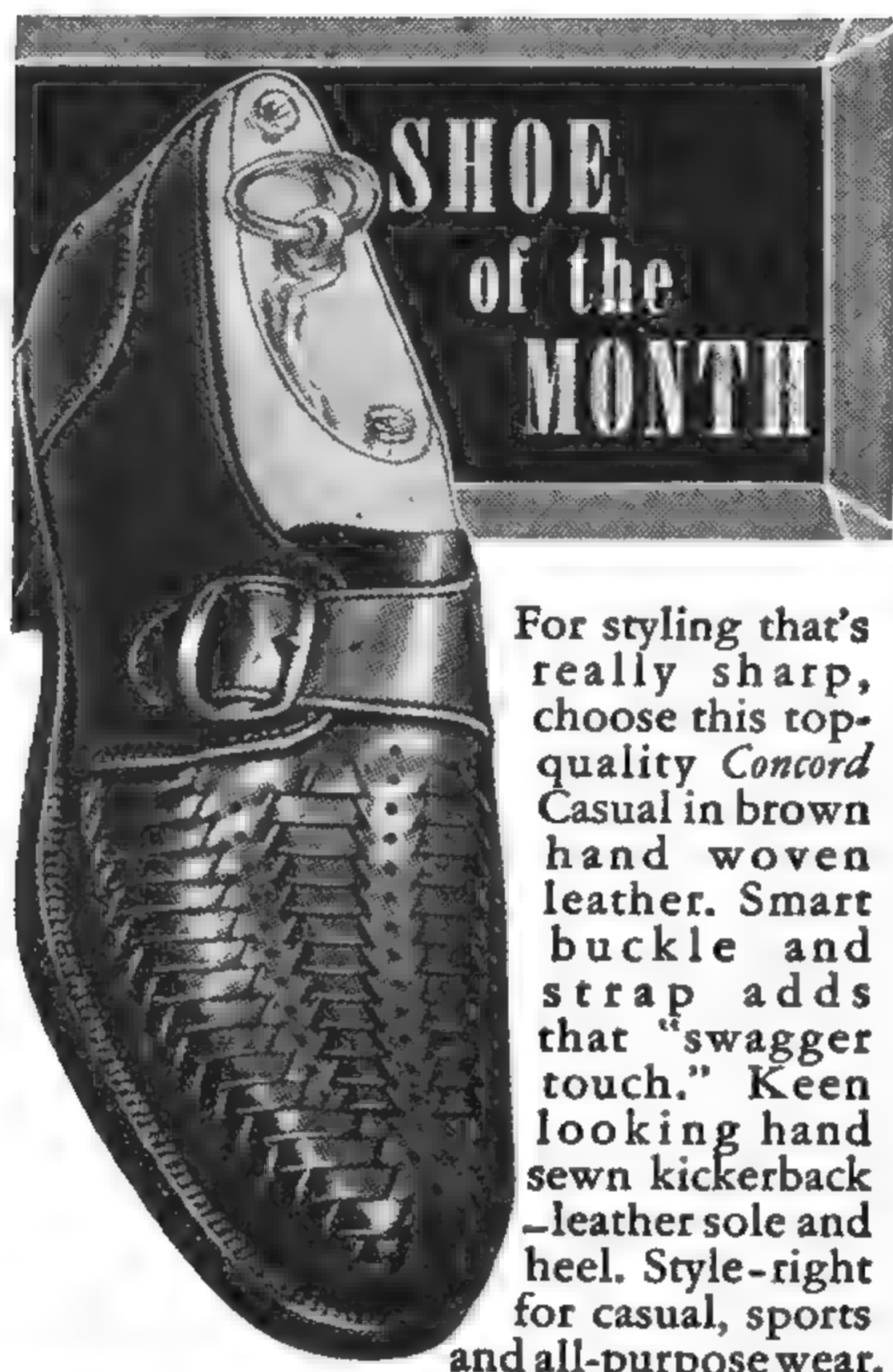
The Beer Mug (\$8.95); the Liquor Pourer (\$9.95); the Jug (\$9.95), illustrated above, play appropriate tunes thanks to a concealed Swiss music mechanism. Other musical drinking accessories, Cocktail Tray (\$11.95); Beer Mug (\$22.50); Pitcher (\$30.00)

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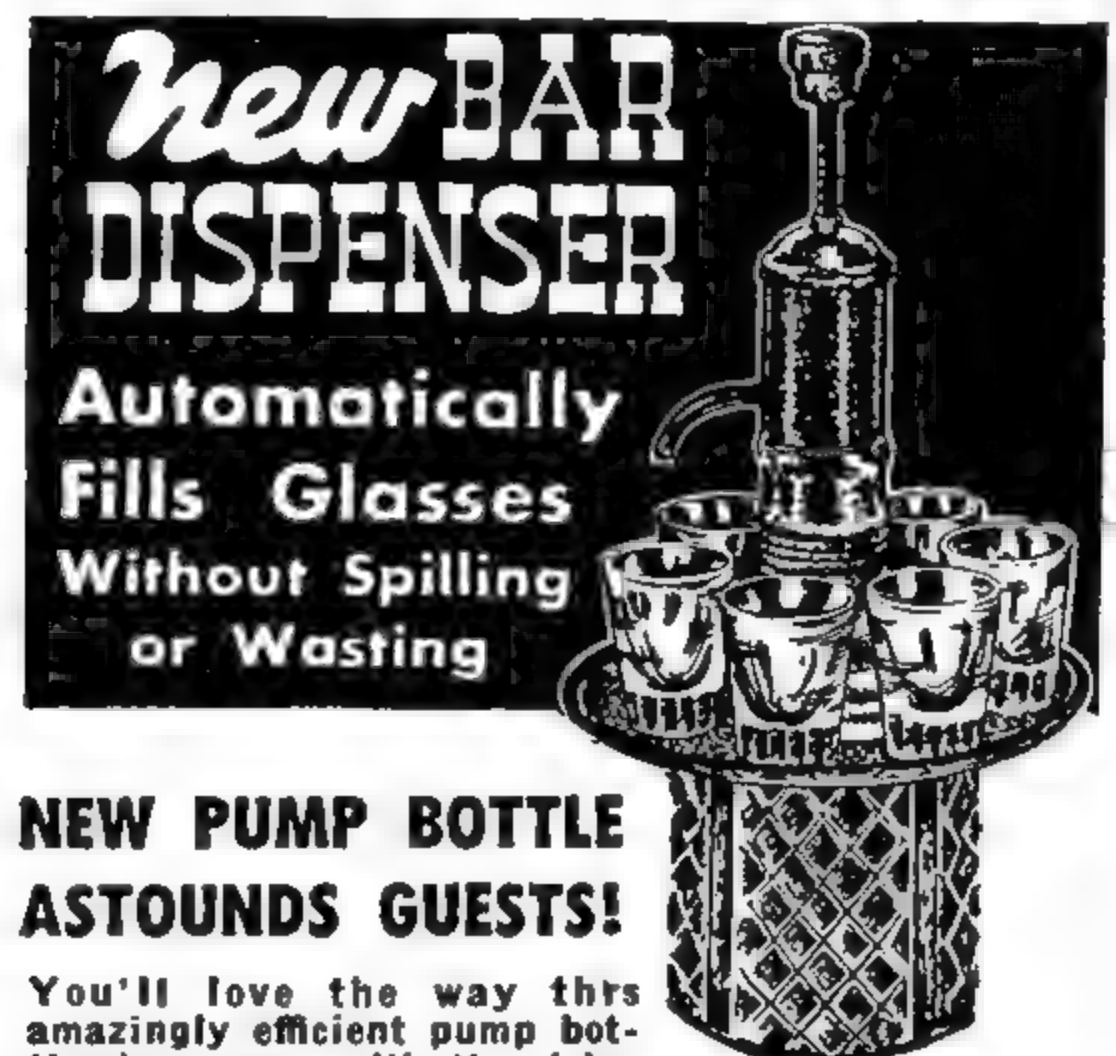
Want a smoother, better tasting Old Fashioned? One that's easier, quicker to make? Then follow this simple formula—just one Kettle Cove Orange Slice and one teaspoon syrup (they're ready for instant use—all in one jar) plus your favorite whiskey or gin. Wonderful! The smoothest drink you ever made! Perfect for entertaining—quick and easy; no fuss, no bother. An ideal gift, too! Order by mail today—3 generous 12 oz. jars for just \$2.00; 6 for \$3.89. Send check or money order (add 10 percent west of Mississippi) and we ship post-paid. Order C.O.D. if you prefer. Immediate delivery. **GUARANTEED—better Old Fashioneds, or your money refunded!** Kettle Cove Industries, Inc., Box 402, Manchester, Mass.



For styling that's really sharp, choose this top-quality Concord Casual in brown hand woven leather. Smart buckle and strap adds that "swagger touch." Keen looking hand sewn kickerback-leather sole and heel. Style-right for casual, sports and all-purpose wear.

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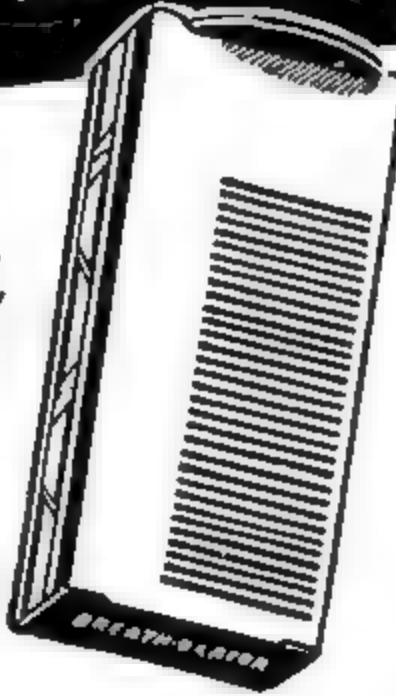
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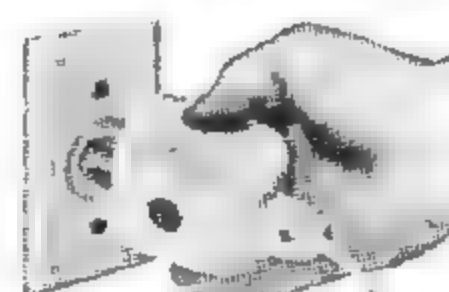
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Talking Shop with Esquire



FRENCH BATHING SUITS—and American ones too, expose quite a bit of territory. But no matter what style swim suit your girl is wearing this summer, she'll like this new type of sun tanning lotion with a special "built-in" face cream. Particularly if she's a blonde or redhead and has hard time acquiring a tan that won't peel off in a few days. The cream content of this stuff prevents peeling, and keeps the skin soft. (You'll probably want to snatch some too, if your nose has a way of peeling after a little southern exposure.)



FOUR LEAF CLOVER. There's no over-lookin' this four-leaf clover stickpin—it's plated with 14K gold! Each leaf is covered with small ridges, and curls over very much like a bona fide clover. The girls seem to have taken over this stickpin fashion in real earnest, wearing them in scarves and lapels.

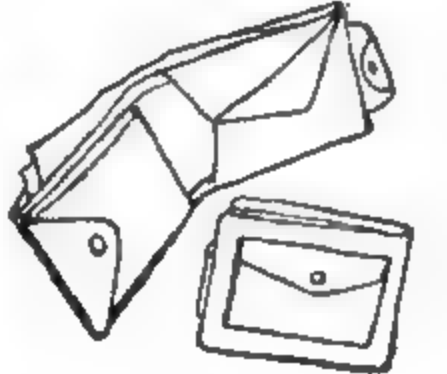


LUSH BRUSH. Whether she has a new short hair cut or sticks to the long bob, the lady in your life will probably like this new idea in hair brushes. It perfumes the hair lightly, as it brushes. Between bristle base and frame there's a concealed perfume pad which can be saturated with her favorite essence. And with each stroke of the brush, some of the perfume is imparted to the hair. The bristle base detaches from the pastel colored

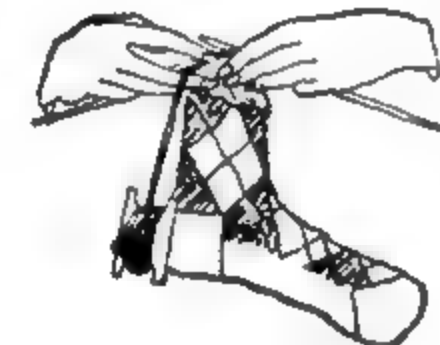


handle for convenient washing and drying.

QUICK CHANGE. Here's an accommodating billfold designed especially for Ladies Who Fumble for Change. It has a clever expanding change purse attached to the outside, which will carry up to \$2.50 in loose change. The billfold itself is big enough to hold a flock of bills without bulging and there's a tab snap to keep the contents safe. She can keep favorite snap shots of you in the card section with its four transparent "windows".



LABOR OF LOVE. You know that you're in solid with The Girl, when she knuckles down and knits a pair of Argyle socks for you. Only thing that can blight the happy sight of her sitting there clicking



away with her needles is the thought of what can happen to the hand-knits after they're washed a few times—matted and shrunk to midget-size. If you want to play it smart, you'll present your little knitter with this Argyle "kit"—it contains the right amount of yarn for a pair of socks. Yarn that's especially processed so that it won't shrink or mat. U.S. testing labs gave these yarns the business and they came up with colors flying, so it's no idle boast. The package also contains the necessary needles and complete instructions.

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One teaspoon of sugar in just enough water to dissolve. Bruise three mint sprigs and place in 12 ounce julep cup with sugar mixture. Fill three fourths with crushed ice, and add 2 jiggers of Old Forester Bourbon Whisky. Stir gently, then add ice to fill cup. Trim the ends of the bunch of mint, and place stems down around the cup. Let stand until frosted.



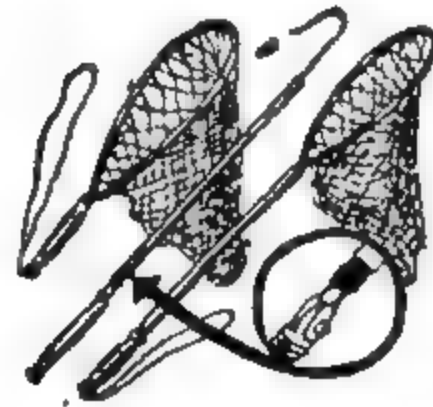
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STAY IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD and practice your golf drives by using this home device. You can smack the ball as hard as you want to and still not have to chase after it—made of molded live rubber, the ball is attached to a one piece arm which swivels on a cast iron base. The whole deal is anchored to the ground by three steel spikes. The way the ball spins tells you if you dubbed or hit it squarely—and watching it helps develop that important habit of keeping your head down—eye on the ball. The driving device can be mounted on a base and used indoors, if there's enough room to swing a club around.



WET WADERS, hunting boots or golf shoes can be dried out in a trice, with this thirsty chemical compound. The moisture-absorbing pellets go right to work when sprinkled inside the boot, and scotch any dampness present, whether its from perspiration or water penetration. After the pellets have done their stuff they can be used over and over again indefinitely. All you have to do to restore their effectiveness, is put them in an oven for an hour or so. If you live in a humid climate, it ought to be a boon for keeping out the mildew and mold that forms in boots and shoes stored in the closet.



WHICH WAY'S THE WIND? You can rely on something more accurate than a wet finger, if you have one of these pocket edition anemometers. It gives you accurate wind direction and wind velocity at a glance, and ought to be a help if you're sailing a boat or flying—taking off from a small field. Golfers and hunters will probably find it useful, too. The instrument weighs less than two ounces and is non-magnetic, corrosion and rust-resistant.



POCKET EDITION of a tool chest. Nine separate tools are attached in this single-unit frame,—screw

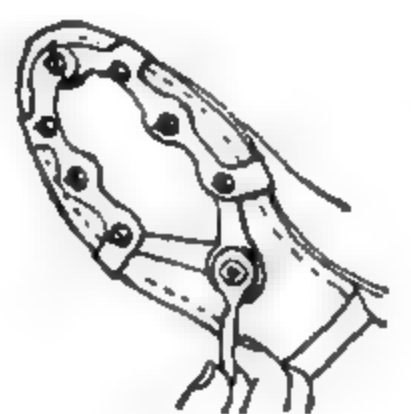


driver, awl, bottle opener, cork screw, miniature hammer, knife, can opener, augur and fish scaler. Tools are made of high-carbon cutlery steel, nickel plated. The steel frame acts as a handle for any tool in the deck as it's being used. Closed, the whole thing measures only 2½ x 3½ inches and comes in a cowhide case.

NEW TWIST. This casting and trolling rod is only 21 inches long, but the coil action in the spring steel rod provides the play of a regular length rod, plus the strength of steel. Week-end fishermen will find it handy, because of the two piece construction breaks down to 14 inches—fits easily into a tackle box or even a brief case. Its shorter length and shorter arc ought to make it easy to fish streams with over-hanging foliage.



FIRM FOOTWORK. These cleated steel grips fasten onto any pair of boots or shoes and make for steady going on slippery fairway, rough terrain, or on the ice. Clamps onto the sole of the boot in four places, and locks in place with a wrench—which is included along with every pair of shoe grips. Comes in sizes to fit both men's and women's shoes.



Ranger

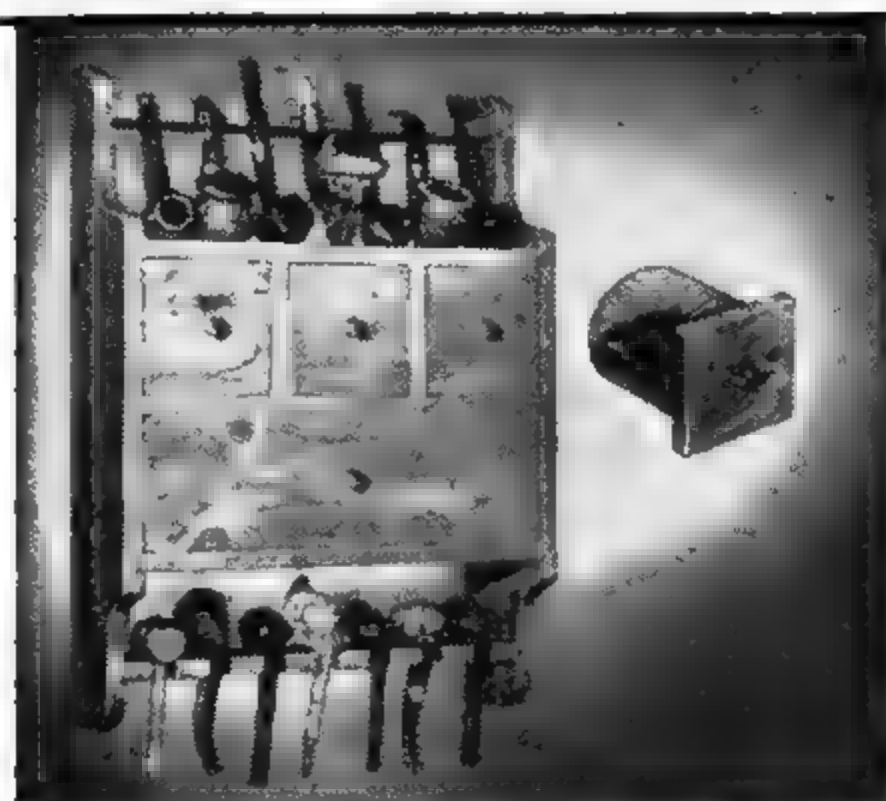
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**HALF-WELLINGTON
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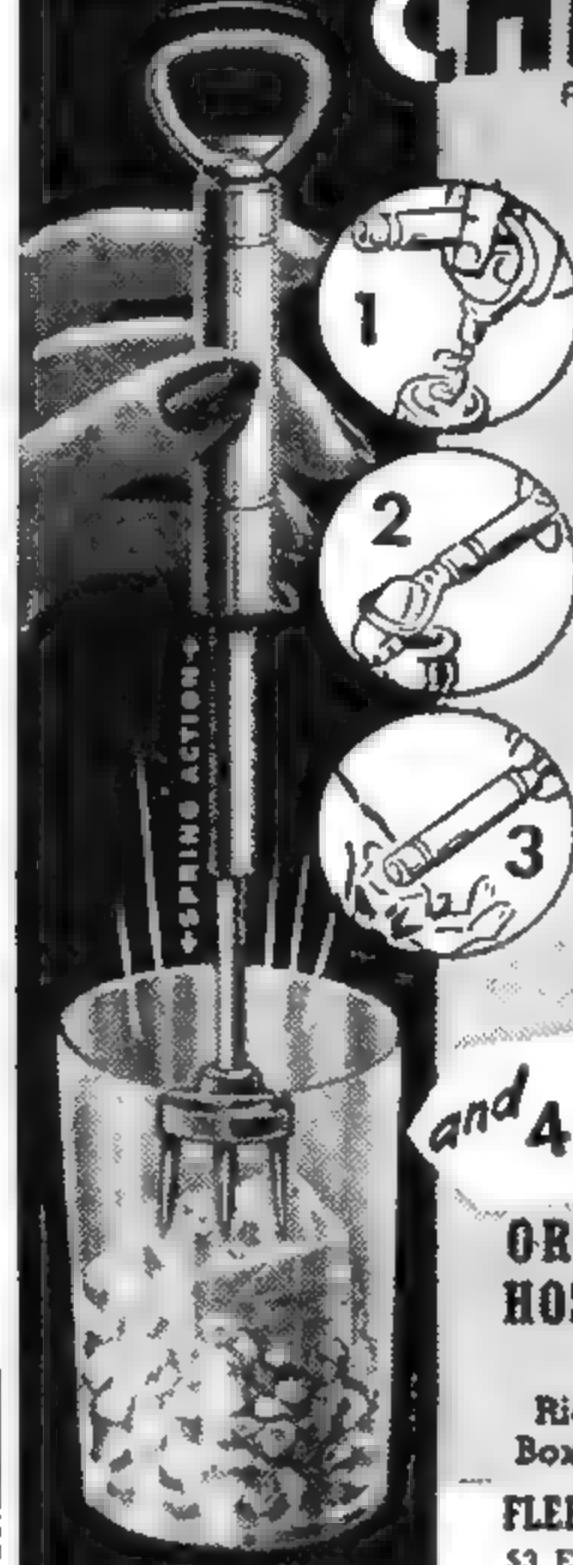
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Painting the Town with Esquire



"NO, SIREE," he shouted with defiance and scorn. "None of your old mosquito-haunted swamps and skyscraper mountains without elevators for me. When I want to get away from hot weather I know how to do it. New York, sir, is the finest summer resort in the country. Keep in the shade and watch your diet, and don't get too far away from an electric fan. Talk about your Adirondacks and your Catskills! There's more solid comfort in the borough of Manhattan than in all the rest of the country together. No, siree! No tramping up perpendicular cliffs and being waked up at four in the morning by a million flies, and eating canned goods straight from the city for me. Little old New York will take a few select summer boarders; comforts and conveniences of home—that's the ad that I answer every time... Go ahead, if you like, and boggle around in rubber boots wearing yourself out trying to catch fish. When I want one I go to a cool restaurant and order it. I laugh at you fellows whenever I think of you hustling around in the heat in the country thinking you are having a good time. For me Father Knickerbocker's little improved farm with the big shady lane running through the middle of it.

From "A Midsummer Knight's Dream,"
from The Trimmed Lamp, by O. Henry,
copyright 1904, 1932, by Doubleday &
Company Inc.

HIS hyperbole notwithstanding, the man knew what he was talking about when he exclaimed, "New York, sir, is the finest summer resort in the country." Because New York in the summertime can be a wonderful place indeed. It has its faults, of course (and some of them are grave) but it has its enchantments too (and all of them are considerable.) In the summer New York has a special quality—a quality of soft magic, a quality of leisure—which it possesses in no other season. It is a quality compounded of many things. It is the sound of hushed voices coming from the stoops of old brownstones in the early evening; the flash of young bodies knifing into the sun-flecked waters of the East River; the roar of the shirt-sleeved crowd as Joe DiMaggio hits one into the stands at Yan-

kee Stadium; the stardust that hangs over hotel roof gardens as dance bands play the refrains of other years; the sunlight glinting on the apartment buildings along Sutton and Beekman Places as excursion boats churn up the river; the restfulness of sidewalk cafes shimmering in the mid-day heat of lower Fifth Avenue; the fireflies flickering in the dark at Lewisohn Stadium as the resonance of the Philharmonic swells out over the evening air; the splash of sunlight on the Plaza; the coolness of air-conditioned bars. All these things are about you as you move through the city that O. Henry cherished as Bagdad-on-the-Subway. New York in the summertime can be a wonderful place indeed. The diversions it offers are innumerable.

THERE IS, for example, the refreshment of a swim in the heart of the city. At every turn there seems to be a hotel pool, and most of them are commendable—pleasant, spacious, and, most important, hygienic. Among others, there are those at the Barbizon Hotel for Women, the Henry Hudson, the Shelton, and, in Brooklyn, the St. George.

Like most of the other Turkish baths around town, the Biltmore Baths, in the Biltmore Hotel, has a pool too. A strictly stag affair, the Biltmore Baths is a place to visit if you happen to be interested in observing celebrities in their more informal moments. Bill Corum and Shipwreck Kelly are among the regular communicants.

NOWHERE, you will find is the grandeur of New York more impressive than when seen from a boat. This is one reason (the other is the coolness of being on the water) for taking an excursion around the Island. You merely get in touch with the Circle Line Sightseeing Yachts (Circle 6-6687) which runs a leisurely and observant cruise. In the course of it, you see the Hudson (with the big liners dwarfing you) the East River, the Harlem River, and New York Harbor. The price is \$2.00 a person (including tax). Boats leave at 10:30 and 11:00 A. M. and at 2:30, 3, and 6 P. M.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs,
write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Going Places with Esquire



AUGUST vacationists are prudent guys, usually, who'd rather let other people take their holidays first—while they sit back and look forward to the good things to come. Still, August is one of the peak travel months, and the wise and happy fellow is the man who has planned his vacation well in advance. North, south, east and west—the world is calling to the man with two or three weeks on his hands, and a substantial vacation check in his billfold.

ONE OF the smartest of the new trans-Atlantic carriers is the Swedish American Lines' bright and graceful motorliner Stockholm. On her maiden voyage this pert, deep-sea debutante set a new speed record for the run between New York and Gothenberg, Sweden, making the 3400-mile run in approximately seven and a half days, for an average speed of 19.1 knots. Expressing quality rather than quantity, the Stockholm is an outstanding example of the smaller type of ship which seems to represent the new vogue in trans-Atlantic steamship design.

EUROPEAN travel is tight, though, despite the entry of more ships and planes into service. Turning-point in the European tourist business came with the Italian elections, results of which were so reassuring to American pleasure travelers that they swamped steamship and airline offices with reservation requests. With only about 35 good passenger ships in the Atlantic service, compared to 91 in 1937, the combined passenger capacity of both planes and ships in the European run is only about half of what the ships alone carried in 1937. Meaning, in other words, that it's extremely difficult to get plane reservations—next to impossible to get fixed up on a ship.

ONE OF the liveliest tourist development outfits in the entire country is the California Mission Trails Association, which is busily and effectively beating the drums for El Camino Real, the Royal Road—the stretch of U.S. Highway No. 101 and California State Highway No. 1 between Los Angeles and San Francisco,

which they call with becoming modesty "America's Most Beautiful 600 Miles." Scheduled for August and early September in the Mission Trail country are fishing derbies, garden tours, midget auto racing, fiestas, pageants, jubilees, celebrations, flower shows and Pacific Coast League and California League baseball. And, as an extra added attraction, the scenery plays visual music past your windshield.

IT'S ABOUT time department this month features good news south of the border. Intercontinental Hotels Corporation, of New York, an affiliate of Pan American World Airways, is hauling off with an eighty million dollar program to lick the Latin American tourist hotel situation. Eleven hotels in key cities of Central and South America will be built and operated—mainly for the benefit of los turistas norteamericanos. First on the agenda is a six million dollar, four hundred room job—the Hotel Tamanco, in Caracas, capital and economic center of oil-rich Venezuela. Other projects are slated for Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Ecuador and Colombia.

GOOD NEWS closer to home is the ticket delivery service being tested in a pilot operation in New York City by the New Haven, Pennsylvania, New York Central and Lehigh Valley railroads. You just phone the railroad, order your tickets, and a Western Union boy delivers them C.O.D. If the plan goes over in New York, it is expected to extend the service to other cities. Which would be a break, indeed, for anyone who has ever had to buck a railroad ticket line.

PERENNIAL vacation favorite, Atlantic City, is more popular than ever this year. Sun-bronzed crowds are getting even browner on the beach and keeping cool with boardwalk promenades at night—while such top hotels as the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, Ritz-Carlton, Seaside and Traymore are doing capacity business at rates just about the same as last year's. And, for the man with an eye for the finer things, there's the Miss America Pageant the first week in September.

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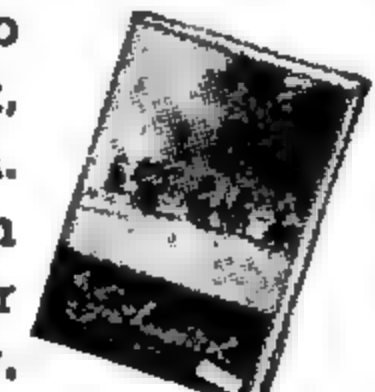
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Backstage with Esquire

An Esquire discovery (his first published story appeared in this magazine back in 1942) KEITH MONROE writes: "Between then and now I've become a full-time free lancer, largely because it means I can sleep late in the morning and don't have to wear a necktie to work. My chief distinction in the field of commercial letters is that I am probably the only man who writes for both *Fortune* and *Motion Picture*. Before worming my way into the magazine field I was at various times a sports reporter, business statistician, small-town newspaper editor, big-city press agent, dishwasher, and stenographer. I also passed through brief interludes as a prize fighter and a door-to-door salesman, which may account for the grim and embittered expression. I am 31, and happily unmarried."



Keith Monroe

JOSEPH HELLER writes: "I am approaching my twenty-fifth birthday and am a senior at New York University where I am majoring in English. A writer's life being a difficult one, the idea is to teach after I graduate. During the war I served as a bombardier with the Twelfth Air Force, and it was while stationed in Corsica that I first began to write. Stories of mine have appeared in *Story Magazine* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. The story *Nothing To Be Done*, though fictional, has a strong basis in fact. The germ was born one afternoon when I passed the neighborhood poolroom and saw an ambulance and a police car parked outside. I did not go in, but, knowing the poolroom, it was easy to picture what had occurred, and knowing the people, it was not too difficult to construct a story. I have met many Nick Londons, and the world unfortunately seems all too full of Carls. It is the Nats I am concerned about, all of them."



Oren Arnold

ing Rice Institute in Houston, he worked as newspaper editor in several Southwestern cities. Since completing *Sun in Your Eyes*, published by the University of New Mexico Press, he has been working on a historical novel. An avid rodeo fan, he served as parade judge in the world-championship rodeo held in Phoenix last spring.

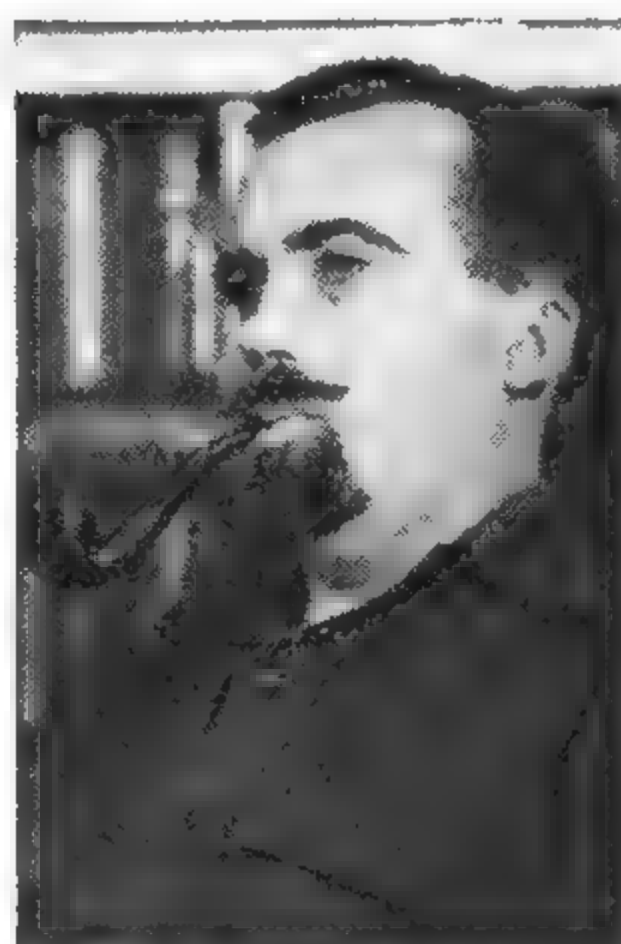
The author of *Everybody's My Boss* is one of the country's top-flight pro golfers, whose name, for reasons made obvious by his provocative remarks about golf-club members, we cannot divulge.

Mel Matison, (*The Code of the Escribiente*, page 52) made his literary debut in Esquire

with a story entitled *Rose into Cauliflower* which eventually became a motion picture. He's a native Bostonian, has found time to write fiction first as a reporter and news announcer for Hearst's *Boston American*, later as a traveling salesman, and as an industrial engineer.

JIMMY CANNON lives high in a hotel overlooking Broadway and does most of his writing late at night, inspired by his own synthetic solar system—the electric signs that twinkle convulsively outside his windows. He usually goes out for a late snack, meeting fellow insomniacs and sports writers as well as the people who work Broadway's night shift. And because he's too lazy to walk away, he is frequently buttonholed by glum guys from the entertainment world, lamenting their lost loves. So many torchy tales have been poured into his reluctant ear that he finally recorded a few for this month's article, *Love on Broadway* (page 25). Cannon is a member of the Two-Thirty Club, an afternoon breakfast gathering of sports and theatrical writers at Toots Shor's. Among these urban scribes love is the inevitable topic. During the various sports seasons, Cannon deserts the club for ball parks, fight camps and race tracks.

GEORG MANN reports that he spent the winter growing a beard, and finds that beards are a great deal more stubborn and complicated than anybody thinks. There is, he is discovering, "a complete aesthetics, economics, and technology of the beard, and the sociology of it is unbelievable, although it does get you waited on quicker in department stores. Growing a beard is essentially a handicraft occupation, because all good beard barbers joined the harness makers a long time ago. My wife likes the beard, tells all her female friends who sidle up and wonder what it's like to be kissed by a man with a beard that there's only one way to find out. So far, no takers. As for writing, the *Toronto Star* is syndicating me from Bombay to Australia, and I'm getting used to French-Canadian papers which translate 'plenty of headaches' as 'beaucoup mal de tête.'" His serious political writing, "which takes a fair amount of my time and pays practically nothing," received recognition last November, when a long satire on Russia that was published in 1941 was reprinted in the avant-garde anthology *Spearhead*, featuring the forty best experimental writers of the past ten years.



Georg Mann

In BRUCE HENRY's *Free Association* the heel of the piece is an actor, but Henry hastens to assure all members of Equity that this is not necessarily symptomatic of a deep-seated syndrome of dislike for thespians. The fact is, Henry used to be an actor himself, at Jessie Bonstelle's Detroit Playhouse when it was the cradle for such talent as is now displayed by Melvyn Douglas, Ann Harding and Gale Sondergaard. They, Henry points out, went on to fame and Hollywood, while he enjoyed a marked obscurity as a juvenile in tab shows playing one-night stands in the hinterlands, before

he turned from the sock and buskin to the quill and inkhorn for a living. His sole later venture back upon the stage, he confesses, was as the disciple John in an Easter pageant, in which exalted role he, the only professional in the cast, blew his lines and had to ad lib his way through an entire act of biblical passion. Today, he says, he refuses to participate in charades, even.

We doubt whether most readers would have guessed that the author of that incisive portrait of the *femme fatale*, entitled *La Tigresse* (page 28) is a woman—and, furthermore, an ex-schoolteacher. BEL KAUFMAN is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Hunter College; she got her M.A. degree, with high honors, at Columbia University. Until last year she taught English in New York City high schools, and resigned to devote more time to her family (her husband is a physician and they have two children) and to her writing. Up to now she has done some translating, editing, pulp and ghost writing.



Bel Kaufman

Aside from editing the golf business journal, *Golfdom*, and the player magazine, *Golfing*, HERB GRAFFIS bats out seven columns a week for the *Chicago Sun-Times* and refers largely to other stints of writing, radio, baby-sitting and dog-walking. He explains: "No *Cure for the Clumsy* was written as a result of some research among physical educators and golf professionals in preparing a golf-instruction film for high-school and college use. I was surprised to learn from these authorities how many are incurably clumsy. Upon the discreet declarations of these experts and belated but finally honest self-examination, I discovered myself to be one of those born with three left feet who never got cured. Inquiry revealed there are a multitude who are my brothers in the bonds of lying about, what superb athletes we were when young. Despite the current disclosures we will continue to lie. Long practice has made us graceful and adept."

DONALD HOUGH (pronounced "huff") is a long-time contributor to these pages who was a newspaper reporter, forest ranger, and salesman of sound-insulation before, at forty-one, he became serious about humorous writing. Aside from innumerable outdoor and slick magazine stories, he has done movie scenarios, nonfiction and novels—his most recent books are *The Camelephamoose* and *Darling I Am Home*. An Army man in both wars, he came out of World War I as a lieutenant in the Signal Corps and was commissioned a captain in the Air Corps during World War II, dividing the latter service among Western desert posts, Washington, D.C., and the Southwest Pacific Theater. His hobbies: "fishing and saloons."



Donald Hough

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Love on Broadway

A man who is happy in love is of no interest to the Broadway crowd, but break your heart, lose your girl, and you can have their ears till you stop breathing

An Article by JIMMY CANNON

THE admirers of Georgie Jessel's wit are notable for their fanatical devotion and some of them do not permit truth to interfere with their homage. Some loyally claim that he is the first comedian in the show business ever to use a corpse as a straight man, but this statement must be regarded as an exaggeration inspired by enthusiasm. Investigation disclosed that Mr. Jessel does not travel around the country with a dead man folded up neatly in his trunk amid the elegant toupees and other properties which he employs to delight his audiences. Only the living appear on the stage with Mr. Jessel, but he does spend a considerable amount of time addressing monologues to those recently stricken from the roster of the quick. It might be argued that in his time Jessel has consoled as many people in undertaking parlors as he has entertained people in theatres, but it would be a losing argument, for this is a man who has caused many a manager to hang out the SRO sign. I do not wish to insinuate that Mr. Jessel loiters around these mansions of the dead and intones a slant-mouthed eulogy over the remains of any stiff that happens to be prepared for immediate transportation by hearse. Up until now Mr. Jessel has officiated only at the services of those deceased with whom he had at least a nodding acquaintance. Such is the gait of his life that he travels among the celebrated, and the tenant of the coffin usually was recognized for one skill or another when it was possible for him to breathe. But for a long time now Mr. Jessel's friends have enjoyed excellent health and he squanders most of his hours producing motion pictures and acting in theatres and night clubs. However, some of the sorrow of the wake-houses has crept into Mr. Jessel's vaudeville turn. Nowadays he traffics glibly in nostalgia as he yearns for the departed who had their names up in lights before they were engraved on tombstones with much smaller billing. I have always thought that these exercises in sadness were a means by which Mr. Jessel stays in shape in case he is suddenly called upon to relate a tribute to a pal who can no longer do his own bragging.

Not long ago I attended a concert which Mr. Jessel gave in a crowded night club which has since ceased to function due to the absence of paying

customers during the runs of other and lesser comedians than Jessel. In the midst of laughter induced by witty comments on world affairs, Mr. Jessel began to cry softly to himself. Then, like a man going through a graveyard of the special dead, he whispered a roll call of a bygone generation of Broadway. The people in the joint sat still, perplexed by the abrupt change in mood, but thoroughly enjoying his misery. The tears ran in swift brooks down his cheeks as Mr. Jessel abandoned his comedy and recalled the grandeur of those already gone. Amid these hallowed dead my name was suddenly pronounced by the man on the stage. It gave me a shock because I had only recently bivouacked in an oxygen tent and this association with those long buried seemed a prophecy I did not like. I carefully took notice that I was one of two men now living who were mentioned in this heartbroken recital and the other guy was up past seventy, although hale and hearty at the time. Soon Mr. Jessel abandoned these tender obits and began a recitation of his many romances with a somber candidness. He glibly discussed his marriages with the assemblage, who had gotten up

three fifty a head minimum charge to listen to this rundown of domestic tragedy. It fascinated them to hear a middle-aged man recite the facts of his private life, but it did not hurt business at all and increased the sale of whiskey in the joint. Waiters began to move all over the joint as Mr. Jessel ransacked his heart to disclose the trouble which has hounded him all his adult life. The people did not think it odd for a comedian to expose his intimate troubles of the heart twice a day to total strangers because this is a subject which on Broadway is considered to be as public as Central Park. It endears a man to the majority who hang out in saloons when they learn he is a guy suffering with the agony of the torch and he is welcome in places where once he was barred and people fight to hear his tale. As some primitive people regard the insane to be exceptionally wonderful so does Broadway hail the man who is unlucky in love.

I elect myself an authority on the torch because once in my youth I was so badly mauled by love I could not sit down to the table more than three times a day. I do not count breakfast as a meal because I consider any calisthenics with the knife and fork that do not include potatoes and dessert to be a snack. I start the day with orange juice, hot cereal, ham and eggs and coffee, and this is only to kill time until the afternoon newspapers come up and I can read what the opposition is doing. But love is a disease I don't recommend and it is like the common cold because there is no cure for it and it must run its course. However, I must admit I prolonged the symptoms and used them as part of my personality long after the ache had ceased to torment me. In those days I was an obnoxious drunk, but I hasten to correct the impression that my character has achieved perfection merely by substituting cola for whiskey. There is still a multitude who insist there was no obvious change when I went off the booze and they claim to this day it was an improvement because my natural behavior is more offensive than the one created by drunkenness. But being unemployed and a young man who was very short in the change pocket, I discovered that people who disliked me and would call for the check and (Continued on page 108)



"He's a writer — came down here looking for interesting characters ten years ago"



"Couldn't you look a little more picturesque?"

Beef Baron on a Corral Fence

Phil Tovrea's bossed thousands of men from an oak-paneled office with rugs deeper than his boot heels, but he does his best thinking alone after midnight on a corral fence

**An Article by
OREN ARNOLD**

PHIL TOVREA of Arizona is a picturesque cowboy who has achieved distinction not by any two-gun acting or rodeo skill, but simply by bringing more and better meat to American tables.

Until just recently he bossed thousands of men from an oak-paneled office with rugs deeper than his boot heels, but he has always done his best thinking alone after midnight on a corral fence. He is sun-cooked and homely from an estimated 200,000 miles in the saddle. He had no specialized schooling and is about as suave as a Holstein bull. But he has had the whole Southwest licking salt out of his hand.

From the patio of his home, a mansion in suburban Phoenix, Phil can hear the lowing of 50,000 steers at once—animals literally at his back door in one of the biggest pen-feeding systems in the world. Within a hundred yards of his porch is a great meat-processing and packing plant. Near by are twelve laboratories for studying meat and methods of handling it, where the experiments of any one week may cost thousands of dollars. Across the street is a huge retail test store. Grouped within a mile are the new Tovrea feed mills, one of the world's largest silos, special refrigeration plants, truck depots and maintenance garages, machine shops, blacksmith shops, cement works, lumberyards, a mercantile store, fertilizer works, a fire department, breeding stations, branding chutes—even a soda fountain, post office, and zoo. All this equipment is geared to the production of more and ever higher quality beef, pork, and mutton. Phil sold his meat-packing plant a few months ago, and so much of the equipment is no longer his; but his was the dream that conceived it; his the driving force that brought it into being.

Phil's career as a meat man began at age six when he snatched two dollars' worth of grain from the family barn and fed it by degrees to his pet calf in the pasture. At market time his animal brought eleven dollars more than similar but unfattened pets owned by his four older brothers.

"I aim to lick you for stealin'," his dad said, and promptly did so. "And I'll deduct two dollars for the grain. But here, son, are nine silver dollars. You earned them. I'm right proud you thought to fatten."

From that moment, Phil's has been a grass-roots business experience. First, he learned wariness: after someone stole one of his nine silver dollars, he buried the rest in a fruit jar under a fence post—a common

banking practice in the old West. Ultimately he was to find a very good use for that money. At a party honoring his fifty-third birthday last winter, I suggested to Phil that he ought to retire to a life of ease, since he now had money buried under *every* post. "You're crazy!" he snapped. "How can a person accomplish anything in retirement?"

He soon ducked out of the party and went to brood on his corral fence alone under a brilliant Arizona moon. It was on that very night, as I learned later, that he began to sketch plans for a two-million-dollar expansion of his empire. He forgot his party, forgot sleep. By noon the next day he had builders at work, with his architects trying frantically to get ahead of them. That morning after the party, in the office of the main packing plant, I read a night watchman's routine report:

"3:10 a.m. Seen Mr. Phil on the fence

around the main feed pens. Nobody else in sight. Figured he was studying with his mind, so I didn't bother him. Likely something good will come of it."

The something good may show up on your platter five months or five years hence, because his new expansion plans—doubtless inherited by the new owner—included a program of intensive research toward production of richer, less expensive beef. This ranch-born genius has never been "satisfied"—deadly word in the path of progress. While he was interested in meat packing, he constantly introduced new techniques, discarded old ones, and improved the overall process of manufacturing and distributing roasts, cutlets, filets, and T-bones.

One South American nation recently sent experts to the United States to study meat methods that might be installed in their land. After months of study, they came to Tovrea's and were so impressed that they decided to copy his system in detail.

Today Tovrea's beef barony extends into five states and deep into Mexico—before the recent embargo on Mexican cattle, he was one of America's largest dealers in Mexican livestock—and includes ranch in-

terests so vast that he himself occasionally gets lost on them and has to smoke-signal for help. One unit has 250,000 acres. (Manhattan Island has less than 20,000; Phil once gave a favorite mare and colt a pasture larger than that.) This one was designated by the U.S. Department of Agriculture as a model steer ranch.

The home ranch at Gila Bend, Arizona, where Phil was born, was picturesque, but his dad, rugged old Ed Tovrea, was more of a merchant than a producer. About the time that Phil buried the eight dollars, the family moved to the mining town of Jerome and Phil's father opened a butcher shop there. Little Phil's duty was to keep sawdust on the floor and out of the sausages. His dad prospered, and so the family moved to Phoenix, the territorial capital, where Mr. Tovrea opened a bigger shop. Phil went to school. On his first day, in what was then a western metropolis of nearly 10,000 people, a city dude kid jumped him. "Bowlegs, bowlegs, bowlegs!" the kid shouted.

Young Tovrea's plump legs undeniably were curved to snuggle a horse's torso; they still are. They were also strong, for running. The teacher, Miss Addie McGee, reported that Phil bloodied the dude boy worse than a stuck pig. Papa Tovrea thought it advisable to send (Continued on page 110)



CARICATURE BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

La Tigresse

She had been an enthusiastic collector of the looks and the words of men for longer than she liked to remember, and experienced enough not to give in return

**A Story by
BEL KAUFMAN**

LILITH stood carefully framed in the doorway, one hand on her platinum hair, her eyes searching out the men in the room. There were only three: Bill, with whom she had recently begun a flirtation; Eric, with whom she had recently ended one; and the new man, the Frenchman that Bea, her hostess, had promised her. She saw at a glance that he would not do; he was too old, too squat, too—well, not what she had imagined when she had dressed so carefully for the party. But like a disciplined actress, who gives her best performance even to a half-empty house, she moistened her full lower lip and made her entrance.

At once Bill rushed toward her with a drink. She threw her head back so that the white line of her throat would make her appear younger, and looked at him inscrutably, her eyes half-shut, her mouth half-open, the little pink tongue brushing against her upper teeth. (The effect was time-proven, infallible.) "I came," she said in her throaty voice, vibrant with subtle promise, "I came because I knew you would be here." She lowered her head slightly as if abashed, now that the words were said, at her sincerity. But when Bill put out his hand and touched her bare arm, she shrank away from him, masking her distaste by reaching for a cigarette. (Why did they always have to spoil it by touching you? Why couldn't they ever keep it just a delightful, a soul-shivering game?)

When Bill had moved on to another part of the room, Eric approached her—Eric whom she had renounced last summer in a

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR KALIN



scene staged so beautifully that she thrilled even now to remember it: the two of them silhouetted against the dark, lonely beach, the sound of waves against the cold rocks . . . Isolde? She had done it exquisitely. What an anticlimax that they had to meet again. Still . . . She studied his face, as if trying to etch each feature in her memory forever. Quickly she ran her eyes from his forehead to his chin and back again, thinking all the time what a disappointment the other one, the Frenchman, was. "If I'd known you were here," she murmured, "I never would have come." Eric bent toward her, but she glided out of his reach, to join the others.

She was a little tired. She was tired so often lately, and it took longer, each time, to get ready. It was not easy to achieve the effect. It was harder at thirty-eight than it had been at twenty-eight.

"Lilith, you must meet . . ." The new man, Maurice something, was being introduced to her by Bea. As Lilith smiled, she knew instinctively that she did not like him. He wasn't one of those dapper, light-footed Frenchmen, all little courtesies and charming words. He was short—shorter than she—and he was in his late forties or early fifties, dark and stolid. She didn't like his sparse hair flattened to conceal the white scalp showing through. She didn't like the bluish shadow the beard beneath his skin cast upon his swarthy face, nor his heavy-lidded, slightly bulging eyes, fixed impassively upon her. He was nothing like the beautiful young men with whom she usually played the game, nor the distinguished older ones, nor the amusing old ones. There was something humorless about him. He seemed to be listening to his own thoughts, almost unaware of her—and yet, in a way, aware. Nevertheless, she slid into a seat next to him and crossed her beautiful legs.

She began to wish that her husband would come soon and take her home, so that she might relax her dazzling smile and close her eyes in the comforting darkness. Then she could give herself over to remembering the words she had kindled, the little pulsing emotions she had set ticking. She would swell with voluptuous pride at the knowledge of her power over them all, and she would sleep.

"You please me," the Frenchman said slowly, fixing her with his black eyes. His words shocked her by their male arrogance. But she realized in a moment that he was translating literally from the French, saying, in effect: "I like you." She narrowed her eyes and looked sideways at him. "As soon as you enter," he said, "I know. *Tout de suite* I know. You are *tigresse*." She smiled her slow smile. This was better; the man had something, after all. "I admire a woman like you," he was saying. "I always admire *tigresses*." ("My dear," she heard herself repeating to her friends, "this admirator of mine, this pasha with the bulging eyes and steam puffing from his nostrils! But really . . .") She bent her bright head with surfeit of emotion, too heavy for the slender stem of her neck to bear. She touched his sleeve, drawing her hand away at once, as if burned by the contact, but with practiced subtlety. She looked at him pleadingly, as if to say: "What's happening to me? Who are you, and what are you doing to me?" That was always her first move, and the others followed inevitably, the pattern never varying. But there was something wrong. The man was not playing according to the rules.

"When we can be together?" he was demanding. "Tonight? Tomorrow?" Somehow, the way he was saying it, it was not part of the game. "I am never mistaken in women," he said.

To reduce all her art, all her artifice, to this! He knew nothing of approaching a

woman of sensibility and imagination. She would have to end it sooner than she thought. She would have to produce the card she usually reserved to the last.

Hopelessly opening her eloquent hands, as if relinquishing a precious jewel she had no right to keep, she sighed: "But . . . I'm married!" Her husband had always served as a buffer between her and other men. To the young ones she would say bravely that her husband did not love her (how piquant an unloved wife, if she is beautiful), but that she could never, never hurt him. "Let's not spoil it," she would add. To the married ones she would confess that her husband was jealous. "He suspects!" she would whisper, when things reached a certain point. "He knows!" she would exclaim tragically to the insistent ones. With the men of the world she was practical: "He'll cast me out without a penny . . . He'll make a scandal . . . You don't know." With the casual ones she was gracious: "I'm so sorry I can't ask you up; my husband is in." But this man, with his dark, protruding eyes looking absently through her, but seeing her somehow in his own way, said only: "In that case, you will come to me. Tomorrow. To my *garconniere*."

So accustomed was she to extracting the emotional essence from any situation that she found herself saying, her face shadowed by regret of something that might have been, that must now be nipped in the bud: "If only . . . ah, but no. It is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible," said the man. It was a statement of fact. "Nothing is impossible. Tomorrow, then. *D'accord*." Having said it, he seemed to lose interest and withdraw into himself.

She was grateful that just then her husband came into the room. He stood a little apart, looking at her with his familiar expression of proud possessiveness. She felt a kind of pity for him, because she knew him so well, and, also, a thrill of purely female triumph when she introduced him to the Frenchman; her husband was so much taller and younger than this round Buddha of a man. But the Frenchman's eyes were drained of expression. He merely nodded; and, soon after, she asked her husband to take her home.

What a satisfactory marriage theirs was, she thought as she leaned back gratefully against the cushioned seat of the car. With him she did not have to pretend. In the eighteen years of their marriage he had made few physical demands upon her, after those first

groping, unhappy months. She had watched his self-confidence dwindle with the years, until there was nothing left of it but his public pride that she was his; until he was without desire for her or any woman. She had made it clear to him that she welcomed this state, and he too was relieved at not having to put himself to the test. Perhaps in the beginning, had he been more of a man . . . But she could never have married him had he been like the others, with whom she felt so inadequate and frightened. His very fumbling had given her assurance; and in those days, when her name had been Lillian and her hair had been brown, she needed assurance. It was only after her marriage that she had learned to create the illusion of beauty, which is, perhaps, more difficult to achieve than beauty itself. And as her husband's confidence diminished, hers grew; her knowledge of this heady, intoxicating power over men became, in a way, her revenge.

That sense of power was all she craved. The other, the thing they all seemed to want, the thing they thought all this led to, filled her with fear and distaste. But the frills surrounding it, the little preliminary games and verbal titillations—these nourished her, intoxicated her with a pale, bloodless wine.

In the hall she parted from her husband; she patted his cheek, said good night, and hurried to her own room. She saw him but seldom. He was a teacher and scholar; and with the years he had become more and more absorbed in his books, his lectures, his little esoteric articles. But she was really very fond of him and sometimes at night, when she had an attack of nerves, it was comforting to know that he was there.

In her room she switched on the light and looked at herself for a long time in the mirror. But she turned her eyes away from it when she began to undress. Stripped of her calculated clothes and the careful camouflage of her make-up she was tired, unalluring, middle-aged. And that was something she would never admit even to herself, for most of the illusion of beauty is the conviction of beauty.

She turned the light off, and, grateful for the dark, sank into bed for the most exquisite pleasure of all—the recollection of stirring words: "Darling, you're so . . . I go mad thinking of you . . . Your skin, the way you walk . . . If I could only . . ." The words remained; the mouths that had said them were forgotten. The long procession of men flickered before

(Continued on page 123)



"It must be unlawful to attract so much attention"



White Water Up Ahead

A slip of the paddle and you're in the stream bed, which is all right if you like rainbow trout

THERE are over two hundred canoeable rivers in New England—eighty of which are passable only at high water, and thirty-four of which have an unusually large number of rapids—a fact which brings joy to the hearts of real canoe enthusiasts.

A "real canoe enthusiast" is not the ukulele-and-white-flannel young man of calendar-cover fame. A ride in a canoe isn't any fun for a whole new group of America, unless there's a mighty good chance of puncturing the bottom with at least one sharp stone that should have been avoided.

The sport, known as white-water canoeing, has, unfortunately, a very short season—but it brings hundreds of sportsmen to New England every spring from about the first of April to mid-May. These enthusiasts chase out the streams and rivers most likely to afford a thrill-a-minute, and the more dangerous the rapids through which they have to maneuver their canoes, the better. By mid-April the water subsides and rocks, which would otherwise be covered or slippery enough to afford what white-water canoeists like to call "safe passage," represent a real danger to canoe and rider.

Before you jump out of the easy chair and start patching up the old canoe, here are a few bits of information about the sport: If the ride is taken singly, the canoe is usually about fifteen feet long. If two men are riding, the canoe is about eighteen feet long. The smaller canoe is lighter, but the heavier canoe has more drive and is actually more practical because it is better controlled and maneuvered. Besides an extra paddle, in case the one you're using is broken (which is likely), it is a good idea to be equipped with a pole, which is necessary in all quick-water streams for checking, turning and moving from side to side through the rapids. It's not unlikely that at some point in the trip through the rapids the canoe will capsize. Most frequent cause of this is the eddy which swirls behind a boulder. The trick is to go into it stern first, checking your speed with the paddle at the same time. It is almost redundant to mention that good balance helps the white-water canoeist. As the canoe glides or twists down the river, little white crests signal the approach to a falls, or a cascade. The canoeist, forewarned, eases himself out of the mainstream and, if he's lucky, gets through without getting wet. White-water canoeing is not the easiest sport in the world, and it is advisable to practice on gentle slopes before attempting the big time. But to the master rider it's as thrilling as hunting big game; the pounding run, the indescribable loveliness of swift water, the feeling of power and ability is as satisfying a sensation as most men ask for. #

The upper part of the Ammonoosuc River, New Hampshire, which has 25 miles of white water

KODACHROME BY ART GRIFFIN

Paris of the Balkans

An Article by
R. MICHAEL

BUDAPEST is the city Paris pretends to be; according to its inhabitants, only those who have never visited the city will dispute that assertion. Hungarians in general are, by their own admission, a unique people. They will have you know in proof thereof that for the last quarter of a century their nation was a monarchy without a king; that she was ruled by an admiral but had no fleet; that the prime minister who promulgated her first anti-Semitic laws was forced to resign because he was of Jewish descent; that he possessed one of the puniest armies in Europe, but declared war against the world—the armed world, at any rate, since after 1940 she made declarations of war first against the U.S., England, France, and Russia, and then against Germany and Japan.

As the capital of Hungary, Budapest (pronounced Budapesht) is the cosmopolitan pleasure center of the Balkans. The city has always been proud of its reputation as the gayest spot on the continent—gayety meaning that there are things to do, places to do it in, and plenty of beautiful women to help do it. The local nobility, of whom there is a goodly number, will tell you that Budapest is the most diverse and cultured city in Europe; in the telling, they sound like Los Angeles Rotarians—with titles.

In much of what they say there is truth, although the face of what used to be an international playground has greatly changed as a result of air bombings and the fierce seven-week siege when, in the last winter of the war, German and Russian artillery pounded the city mercilessly.

The king's palace was bombed and burned so badly that it may never be repaired. Most of the houses in town sustained some

Budapest (pronounced Budapesht) today looks forward anxiously to the day when the occupying troops will depart and hordes of American tourists, their pockets loaded down with good American dollars, will pour in. Here is a preview of what the Hungarians have in mind for the time when such a thing is possible, and from here it looks real fine

damage. Practically all the windows were broken and there are gaping holes, collapsed walls, and caved-in roofs on every street. The house of parliament has twisted spires and is pitted with shell scars. Even the trees look shell-shocked. The bridges over the Danube—once the pride of the city—were all destroyed by the Germans before they withdrew, and this is one reason why the Hungarians, mildly pro-German until then, turned against them. The man who built the Lanchid bridge, a Scotsman named Adam Clark, has a square named in his honor. Budapest is really two cities—Buda on the right bank of the river and Pest on the left—and so important are its bridges to the Hungarian that the first stamp issue, which is supposed to symbolize the dawn of a new era for the city, shows a muscle-bound Tarzan, hammer in hand, standing between the wrecked Lanchid on the right and the white ghost of a new bridge that presumably will be built in the future.

Half the stores in town are bombed-out skeletons, but the half that remain are filled with luxury goods. There are fine silks, furs, perfumes, cameras, and liquors to be found at prices that would make the average Westchester commuter's mouth water. Yet, few Hungarians can afford any of these items. Corvin's, the Macy's of Budapest which was a fire-blackened shell

at war's end, has been rebuilt and is functioning again.

Hungary's money system was Europe's first to collapse. The cold banknote figures tell the story. The standard money was the pengö (it's now the forint), and in 1935 there were 411 million pengös in circulation, the value of each being roughly twenty cents. By November 30, 1944, there were 10,670,000,000 in circulation. One year later there were 41,920,000,000. Then the number of pengös in circulation began doubling itself in arithmetic progression until it finally went out of sight completely in the dizziest typhoon spiral of inflation the world has ever seen. At one time, two million American dollars could have bought every pengö in Hungary.

A cartoon that came out in the satirical weekly, *Ludas Matyi*, shows how the average Budapestian, who likes spice in his life anyway, views the money situation. The cartoon was a drawing of the then new 10,000 pengö note, showing Miss Hungary leaning out of her frame on the note. Winking lewdly, she is trying to entice a man who will have none of her. "You can't excite me," the man says in the caption. "Everybody has you now." During my stay in Budapest a few months ago, the city reminded me of a mad trading place, with the residents desperately throwing into the market everything that would bring them an American dollar. Waiters, along with the main course, tried to sell cameras, cigarette cases, compacts, and blondes to the American diner. Cops shoved .22-caliber automatics in your ribs and said, "It's cheap. Only twelve dollars."

The butler at the house where I stayed was named Horvath; he was a perfect Jeeves who had spent twenty-five years in the service of Prince Esterhazy and whose father before him had been a faithful family retainer for half a century. An American is apt to find his type only in the movies. I liked Horvath because he remained aloof from Budapest's mundane pursuits. I thought of him as one who would let others scramble for profit; he would go his dignified way, a pillar of the staid society that had shaped him. As I was packing to leave, Horvath—the perfect Horvath—hesitatingly pushed a light meter in front of me. "It's only three dollars," he said. "You can't do better elsewhere."

Horvath's ex-master, Prince Esterhazy, was killed by the Russians, and the widowed princess, an attractive, thirty-six-year-old blonde who jitterbugs so well you would never think she stems from the blue-blooded Apponyi tribe, (Continued on page 113)



"My campaign was going great — then I told them to look at the record"



Gladioli

Eating To Set Sports Records

Will this year's Olympic Games be decided at the training tables?

A Sports Article by GEORG MANN

WHEN the winners' flags go up over Wembley Stadium this month, the actual results won't have been entirely decided on the track. The Olympics—in spite of what some experts are saying—will have been won, in part at least, in the kitchens. A sports team, like an army, moves on its stomach.

The big rub is that food is scarce in Europe. Even if the athletes are fed what they need during the Olympics, a great many teams will have come from countries where the diet is something less than meager. Some months ago, for example, England's Dr. Nevil Leyton, writing in the *British Medical Journal*, plaintively pointed out what everybody knew already—that unless some way was found of upping the rations for British athletes, the British were heading for a terrible shellacking in the Games. No matter how talented he is, an athlete needs plenty of nourishing food. He needs it over a long period of time, too, but—if he's a European—he isn't likely to have been having anywhere near the necessary amount of late.

The record shows that athletes in training are among the hungriest of all human beings. They're right up there with lumberjacks. In World War II the American Army figured that troops could do their training and fighting on around forty-one hundred calories a day, but the West Point training table shoves fifty-five hundred calories a day down its athletes. And if the coach thinks a boy is looking a little puny, this amount is upped. Either meat or fish is on the table at almost every meal, and the chefs keep stuffing proteins in the form of eggs, milk, and nuts into the boys for all they're worth.

With the exception of our own men and those of a few other lucky countries, the Olympic athletes of 1948 are among the worst fed in history. And current British rations, no matter how they are stretched

A lot of the experts have different opinions about just what foods make the athletes run best, but there is plenty of agreement on the theory that food plays an important part in making a champion. Herewith a few variations, facts and figures on what the experts are doing and saying

during the actual period of the Games at Wembley, can hardly hope to provide the athletes with the strength it takes to break records. Every day during the 1932 Olympics at Los Angeles, trucks dumped 2750 pounds of string beans, 1800 pounds of fresh peas, 50 sacks of potatoes, and 450 gallons of ice cream on the premises. The amount of meat—well, there's no point in torturing ourselves by remembering that. And to make certain that not only the quantity of food but the cooking was right, chefs trained in the cookery of various competing nations prepared the food.

The same hearty appetites—even heartier ones, perhaps—turned up for Hitler's 1936 Berlin Olympics. Here the contenders' eating habits were watched by a careful German scholar named Schenck who counted mouthfuls and tattled his findings in the *Munchner Medizinische Wochenschrift*. The average

heavyweight athlete, he discovered, calmly disposed of two-and-a-quarter pounds of meat a day and abstractedly tossed down a quart of milk and three or four eggs in addition. The smaller Japanese seemed content with a pound and a half of steak a day—but more of Japanese training diets later. (Among the winners there may have been some vegetarians; the record ignores this possibility.) When the startled Germans totaled up, they found that the 4700 competing athletes had managed to polish off an average intake of 7300 calories a day—which is somewhat over twice what the average person eats and over six times the current German ration.

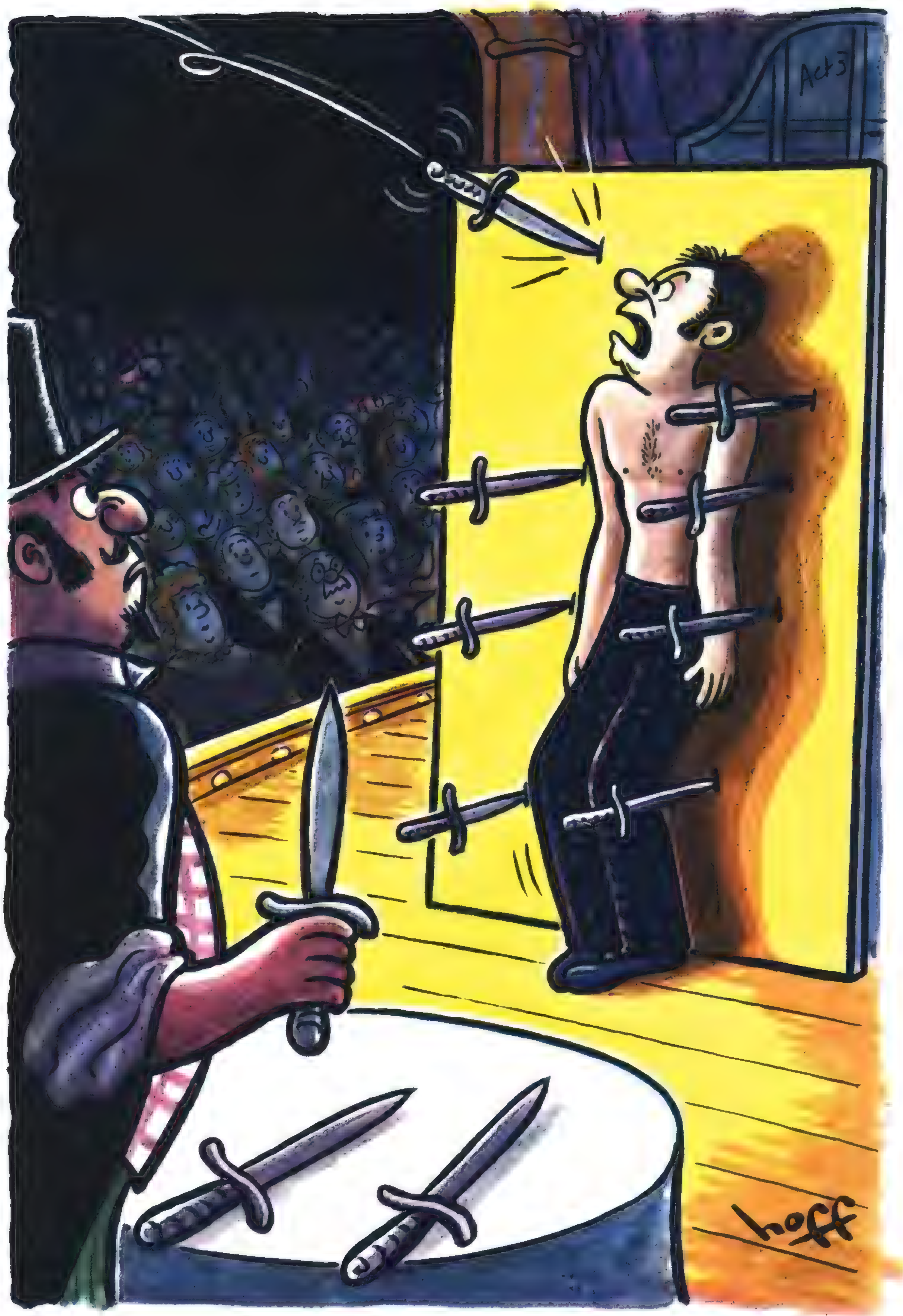
Incidentally, the meat-eating athletes of 1936 ate very little salt. Experiments have shown that animal foods normally contain a more balanced mineral content than vegetable foods in terms of salt. Meat-eaters, therefore, require less salt than vegetarians. And that brings us to an extremely important point: if athletes want to break records, they not only have to eat a lot of food, but they have to eat the *right* foods. Here there is a wide-open field for agreement and disagreement. In general, modern training tables stick pretty close to accepted nutritional ideas; they try to provide a diet that includes needed vitamins and minerals as well as proteins, fats, and carbohydrates. But there are quirks everywhere. At West Point, for instance, men in sports are told to shun sweets, fried foods, fatty meats, food served either very hot or very cold, and condiments. And this is a fairly representative current idea.

Two hundred years ago nobody bothered with special diets for sportsmen. Ideas about special diets didn't catch on—in England, at least—until the time of Napoleon, when the British began to take boxing, running, and horse racing with grim seriousness. And then it became the custom to feed rare meat to athletes—rare meat, preferably dripping blood, and eaten without seasoning. In some circles the idea—a false one by the way—that there's a special strength-giving quality to red meat still persists. It probably stems from primitive concepts about food, like the ones that held that keen eyesight could come from eating the eyes of animals, or that the way to become strong was to eat the heart of a tiger or a bear. Because fierce beasts of prey ate their meat red and dripping, it was presumed that the boxer who ate it the same way would become just as ferocious. Bread was also considered a good food for athletes, but veal, lamb, poultry, fish, cheese, and milk were scorned as not being fit fodder for a red-blooded, active man. A hundred years ago top athletes everywhere shunned milk and relied on mild beer to wash their victuals down. But they doted on meat. Back in 1809, when Captain Robert Barclay bet and won that he could walk a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours, he polished off about five or six pounds of beef or mutton every day.

Today we recognize the importance of vegetables and fruits in providing a well-balanced diet. A (Continued on page 120)



"Just one?"



"No help from the audience, please!"

Big Girls Don't Cry

A woman can be tough and beautiful and put hard steel into her eyes, but sooner or later she discovers she's a woman and when she does it's sometimes hard to take

A Story by

GEORGE W. MORSE

IT is some time ago, but I remember trading the cool incense of the bar for the heat of Shanghai's streets, and there's a ricksha. "Airport," I say gruffly. "Savvy?"

I get a toothy grin, but it doesn't help; I've never yet started on a trip without wondering if it's worth putting up with, even for fifteen hundred dollars a month, China, and a people who didn't quit fighting when the bell rang.

In the Operations shack Manther's behind the desk; he looks up. "You're late," he says.

He's fat, greasy. "Skip it. Who's my co-pilot? I hear the chink who's been riding with me has the fever."

"Dorrey," Manther says. "A. Dorrey."

So help me, it happens then; the totally, completely unbelievable. I turn and she's standing there. Girl. American. Boots and khaki pants and shirt. A tall girl, big-boned yet slender, with blonde hair and a full, trim figure.

"The 'A,'" she's saying, "stands for Anne. Mr. Benson?"

I choke, staring for a long moment, letting that husky voice sink in. She's almost as tall as I am, lithe-tall, and even in that first glance she does something. I keep choking, then I swing on Manther. "What the hell is this? A gag?"

"The company," Manther says, "figures a girl can be as good a co-pilot as a man. She asked for the job and we can't get men anyway."

I grasp the edge of the desk so hard it hurts. "Look," I say savagely. "I don't know what this outfit's coming to, but have you ever left this small chunk of civilization? Gone out into those hills? Man, you can't take a woman into that country! I tell you, I simply won't do it, Manther!"

He shrugs, his fat hands pawing papers. "Quitting, Benson?"

"Yes!"

But I stop. I think of the fifteen hundred I'll never get with a scheduled air line, and I look at her again. For a second her eyes waver, then they're on me, cool, appraising, and it's as if something snaps between us. Challenge. I say grimly, "Get your gear!"

I'd like to choke Manther, like to feel that greasy throat between my hands. I go outside. She follows; we pick up chutes and kit bags and walk to the ship. Coolies are shoving cases through the big cargo doors; I point to a case under the wing. "Sit down!" I order.

She sits down and I think stupidly: *She's damned attractive. That wide mouth. Long, clean limbs. The shirt, tight fitting.* Then I think, *Stop it, Benson.* I say, "Spill it. Why?"

I'm still getting the cool look; her voice is even. "I've been

flying for ten years. There's big money with these wildeat lines and I know the ship." She tosses her head. "Is that all?"

I move fast in front of her and plant myself, and it isn't all. "Listen," I say hoarsely. "Do you know what you're asking for? The most rugged, Godforsaken country in the world, and a civil war going on. Commies. Jungle fighting. And above it, monsoon weather and clouds full of mountains. Do you think they're paying this kind of dough for a picnic?"

She says nothing, and I find myself staring. Blunt, meaningful, at that slim body. I say softly, "If we happen to go down among these hill troops, what they'll do to a white woman isn't pretty. If you've any sense at all you'll quit. Now!"

She gets up, and it is then that I see it for the first time. There's something new in the set of her face, something that I haven't before noticed. A hardness in those soft features. I've seen it before in women who hang around airports, around race tracks and bars, but in her it comes as a surprise, and it leaves me uneasy, confused. She says flatly, "Thanks for the advice. Are you ready?"

The words start, hot, cursing. I say, "Hard gal, huh?" Then I choke them back. I tell her, "Ready," and I think, *Fine. Perfect. As far as you're concerned, Benson, she's a man.*

But she isn't. From the start I'm conscious of her in the close confines of the cockpit. Conscious as hell.

We take off, and in a matter of minutes

civilization is gone and there's nothing but jagged, rust-colored ridges underneath. Then, climbing, we're in the overcast, flying through grey murk. I set the auto-pilot and sit back. I say nastily, "For your information, part of our cargo is mortar ammunition, and it doesn't take much to set it off." I pause. "The first stop is at Queen Peter, and if the Commies still have the railroad spur east of the flight strip, we'll draw small-arms fire coming in."

We draw it, all right. We fly four hours through the murk, then the radio compass settles on the portable transmitter the Nationalist lads have set up for us, and we let down. We break out of the cloud in a long, narrow valley, and there are puffs of smoke almost at once. I think, *Mortar ammunition*, and stand the ship on a wing, but not before there's the splat of bullets on metal skin.

"Full flaps!" I grate.

As she turns I catch a glimpse of her face, and the feeling of surprise returns. Her face is hard, with a fierce, swearing anger. The puffs of smoke drift behind, but even as I slam the ship onto the dirt I think, *It isn't natural. I wish . . . she wasn't.*

It's a tiny strip, cut into the rice paddies of the valley floor, and as we climb out heat sweeps over us, and the sour, unwashed smell of Chinese soldiers. They're everywhere, swarming; ragged, half-naked coolies with cloth-bound feet and the inevitable sores. She looks at them, and her voice is somehow mocking. "The great Nationalist Army!"

I start, but I chop it off. "You'll get used to them!"

There are earthen huts scattered around the strip; we find the biggest and the interpreter. It's a dark, evil-smelling hut;

outside ten or a dozen coolies are digging grimy hands into a huge pot of brown, unbleached rice, stuffing it into their mouths. One makes an obscene gesture at her as we go in.

"General Lo-Tu," the interpreter says.

I'm surprised, wary. I didn't know Lo-Tu had made it through to here, but I know he likes riding in airplanes.

"The general," the interpreter informs us, "directs you will take him to Shanghai tomorrow morning."

I scowl; it takes a general, but he can give us orders. Then I look at Anne Dorrey. Tomorrow morning. Tonight, here. I think fast. "Tell the General his pilot strongly suggests we go tonight. I do not like leaving the airplane on this strip."

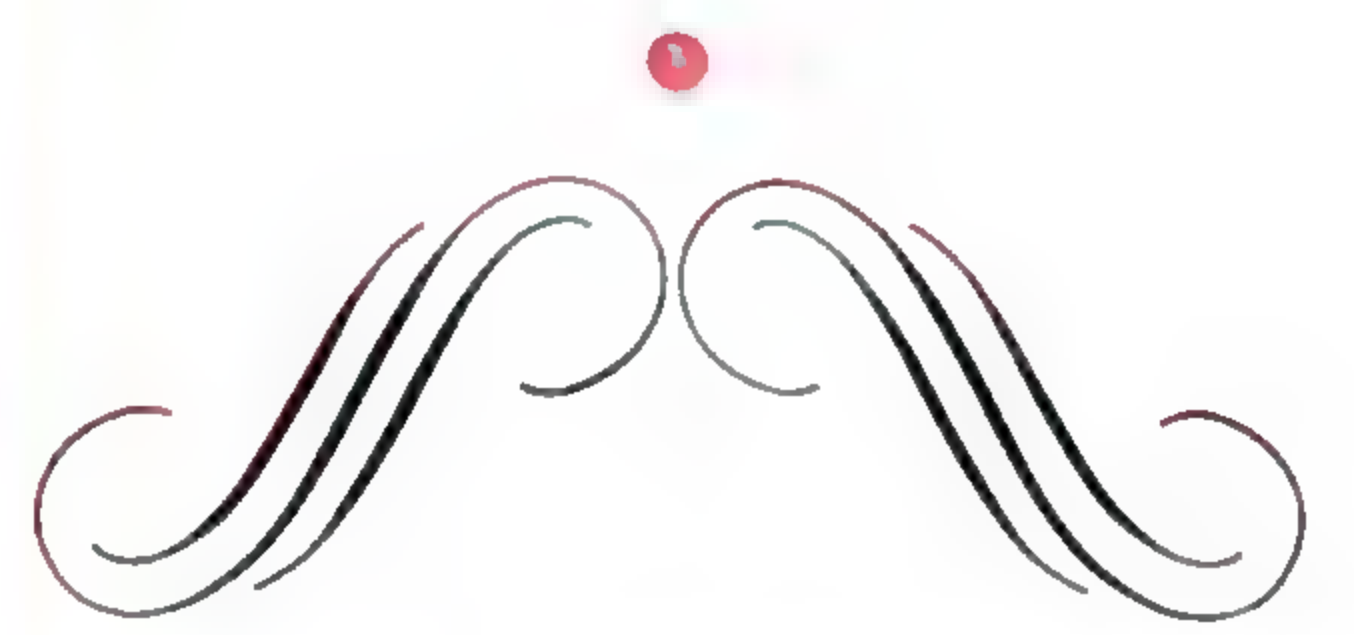
They talk; the general is a heavy, bland little man with a skin like crumpled yellow paper. They turn to me. "You will (Continued on page 126)



"Hey, Sis, it's your last resort"



FROM THE MR. & MRS M. A. RYERSON COLLECTION, COURTESY THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO



BULLFIGHT

by

EDOUARD MANET

1832-1883



To the murky painters of the salons who preceded Manet this painter of sunlight was half clown, half charlatan, and a good part manic. He made sunlight respectable. Whatever the sun looked on also was worthy. Color and glamour — the bullfight, the race track, the picnic in the woods — displaced the pitch and molasses which earmarked official art. In this famous painting, a composition so rigidly severe as to be almost geometrical comes to life through the simple expedient of living color wedded to cunning design. Severity of design can be carried little further than the acute horizontals of the stands crossed at right angles by the verticals of the standing men as well as by the props between the tiers. The fallen animal is the only rounded form which serves to dramatize and isolate this essential element of pattern. The nearest figure with the muleta centers the composition. The angle of the muleta relates the figure to the bull at the same time that it introduces an oblique into the dominant up-and-down design. The oblique, of course, is repeated, but subtly, in the shadow which points to the fallen horse. Thus a triangle of design brings the right and left movement of the stands into a foreground focus. Manet, filling a picture with light and drama, possible because the world hadn't yet discovered its complexities, nevertheless is in this painting as acutely abstract as the moderns, and almost as sharply geometrical.





Tiger Lily

"ACCORDING to the old legend," said Lily, the model, "the hero has to choose between the lady and the tiger. They put him in an empty room, with two doors—one way the lady, the other way the tiger."

"A terrible fate either way," said the artist, squinting along his brush. "The head higher, please."

"May I ask a question, please?" said Lily.

"Uhuh," said the artist.

"When are you going to stop making like an artist and be a man

again? All you've talked about for weeks is tigers, tigers, tigers, black and yellow, yellow and black, and . . ."

"You mean by that, I suppose," said the artist, "that the hero, as in the old story, has to make a choice?"

"Exactly," said Lily. "The tiger or the lady."

"Well," said the artist, slowly, "I choose; and my choice has sharp claws, murder in her green eyes, and just now, even a few stripes."

Lily smiled at him and almost, but not quite, purred.

"Look Ma, I'm Eatin'!"

A husband who argues that the stomach can never replace the garbage pail questions the wisdom of eating what the little pal considers good for him

An Article by DONALD HOUGH

I do not wish to add anything to what has come to be known as the war between the sexes. But I certainly would like to get my hands on the person who invented that old slogan to the effect that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, all right, just so long as the victuals involved are (1) considered good for him; (2) acceptable to the female palate; and (3) consumed entirely, so no scraps will have to be carried to the alley . . . At least, that's how every woman I've come in contact with has interpreted the adage!

As a young man, I once worked on a farm for a summer. The farmer and his wife were poor and living almost entirely out of the garden. The first meal I shared with them was creamed carrots. On my list of desirable foods, carrots are three hundred items down, just nosing out hay for last place; but I was sorry they had to eat carrots, so I praised the carrots highly.

I was caught. My employers' fortunes improved during the summer and we had a variety of grub, or anyway *they* did; I got in on some of it, but mostly I lived on creamed carrots, painstakingly prepared for me special, so I wouldn't have to clutter up my insides with, for instance, chicken.

I have made no such original errors since, unless it can be considered a comparable mistake to assume that the situation can be made to operate in more pleasant directions. That is to say, I have tried complimenting steak, turkey, pompano, and salt mackerel, praising them all as hard as I could, but without effect on ears not in the mood to listen—not, anyhow, when they're a woman's ears.

The American male seems doomed to eat what the female mind thinks is good for him—and, to some extent, what is enticing to the female palate. Lettuce, for instance. I have to be super-careful about lettuce. My wife doesn't believe me when I tell her how much I like whiskey or Italian sausage, but she believes implicitly in every cubic centimeter of the salad I manage to swallow. Thus, even when the salad seems good, I have to be sure to leave a portion on the plate. Otherwise, I'll get it again next day. "But last night you said you liked it," she'll say. "You ate it all up."

I also said I liked raw clams. (They aren't good for me.)

In spite of this solicitude for my health, one thing that always is good for me, in addition to the lettuce and other weed forms women like to swallow, is too much of everything, even the things I like. And this in manifest defiance of the endless warnings of all doctors about overeating.

The universal female urge

to cram their menfolk to a point limited only by the structural capacity of the human body is of course based mainly on a feeling of tenderness and a vast effort to promote family welfare. Harder to rationalize, however, is the incinerator approach, which supposes that the way to "save" things is to shove them down the human throat. "If you don't eat it up, I'll just have to throw it away . . ." Who was your garbage pail last year?

This resentment at being looked at either as a pig or a galvanized-iron can is, I think, thoroughly justifiable. In view of the stand taken by medical science as to the life-shortening influence of overeating, why should a man's body be used to take on the last spoonfuls of everything in sight? If the food is being "saved," he is not. It's no fun dying for economy.

For twenty years I have not eaten breakfast, and the reason is that I do not care for any. It is not because I have a hang-over, nor because I am trying to reduce. It is just that I don't want any, up to the point of not being able to eat any, even for people I love. A few months ago I visited my mother in Minnesota. All I wanted for breakfast, I said the first morning, enunciating clearly, was a cup of coffee. I got the coffee, along with two or three other items. Once more I tried to explain. No breakfast but coffee. Or beer.

Mother sadly took away all but a bit of toast, and said, "I can't understand you."

She never gave up. Although in time she

recognized in me an immovable object, and with great fortitude was able to forego cooking these things in advance, she never failed to call the roll of the refrigerator, even offering to reduce portions: only one strip of bacon, one egg, one slice of toast—half a strip of bacon, a part of an egg, a sliver of toast . . . "It's just a woman's job," she said. "Beginning at the very start of life itself."

We now come to a really delicate phase of this subject.

A friend of mine said the other day, "When you figure on marrying a girl, you better find out what she likes to eat. You're going to get it the rest of your life." I will not go that far. But let's take a further look at that visit home of mine. Mother is reasonably heavy and, like all women who weigh over 112 pounds, on some kind of diet. As soon as I arrived, I came up against a familiar circumstance: she was making some apple pies for me—the crust crumbly with shortening, the sugar crisp. She asked me to sniff the mysterious perfume in the kitchen and happily invited me to guess what it was. I knew.

I haven't eaten apple pie for decades, for I have an aversion to all desserts except rum with coffee in it—and mother knows it. At supper I got the largest piece, but I didn't even nibble at it. "I guess I'll have to eat Don's pie," Mother said. "I can't bear to throw away all that wonderful material." She made a couple of pies every second day. I'll bet she gained ten righteous and unavoidable pounds during my convenient visit. The same thing is true of my wife. Every few days she has a surprise for me. Sometimes it is a fancy confection she has whipped up by herself; more often it is something she has bought, such as a cake, or two eclairs—one for each of us, she says. I ate my last eclair in 1914.

I don't want to imply that this sort of thing is done by way of subterfuge, the motive selfish. The basic truth is that my wife and mother are both convinced that these are the delicious things to eat, just as the green stuff is the most healthful. They are certain that my avoidance of desserts is a simple failure to appreciate the finer things of life.

In all fairness, though, I must admit that my wife will cook mackerel for me, smelling up the apartment and posing a policing problem, after supper, that is formidable. Her approach is selfless. She is glad to do her part, to serve me what I think is food. But she does it without conviction, determined never to abandon her campaign to elevate me to the gustatory level that she is sure, in her heart, not only is best for me, but is best. ‡





Well, it used to be out in the country

Country Club, U.S.A.

**Keep your golf score down, your credit
up, and — keep your eye on your wife**

DRAWINGS BY D. McKAY



I'm afraid it was a mistake having
the runner-up present the cup



Do you have an appointment?



McKAY

Fore!



May we play through?



Keep your eye on the ball—
or as near to it as you can



Hoagy Carmichael looks pretty much
the way you'd think H.C. would look





He doesn't look it, but Hoagland is his real name that calls for contraction



He refers to that inimitable singing style of his as "flatsy through the nose"

Black and White Stardust

SOMETIMES a natural phenomenon is a person. In this case his name is Hoagy Carmichael. The phenomena in the Carmichael world take many forms, but you're a strange person indeed if you haven't been touched by Hoagy's spell in some way, and

stranger still if you didn't like it. It may be his honky-tonk, off-key voice slipping out of your radio, noodling corners off notes in a style that drives imitators crazy. It may be in the next movie you see you'll forget the big-salary stars when a little guy ambles on

stage like a pixie from Indiana, which is just what he is. And if *Stardust* isn't your idea of the way to put love into music, a couple of generations of dreamy-eyed kids and oldsters have been very wrong. The little guy at the piano is in a class all by himself.



Hoagy graduated from the University of Indiana as a lawyer: *Stardust*, written shortly after, earned him more than a quarter of a million dollars



The Lasher Ice

A Bedside Mystery by WILLIAM FRANCIS

When Harry the Cat began talking, every one of New York's tinfoil crooks knew where the Lasher diamond had been for fifteen years. At least, they knew the name of the town. What they didn't know was that when a woman has something around worth that much coin she likes to have it where she can keep her eyes on it

THE tip came through Harry the Cat, a hophead who would lie about anything for a consideration. I was in The Box, loafing between the Old Man's whims. Harry tried to put the bite on me for a fin, a proposition I ignored. I bought him a dime beer.

"Thanks, Duke," he said. "You know, if I had maybe a half a C I'd beat my way to Frisco." The girl with the 26-dice looked my way and smiled. I was lifting my fanny from the stool when Harry's voice seeped through.

"That's where the Lasher ice is," he said. I sat again.

The Lasher ice was a diamond worth one hundred twenty-five grand. Fifteen years ago it had been lifted; the owner's butler was shot, and lived long enough to put the arm on one Smoke Harris. The diamond never showed up and Smokey died in prison.

The Old Man, who had taken personal charge of the case, hadn't made first base

and still didn't like to have it mentioned.

I hauled Harry to a back booth and poured a double slug of cheap whiskey into him. He talked.

"You remember Big John Polatt?" I nodded. "Well, I was driving the car the night he got it. He was Smokey Harris' chum; as a matter of fact, he was Smokey's alibi for the night the ice was lifted, but when he got it he told me the truth. He said Smokey got the stone. He told me Smokey gave it to his daughter."

"Big John's daughter?"

"No, Smokey's daughter. She's in Frisco and she's got the rock."

"Then why hasn't she unloaded it?" I asked.

"I don't know, but I haven't told you everything. For the rest I want . . ."

"Half a C-note."

"No, half a grand. You're interested."

"Not that interested. I'll go a C."



ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR KALIN

"Four. You ought to be that interested."
 "Nuts," I said. "You've told me enough."
 I got up.

"Wait. All right, a C."

I peeled five twenties from my roll and laid them in front of Harry. "It better be good," I said.

He picked up the money before he started talking. "I just found out how to find Smokey's daughter," he said.

"Give," I told him.

"Okay. At the time of the heist Smokey's kid is only nine years old. So, I figure there must have been someone taking care of her. There was; Smokey's sister. But right after Smokey got the long ticket, the sister takes a powder. Last week Louis Lapp comes into town from Frisco and tells me that he seen Smokey's sister in Frisco, and took the trouble to find out where she holed up. She's using the name Mabel Hartman and Lou says she lives at the Crest Apartments with a young girl, maybe twenty-four years old."

"That all?"

"Yeah, only Louis say he thinks the old lady recognized him and has maybe by now taken it on the lam." Harry smiled.

"Why does he think she recognized him?"

"At least she ain't at the Crest any more."

His smile was wider. "I didn't tell no lies."

"No," I said. "I guess you didn't. How'd you know I'd buy it?"

"I sold the same thing to the Old Man this morning." Hitting him in his own neighborhood didn't seem like the right thing, so I walked out and went to see the Old Man.

"You're a prime sucker," he said.

"You bought it," I reminded him.

"I bought Harry's story about Big John. I knew all about Smokey and his sister and daughter. I've had a tab on the sister ever since she went to San Francisco. She works, saleslady in a department store. The daughter has been a steno in an office for the past five years. If they've got the diamond they're sitting on it and nothing will jar them loose. Louis Lapp's story is true; they've moved, but just to another apartment. I still know where to get them."

"So?"

"I'm waiting."

"Do you think they've got it?" I asked.

"I haven't made up my mind yet."

"You offered a ten-grand reward for that

ice, didn't you?" I asked. He nodded. "Is it still open?"

"Why?"

"I might try for it," I said.

"What would you do if you got it?"

"Quit," I told him.

"The offer was withdrawn last year," he said. "Go out to San Francisco, stay away from the agency office, find out what you can. The daughter may be old enough to find you . . . ah . . . interesting."

I said, "But Harry talked to you; he talked to me; he'll sell the same story to anyone with dough. The ice is worth fifty thousand to any fence in the country. There'll be a lot of people with your idea."

"Afraid?"

"Could be," I admitted. "Every time you hand me one of these keep-away-from-the-agency jobs I end up with a future shorter than my checking account."

I went though on an extra-fast, extra-fare job; I knew that that little item on my expense account would give the Old Man more pain than if I pounded nails into his head.

I noticed the blonde as soon as I went into the club car. She (Continued on next page)

was a bottle blonde, just a little hard around the edges.

By Chicago she'd given me enough coy glances to make a Shirley Temple picture and she'd brushed off a pouch I figured was padded with the long green. I moved in.

Her name, she said, was Crystal Hall and she was going to Frisco to make her annual smash in the Cavalier Club.

"I sing," she said. Her voice was too flat and too far across the tracks. She must have read my mind. "And," she went on, "I strip." I bought that.

When we got to San Francisco I told her I'd catch her act at the Cavalier, brushed her off and went up to the Sir Walter Raleigh. All of the next day I spent meeting people from my town. The final score was ten . . . ten of the best heist men in the racket. I ran across the first one, Jimmy Greep, by accident, and from then on I kept seeing them. They all seemed glad to see me and all told the same story. They didn't know any of the others were in town, and they were there themselves on "sort of a vacation." If Smokey's sister hadn't moved out of town her apartment was in for more frisking than a resident of Alcatraz. And I knew I had to get in early.

I didn't get a chance. My third morning in town the papers carried the story of a murder. Mrs. Mabel Hartman had been found dead in her ransacked apartment. The body was discovered by Dell Harris, the dead woman's niece, when she returned home from a date. As usual, an arrest was expected soon. I went down to the homicide department to find out how soon.

Detective Lamson was a good friend of mine; at least as good a friend as I make of any cop. I told him about the heist crowd.

"Not my department, Duke. Let's go see Hanson."

Hanson turned out to be a big fat guy with a pipe clenched between his teeth. He talked around it.

"Know all about them; checked them into town. Checked you in, too. You haven't been near your office."

"I'm not here on business," I said.

"Oh. About that heist crowd; ten of them. Might look into it, Lamson."

Lamson said he would and we went back to his office.

"I think I'll have that crowd brought in, Duke. Excuse me." He gave orders for the roundup and hung up the phone. "By the way, Duke, what are you doing out here?"

"Killing time," I said. "The Old Man likes me out of sight when I'm loafing."

"Oh."

He didn't believe me and I didn't expect him to. I left before he decided to ask me for the real reason I was in town. I went out to see Dell Harris.

The apartment house was medium; not good, not bad. It needed paint, but it wasn't run-down. The postage-stamp lawn had been cut recently; not yesterday, nor the day before, but within the month sometime. The lobby was a wide space in the hall and boasted a small desk and chair. There wasn't anybody behind the desk and there hadn't been anyone behind it for a long time, or as long as it takes dust to coat a surface. There was no elevator, so I walked up the three flights to the third floor and down the hall to a door marked 310. I knocked.

She was about five-two or -three, brown hair, green eyes, pert nose and a nice figure displayed nicely under a tan sweater and a pair of tan slacks. She'd been crying.

"Yes?" Her voice was all right, too.

I handed her one of my plain cards, just my name and in the corner "Investigations." It got me inside. Inside was a standard furnished-apartment setting, impersonal except for the evidence of police investigation; the not-quite-erased chalk marks on the rug and the still visible traces of fingerprint powder on the sills and furniture.

She watched me with a quizzical look as I glanced around.

"Are you from the police?" she asked.

It isn't nice to impersonate policemen. Fictional detectives do it all the time and get away with it, but not me; I shook my head. I made up my mind, quick, that the only way to handle Dell Harris was to lay everything face up. She looked smart and she looked honest and you can't tell a damn thing about looks, but you have to pin your hunches on something. I told her the whole truth.

She didn't interrupt and she didn't give me any clue about whether I was telling her things she didn't know or not; she just sat with her chin cupped in one hand and looked at me.

"So," I finished, "if whoever searched this place and killed your aunt didn't get the diamond there's going to be another try."

She waited about a minute before she said anything. "There isn't any diamond," she said finally. "At least we didn't have it. Aunt

Mabel told me all about my father; she didn't want me to get it secondhand and she knew that sooner or later it would come up. She didn't tell me until after he'd died, though."

"What was stolen?" I asked.

"Nothing," I looked doubtful. "But it's the truth," she insisted, "we don't have anything, honestly, and nothing was missing. What would there be to steal? We both worked and we spent everything we made just to live. I'll have to find a cheaper place to live now."

"Why did you move here?" I asked.

"This apartment?"

"Yes."

"Aunt Mabel thought some man had recognized her, someone from my father's past. She wasn't sure and we wouldn't have been able to move, but a girl where Aunt Mabel worked agreed to exchange apartments with us."

I didn't get any further. I looked through the apartment and I could pick out the things that the landlord hadn't furnished; a crystal candy dish, a few photographs and the usual litter on the bedroom dressing table. It didn't look like a setup that would hide the Lasher ice.

That night I went to the Cavalier Club and watched Crystal's act. She couldn't sing, but she didn't have to; she had a lot to show. Later she came over to my table and sat down.

"You took your time," she said.

"I've been busy."

"Yeah? I never did ask you your business, did I?"

"You didn't have to," I said. "You had a reason for picking me out on the train."

"I like blue eyes."

"Let's leave it at that then."

We did. The next morning Lamson called the hotel and asked me to come down and talk to him. I went.

He didn't offer me his hand. "What's your interest in Dell Harris?" he asked.

I thought it over. "Personal," I decided.

"Won't do," he told me. "You know her old man was the Smoke Harris who . . ."

"I know all about it," I said.

"All right. Look at this." He shoved a police report over to me. It was short and simple. One Buck Anglette, police record for armed robbery, breaking and entering, assault with a deadly weapon, was found in a gutter down near the water front with six .45 slugs in him, badly beaten and feet burned. He'd evidently been dumped there from a speeding car. No clues.

"So?" I asked.

"Look, Duke, all of a sudden there's a lot of talk about the Lasher diamond. I get it from every stoolie and some way it's tied up with Buck's sudden demise. The Lasher was lifted by Smoke Harris . . ."

"Never admitted," I said.

"I believe it, though. Dell Harris and Mabel Hartman were close to Smoke before the police took him in. My town is full of the best heist men from the East. You're here. Two and two equals twenty-two. Give."

"What happened when you pulled in the mob?" I asked.

"Nothing. They've got an alibi, they were together, all ten of them, in a private room at the Cavalier Club. And it's not just their words alone; a Crystal Hall and nine other girls from the line there swear that the boys didn't leave. So does the owner and he's a guy who needs a lot of good will from the cops. Do you like it?"

"Not at all," I said. "But what about Buck?"

"His rooms at the hotel were searched."

"How about the ten wise men?"

"I'm having them (Continued on page 135)



"Money isn't everything, Mac"



*Ramsay Ames—
—rising star*



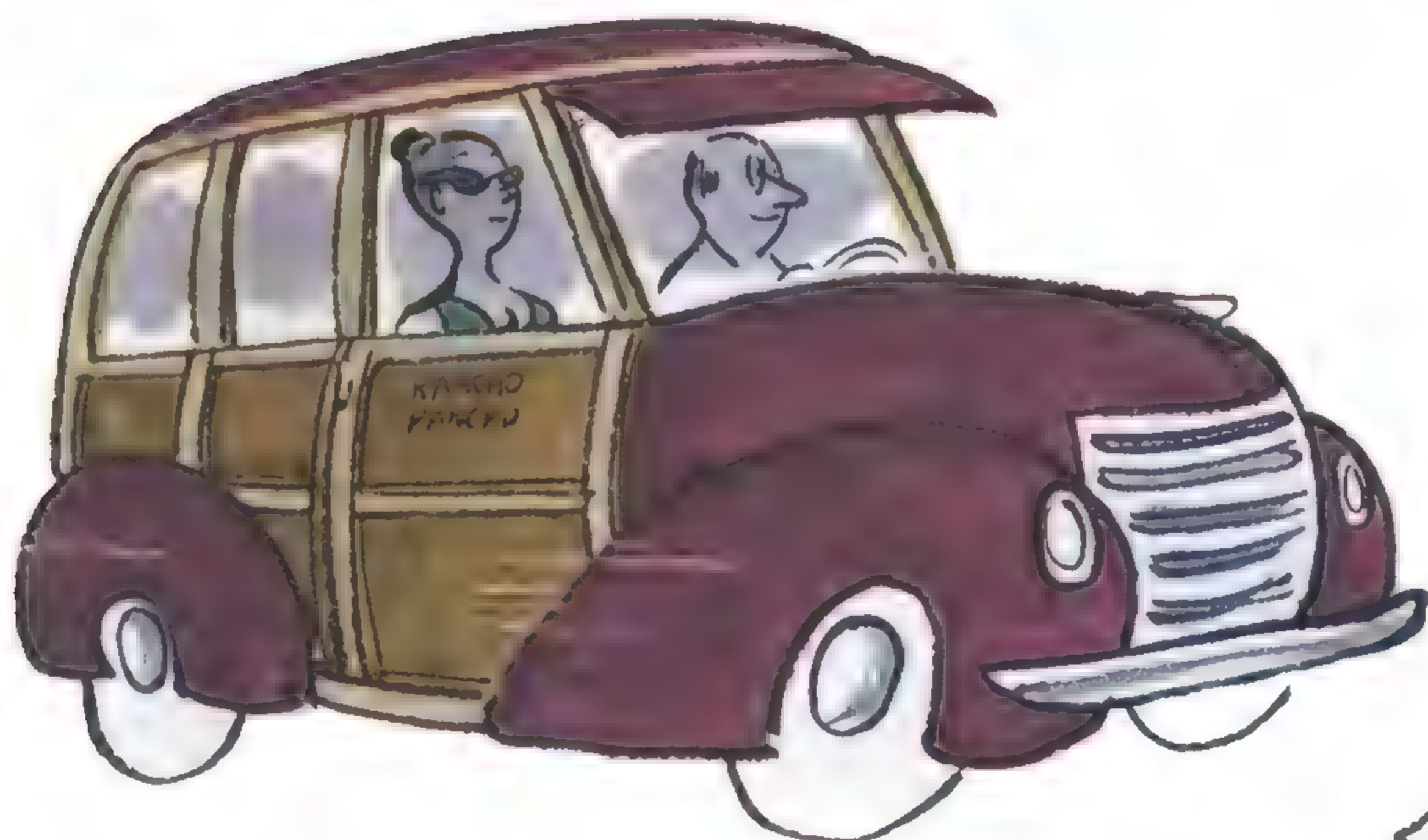
That fine old place to fix up



The Gentleman Farmer

**At Home, Home on the Range, or How
to Get Back to the Soil on a Round Trip**

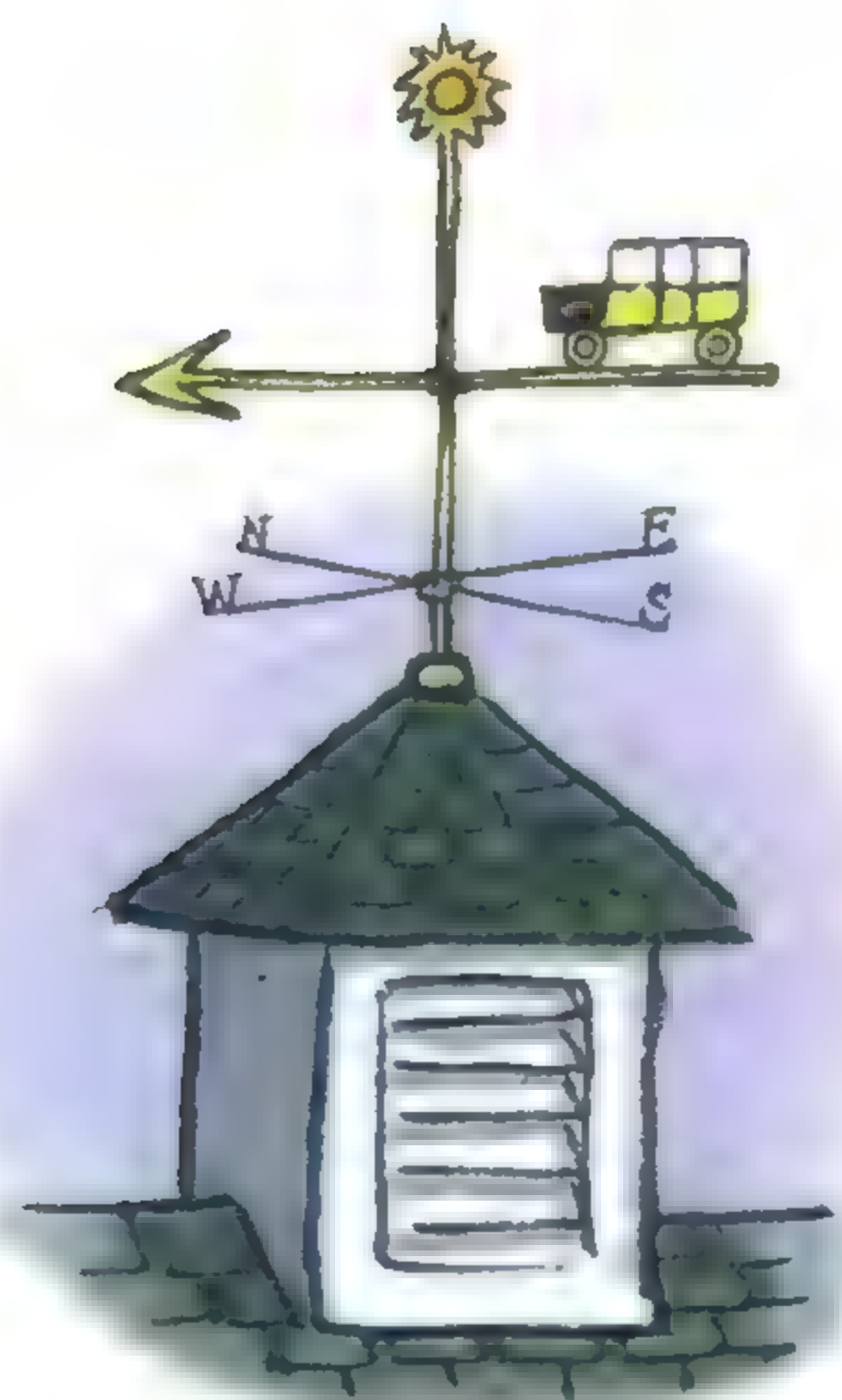
DRAWINGS BY SAM COBEAN



First purchase



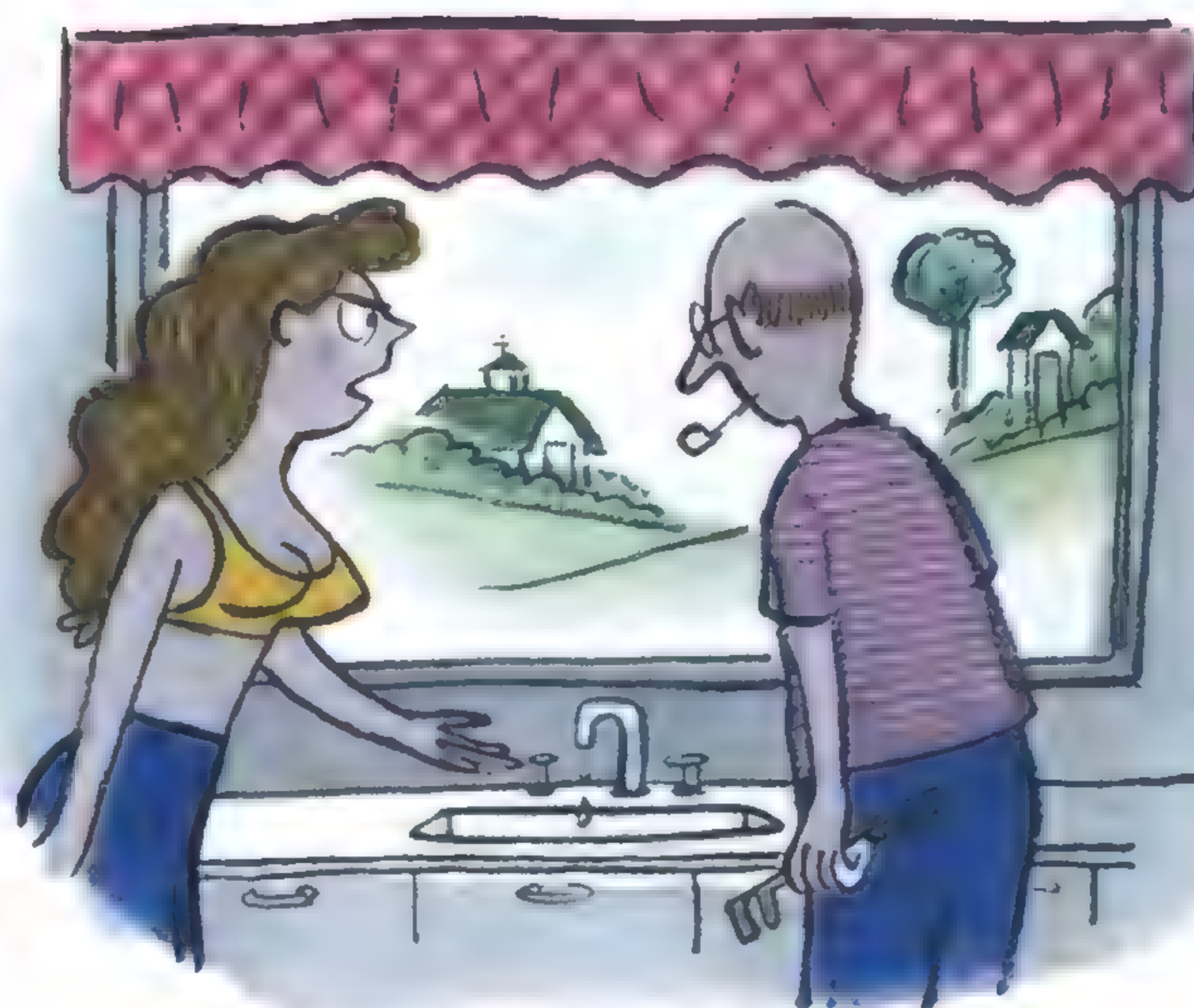
First livestock venture



Planned economy .



"You're not going to sell my sweet little moo cow!"



In emergencies—a gentleman plumber



The Code of the Escribiente

Señor Hernandez was motivated by the most humanitarian reasons and wished only to do what was best for all, no matter how much profit there was in the deal for himself

A Story by MEL MATISON

SEÑORES. That you, the police, should doubt my integrity is a gross injustice. It is a waste of the taxpayer's money to bring me all the way from New York to San Diego to answer your questions. I am a man of peerless character and spotless reputation. I—

Very well, I will adhere to the facts. It is true that for two years I was the only escribiente in the San Diego Mexican Quarter and I was adversely affected when Señor Jaime Ferraro established himself as an escribiente across the street from me. I admit that this picaro of a Ferraro ruined my business by charging twenty cents for each letter when my fee was twenty-five cents.

Nevertheless, I refute the charge that this condition made me to be desperate. After all, was I not a man with a high-school diploma, not to mention several learned correspondence-school courses? And did not Jaime Ferraro's wretched education cease at the eighth grade?

But, señores, what I say does have a bearing on the facts. All right, on the day this misunderstanding began, I was sitting alone in my office when there came a knock at the door.

In a most friendly manner I called out, "Enter."

The door opened and there stood the young man.

I saw at once that he was a country boy—his frayed trousers, his oversized coat and dusty sombrero and particularly that bewildered look in his eyes. I, too, was once a country boy, señores. How could I take advantage of such innocence? And when I observed that he carried with him a violin, I had a feeling of great simpatia for him, I being a lover of music.

"Come in, sit down. How can I serve you?" I said in a kindly manner.

The young man remained by the door.

"Could you please write a letter to my home, that is to my mother?" he asked timidly.

"Of course," I said, and escorted him back to a chair beside my desk. "Where is your home?" I asked for the purpose of addressing an envelope as well as to make him feel less ill-at-ease.

"In Sentimiento, Mexico, señor, about two hundred miles from here."

I took pencil in hand and as he spoke I transcribed, into more expressive language, of course. I shall read to you now my carbon copy of the letter:

"Dear Madre: My journey to San Diego, U. S. A., was without incident. Pablo was cordial and his truck was comfortable. He deposited me on Logan Heights in the midst of the Mexican Quarter. It is a city of terrifying proportions, Madre, with buildings of gigantic height and width. The streets are filled with automobiles which scurry about like ants, and I am truly confused.

"Already I am lonesome for you, for Father and for all my little brothers and sisters, Luis, Roberto, Carlos, Manuela, Lupé, Maria, Beatriz, Emilia and Margarita. Kiss each of them for me.

"But I am not lonesome for Felicita. I remain firmly disillusioned with her and no longer consider her as my affianced. It was a cruelty that I cannot forgive, her plan for me with the monkey.

"Directly after I finish telling the escribiente what I wish him to write to you, I shall go forth to seek employment.

"Your loving son, Ramon."

Ramon leaned over to the desk and made

an X by his name. "What is your payment, señor?" he asked me.

I told him and he produced twenty-five cents from a cloth sack.

I remember suggesting that he leave his cloth sack with me. But, señores, my interest was purely protective. I was concerned that so innocent a young man should wander about the city with a sack of money.

No, gentlemen, when Ramon declined my offer I did not attempt to pry information from him. The code of the escribiente is never to question a client about his letters. I kept faith with this code, regarding the letter as a matter of vital confidence.

Yes, I questioned him about his violin. There was nothing in his letter about a violin. I was within the code to converse with him on that subject. As I told you, I am a lover of music.

Ramon patted the violin affectionately and said, "It is a gift from my father. I have earned many pesos with it."

Now, am I to be blamed if this lonely country boy wished to unburden himself?

He told me that his affairs had not been going well of late and he had come to San Diego to improve himself. His whole life, he said, was the playing of the violin. In his native town he and his father were celebrated as a violin and guitar duo.

"We traveled the streets of Sentimiento and the neighboring towns," he said, "and were the favorite musicians in the distrito. At every performance crowds gathered and threw many centavos to us."

Then a month ago, Ramon continued, his younger brother, Luis, reached the age when he was able to join them as oboist. This was Ramon's opportunity to leave his father and become a street musician by himself. He had long awaited this chance so that he could establish an independent income.

"This would enable me to marry Felicita Valdez," said Ramon, "a jewel of a girl—or so I thought.

"But playing alone was not without hardships," Ramon sighed. "I did not receive the favor of the people.

"For several weeks I played alone but there was no improvement. Then one day Felicita, no doubt wearied of waiting for our marriage, brought me a monkey, a trained monkey, señor, from New York, U.S.A., a monkey who turned cartwheels, tipped his little red hat to the people and begged for centavos.

"Imagine, señor," said Ramon, grabbing my arm and displaying considerable emotion, "this monkey Felicita brought for me, to be my partner, to take the place of Father and attract the people who would laugh at his antics and throw their centavos to him. Was this not lowering me to the level of a monkey?"

I offered no judgment, merely shrugged my shoulders.

Ramon looked sadly out of the window and concluded his story. He and Felicita quarreled. He told her she was not worthy to marry an artist (Continued on page 132)





PHOTOMONTAGE BY ANDRÉ DE DIENES

Inbound

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

"Morning to you!" sings Swede. Breaking the lull,
He leaps to the deck to welcome our guest
By flapping his arms and whiskey-soaked vest
And bows from the waist to a herring gull:
"What's now with the ladies near Kill Van Kull?
Are they still so sweet, have they stood the test?
Hey, chicken up there in your airy nest,

What's new with the ladies near Kill Van Kull?"
Two days to Sandy Hook, Red clowns with joy:
"Run faster, blue water, under our hull,
We're dropping our anchor in Kill Van Kull!
Tell the girls in Bayonne and Perth Amboy
Our last six months were exceedingly dull.
Ho Brunet, Ho Blondie, Ho Red, Ahoy!"



“He was just about the most unforgettable character I’ve ever met!”

Everybody's My Boss

Of all the exacting and trying sports jobs, being a professional at a golf club is probably the toughest, since the golf pro's boss is every member—and his wife

A Sports Article ANONYMOUS

LAST summer one of our formerly prominent tournament golfers told in print of the terrible ordeal of making a living playing golf for big prize money. His was a sad tale of the tortures experienced by those unfortunate fellows who have to spend up to seven hours a day in the sunshine on the rich turf of expensive golf clubs for incomes of only \$15,000 to \$75,000 a year. He was happy, he said, to have been able at last to give up the grueling grind of tournament golf. Well, I have played considerable tournament golf myself, and I'm willing to agree that there is nervous strain in the tournament golf trade; but the strain is no worse than that of any other competitive business. The life of a tournament golfer is an infinitely more carefree one, at any rate, than the life of a home-club professional.

A professional at a private golf club has the toughest of all the exacting and trying sports jobs. I ought to know—I am one. And I love it. The number of bosses he has is limited only by the membership, for the pro's boss is every member—and his wife. He has to make a year-around living for his family in an active golf season that's only five to seven months long at clubs in the central and northern states. He and his family have to live on a scale that will be a credit to the class of his members and their club. But if he, or his wife or children, happens to have something better than an envious member, he'd better look out! Golf-club officials change often, and the pro can become the victim of politics. A member who is haunted by the fear that the professional may be making too much money may carry a lot of political weight around a club.

Frankly, professionals haven't been invariably intelligent in dealing with that risk. They're inclined, for example, to pretend that they're making more money than they actually are. Officials of their clubs see the total of charge tickets for pro-shop merchandise and lessons in club books and may assume that the pro is making a big income for six months of work. But I've never yet met a club official who came within twenty per cent of guessing a professional golfer's expenses of doing business at the club.

Why, my laundry and dry-cleaning bill alone during a summer usually represents the gross profit on the sale of at least ten sets of clubs. Many a summer day I've had to change clothes three times. I've been dripping wet from work on the lesson tee and have had to rush into the clubhouse, take a quick shower, and change from the skin out. The members of my club, like those of any first-class one, expect me to be immaculately groomed. That costs money—as my wife well knows when she tartly compares the extent of her wardrobe and mine.

And how easy are the hours of the professional who is on the job at his club? He gets on the lesson tee at 9 a.m., after having checked over operations in his shop and briefed his staff on the day's work. He takes an hour off for lunch and eats his dinner at the club so he can be around for teaching businessmen who have also been through a

hard day. The pro gets home after dark.

On Mondays—his so-called day off—he must make the rounds of display rooms at manufacturers' branches and do his buying of merchandise for his shop at the club. On other days he has little time for talking to salesmen, but the pro shop must be kept properly stocked for the convenience and service of members as well as for the professional's own revenue. (It would surprise you to know how many good clubs guarantee less salary to their pros than they have to pay a dishwasher in the clubhouse.)

The tournament professional can take his prize money with a fast "thank you" and be on his way. Some of the boys don't even hesitate long enough to pick up checks for minor winnings, since that might be an admission that they really need the money. So these checks are mailed to them, and the club that has put on the tournament doesn't expect any outburst of gratitude. The home-club pro, however, is expected by some of his members to salaam in worshipful appreciation whenever they buy packages of tees. It's amazing how many club members seem to demand this old-plantation style of service to Old Massa and Missy.

Everybody who belongs to a club is equally important to the pro. The professional's only smart and safe policy is to play no favorites even though—simply because of personality and shop and lesson patronage—he would be normally inclined to favor those who are considerate of him.

But think of what happens when he starts the day by giving an hour's lesson to a wo-

man of nervous and ambitious temperament who has been condemned by nature to play in a high score. There are many women—and plenty of men, too—who never will be able to shoot much better than 100, and the professional feels that he's really achieved something if he can just get them to shoot consistently. The pro sweats and bends and worries; his pupil may hit a few balls that she believes are good, but her teacher knows better. If he's the sort of fellow who holds his job, he is genuinely interested in her improvement and worries when she doesn't learn a thing. The lesson is always far more of a strain on the pro than on the pupil.

Then, when some other woman who has a knack for golf takes a few lessons and shows results, the one to whom the pro has devoted the most nervous and physical energy is sure to think he has given the talented woman more of his attention. Many a pro has lost his job because of his lack of finesse or discretion in his treatment of women members. A young, good-looking fellow on the lesson tee has to be strictly professional in his attitude toward women. In trying to get a pupil to recognize the correct feeling of details of the grip and swing, for example, you've got to put your hands on him. Believe me, when the pupil is a woman, that can be a delicate job, and I sometimes marvel at the way we professionals manage to maintain our coldly scientific air.

During the course of a long summer's day, a pro may give as many as nine or ten lessons, and at the end of the day he is a weak and weary man. When he darts into the clubhouse between lessons to get a glass of milk for his ulcers, change his shirt, or go to the little boy's room, some member may hail him in the men's locker room and say, "Come here, I want you to meet Jack Whoozit, my old" (Continued on page 130)



"Good morning, Mr. Life-of-the-Party!"



NAVAJO

CRAYON DRAWING 9" x 11"



COMBAT

TEMPERA 8" x 10"

Art Portfolio **FRED LUDEKENS**



CANYON DE CHELLY

TEMPERA 9" x 12"



AURORA, NEVADA

TEMPERA 9" x 12"



INDIAN GRANDSTAND

TEMPERA 11" x 13"

Fred Ludekens: Good Form

A lot of trivia, posing as momentous, has been written by twentieth-century art critics about "significant form," but to Fred Ludekens all form is significant

An Article by ROBERT ULRICH GODSOE



SELF-PORTRAIT

WHEN the critics speak ponderously of "significant form" in art, the implication is that there are forms which are insignificant. Fred Ludekens knows that this is not so. All physical matter, regardless of what the form, is pertinent to this artist's pigment. The form of a mouse, a safety pin or a jet plane delight him equally. It is only necessary to discern the shape of a brick in order to build the mind's castle. And no brick is so humble that the poet of the material can afford to ignore it.

As long as matter remains mystery, and when it resists the nuclear physicists there is still room in which to believe in God, the man devoted to the material world is still a man devoted to mysteries no less than the poets of melted watches or green violinists floating above the heads of nuptial couples. A man may love the forms of visible things and be no less the poet, no less a man of spirit, than those whose lives are devoted to theories of ideal conduct. You can do worse than spend your life adoring the mysteries of matter, the significance of that which is palpable.

In this sense Fred Ludekens is one of the great materialists. He is conducting a love affair with the whole visible universe. He will leave to Blake the unseen choruses, to Dali the vistas of wishful paranoia, to Jean-Paul Sartre concepts of world as accident. For Ludekens a stratoliner or a safety pin is as alluring as a buxom peasant to Renoir. A teapot, a toaster, a temple in Yucatan arouse him no less than a mountain.

Now it so happens that your wife will understand Ludekens' love affair more readily than you will. When she rearranges the flowers you have dumped in a vase, when she shifts a chair, when she places a piece of pottery slightly to the right of center below the picture of Uncle Joe on the mantel, she is performing the ritual of matter. The juxtaposition of shapes is a type of physical counterpoint quite in the manner of music. As material creatures we do most of these things without deliberation. An artist who at the same time is a materialist will do them calculatedly.

In his long love affair with the physical world Fred Ludekens has come upon some exhilarating discoveries. For instance he has found that forms have a logic as beautiful, and in the same way, as Euclid. If he needs the form of a grand piano in one of his paintings he need but view a grand piano from one angle to know how it looks, how it must look, from all angles. From one

small, limited view of a motorcar he can construct, in his mind, the whole of a motorcar seen from whatever point of view you wish. Given a hint of the basic form he can follow the logic of structure to reconstruct that form. There is more than a touch of magic in this. It is carrying the painter's knowledge of composition on canvas out into the world beyond the edges of his pictures; it bespeaks a knowledge of the composition of forms which grows out of their inner necessity, form dictated by function.

Form to Fred Ludekens is indivisible from color. All form registers upon the eye as color and color is never static, it alters itself according to its company. Vision is motion, color attacks the sensibility almost with the immediacy of sound. Thus men like Ludekens handle art as a scientist handles test tubes, with the difference that the artist dares to state things which aren't but might be, sometimes coming upon possibilities the scientist had not anticipated.

For Fred Ludekens a conventional still-life arrangement, a pitcher, a glass, a deck of playing cards, a book, provokes the logic of forms. The mind busies itself developing the logic of these forms, their relationships, their inherent possibilities. In the process many nuances are discovered: the manner, for instance, in which one form, one mass of color, qualifies another. Movement and countermovement take place. A visual symphony goes into action. Formal relationships lose their static quality, and become something in the act of happening, as a perfectly motionless landscape is a mass of actions and of interactions.

Fred Ludekens is a man of huge ener-

gies, independence of mind and youthfulness of spirit, who is content with the world of here and now and sings its praises.

When in New York, Ludekens, whose real home is California, paints in a window-flanked corner of a spacious room whose floor, from wall to wall, is covered with scarlet carpeting; the walls are deep green, the same midnight shade as the upholstery. There are a grand piano, a modern coffee table, white curtains at the windows, notes of white in the occasional ceramic pieces here and there. The room is a logical distribution of forms.

Among his contemporaries his principal enthusiasms are the abstractionists, Mondrian high among them. And they are usually the cleaner, more precise of the abstractionists like Stuart Davis. He likes the people who have discovered logic in color, too.

Literally self-educated in art, this logician has made and spent fortunes in the commercial art field. He accepts only commissions that permit of his own approach to the formal problems presented.

According to the esthetes the day when art and engineering shall have become synonymous is not far off. Commercial art, interior design, fine art, industrial design move into ever closer relationship. As we travel this road there will be more and more artists like Ludekens who will conceive of that which can be touched as indistinguishable from that which can be dreamed. We will, it seems, have attained a twentieth-century art which has nowhere yet, certainly not in Paris where the isms generate, put in its appearance. Its keynote will be clarity, its method, logic. #



"And now we must bid a fond adieu to this beautiful little island of Fijiwi!"



Forest Hills: Big Time Tennis

EVERY fall, at the end of a year's barnstorming by the best amateur tennis players in the United States, two finalists face each other at last over the net at Forest Hills' famous center court. Big Bill Tilden used to blast that turf with his cannonball serves. The Four Musketeers of France called their shots on those lines. One of these finalists joins that select company every year: he becomes the new champ.

This year you'll see again the old and the new clustered into the stands at Forest Hills and watching from its famous marquee. The old—the gentlemen and the ladies of

the white-flannel school—recall the great days of "lawn tennis," and politely applaud each exchange of worthy shots—but only after the rally is over. The new—the ladies and the gentlemen of the more spectacular modern school—whistle for their favorite and razz his opponent, applaud when they feel like it, and, to the horror of the traditionalists, even shy a pop bottle onto the court every once in a while. This secondary battle of transition, probably a healthy enough sign in a going sport, keeps matters warm in the stands even if a tennis sun or the volleying touch of the champ isn't

too hot on that day. But the common balm of all minds in the stadium is a love of tennis, set after set, match after match in the early rounds, taking each ball in the mind each time and handling it with even more expertness than the wizards on the court, particularly if you are a dub. At a guess, there are more good tennis players in the stands at Forest Hills than there are good baseball players in the stands at the Yankee Stadium. It's a special kind of sport all by itself, is Forest Hills: spectator and participant. In bowling, the name for it is body English: in tennis, you might call it lip Service.



Last man to jump the net in the famous center court is usually the champ



Ball boys, watching the match from court level, have the best view of all



But spectators high on the rim can watch strategy, see green courts beyond



Forest Hills offers a gay and colorful day even for the casual visitor

Free Association

The doctor's diagnosis was backed up by names like Freud and Adler, Janet and Maier, and he had no misgivings as he drove the knife into his victim

A Story by BRUCE HENRY

IT was important to maintain an appearance of normal activity that day, so Davis got to his office exactly fifteen minutes ahead of time for his first appointment, which he had no intention of keeping.

"Good morning, Doctor," the nurse smiled, taking his hat. She held it a moment, looking at him. "You really should have a vacation. You're terribly drawn this morning."

"I'm all right," Davis said gruffly. "Has Doctor Cass come in?"

The nurse spoke from the clothes closet. "Not yet, Doctor."

"When he does, please ask him to take over that Mrs. Ellsworth for a while. Chat with her. Turn on his Viking charm and keep her occupied until about eleven."

"She's the one with the Korsakoff syndrome?"

"She's the one with two million dollars," Davis amended, "so tell Cass for God's sake to treat her gently, although there's nothing wrong with her psychologically that a little poverty wouldn't cure."

The nurse held out his lightweight office coat, but Davis waved it away, suddenly wondering if the bulge in his street jacket showed. He turned toward his office, then paused. The words issued casually. "Oh, by the way, I've a new patient coming in shortly. That's the reason for brushing off Mrs. Ellsworth."

"A new patient, Doctor?"

"Yes," said Davis. He didn't look at the nurse. "Haven Larsley."

"Oh, my! The actor?"

Davis nodded. "He's . . . he's an acquaintance of my wife." Damn. He needn't have said that.

"Oh," said the nurse, writing in her appointment book.

"Send him in as soon as he comes," Davis

said, and went into his consultation room.

The cool, green surroundings, the welcoming couch and all the other devices calculated to put a patient's confused or fearful mind at ease had no palliative effect on him today. He glanced about to make certain his chair was in place, the notebook and pencils laid on a low table by its side. Then he took the knife from his pocket and carefully removed the paper wrappings.

It was an antique knife, of Italian origin, with a long, thin blade and a finely wrought silver handle. A theatrical sort of knife, such as might be bought by a psychoneurotic laboring under what the world fatuously calls "temperament." A knife bought in a moment of suicidal compulsion, to be treasured and fondled secretly.

Davis took a clean handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the handle and blade meticulously. Then, still holding it with the handkerchief, he laid the knife on the table beside his chair. He had a moment of self-contempt, as he did so, a feeling of being melodramatic.

To drive away even the last twinge of doubt, he took the letter fragment from his wallet and studied it again.

It was a torn remnant of paper covered with masculine writing, strong and sweeping, a hand showing supreme egoism and a coping defense of self-aggrandizement. He had found it days ago in the station wagon, under the rearmost seat where it had apparently fluttered as she tossed away the torn-up note while driving:

. . . of ecstasy! God knows we have little

enough time alone together — how I wish the old fool were dead!—but the golden hours we spend are all the more precious. My darling, please understand that you represent all of womanhood to me. You are mistress, sister and mother, all in one! Remember, sweet, my telling you once that my mother used to beat me when I was a child because I stuttered and because I could not hide my hatred of her? Well, last night after you had left me . . .

The fragment ended there. But it was enough.

Wasn't it Eisenson who had said in *Psychology of Speech* that the disorder of stuttering may be corrected for long periods, but may recur under stress at any time? No matter.

No matter, except that the man's mother had beaten him because of it. And though the disorder had long since been arrested, forever planted in the man's subconscious was the memory of the punishment it had brought. And the subconscious never forgets. Never.

There was a flurry of sound from the anteroom and he stiffened, listening. But he heard only the hearty young voice of Doctor Cass welcoming the Ellsworth woman. Good man, Cass. He'd go far in this business of ministering to the mentally unwell. It was fine to know, too, that one could look forward to retiring from active practice one day, leaving a legacy of accomplishment to a friend and protégé. Davis sighed. He could count, of course, on having Cass back up his own diagnosis of the unfortunate incident, endorse his explanation to the police, if necessary. The patient had been emotionally unstable, as his record in the theatre would show. Actually he had been a latent psychotic, a manic-depressive reaction type. Davis had recognized some of the symptoms after meeting the man socially, had urged the potential suicide to visit him. Then, in the middle of the first interview, this cyclothymic unfortunate had suddenly whipped out an ornamental knife—probably a stage prop he had stolen as relief for his compulsion neurosis—and stabbed himself. Vd: Freud, Janet, Adler, Horney, Rado, Kardiner, Maier and Lewin.

Davis pressed fingers to his aching temples and, as if that was a signal, the door opened and Larsley came in, murmuring his thanks to the impressed nurse.

"Ah, Larsley," Davis said. "You're right on time. Wish I could say as much for all my patients."

The actor strode into the room as though making a stage entrance. "I'm hardly a patient yet, Doctor," he said, with rounded tones and exact enunciation. "As a matter of fact, as I told you last night, I have no confidence in this sort of thing." He looked about. "Although I must say you have an admirable set for your dramaturgy."

Davis smiled and gestured for Larsley to sit on the couch. He offered a cigarette, but Larsley waved it away and took one from a thin silver case, somewhat vulgarly marked with what (Continued on page 116)



"I want you to examine my husband, Doctor. He thinks I've been acting funny lately"



Foxy Grandpa Goes to the Olympics

As head track coach of the U.S. Track Team for the Olympic Games, Dean Cromwell has a Herculean job ahead of him, but those who know say he can do it

A FEW months ago someone asked Dink Templeton, former Stanford track coach and long-time rival of the University of Southern California's Dean Cromwell, whether he had congratulated Cromwell on being appointed head coach of the U.S. track team for the Olympic Games. "Why should I congratulate a man on a headache?" Templeton retorted.

Any coach who is tapped for the Olympic job does seem likely to be afflicted by shooting pains and blind staggers. The myriad dilemmas of travel and training, the voluble advice of big-shot badge-wearers, the quarrels and revolts and jitters of the athletes, the cockeyed officiating—all these and other perils will attack his sanity through every hour of his tenure.

He never knows what problem will confront him next. At the Antwerp Games, an American runner was manacled and led away to jail on erroneous charges of burglary. At Athens, the American team's mineral water was confiscated as gin. At London in 1908, all the American coaches were barred from the side lines. At Paris in 1900, the French promised not to run any events on Sunday, but suddenly changed their minds and ran them anyway, with the Americans and several other teams absent. At Stockholm, King Gustav sent for Jim Thorpe to congratulate him on his victories, but the untamed Indian returned word that he was too busy drinking Swedish beer.

A coach at the Games must harden himself to the spectacle of officiating that isn't always Olympian in its wisdom. At Los Angeles, an official lost count of the laps in the 3000-meter steeplechase and forced the runners to go an extra lap; another official, who arranged a staggered start for the 200 meters around a curve, was discovered afterward to have handicapped Ralph Metcalfe an extra four feet. At Berlin, a German referee engaged several Italian athletes in fisticuffs on the field. At Paris in 1924, during a qualifying heat for the 10,000-meter walk, the judges threatened to resign when one of their decisions was overruled. At London, a famous squabble occurred when the Italians claimed that Dorando would have won if the British officials hadn't muddled the finish of the marathon. At the same Games, there was also the less famous but more furious debate over the 400-meter finals, when British judges accused the three American finalists of crowding the lone British runner, and ordered the race rerun. (The Yanks apoplectically de-

A Sports Article by KEITH MONROE

clined to do so, leaving the Briton to run it alone.)

And now sixty-eight-year-old Dean Cromwell has been plunged into this maelstrom. But Cromwell, the legendary champion-maker, the Svengali who talks stars into doing better than their best, has a relentlessly sunny outlook on life. "I'm not going to get any migraine headaches from this job," he declared when he was appointed to it. "No ulcers for me, kid! I'm going to laugh my way right through the whole trip."

According to rumor, there were some misgivings among the boys in the back room at New York about appointing Cromwell. They knew him as the coach who never speaks harshly to anyone; who calls each of his athletes "Champ" and showers them with praise; whose lips have never tasted a drink stronger than orange juice nor a word stronger than "daggone." How would

this nice old man fare among the prima donnas and high-powered kibitzers of an Olympic team? How would he handle the playboys who want to train on champagne—the hotheads who start fist fights in the locker room—the egomaniacs who know the coach is all wrong? What would he do if the squad should go on strike for better shipboard or training-camp accommodations, as several previous U.S. squads have? How would he deal with direct disobedience of orders, which occurs sooner or later on every Olympic team?

It may be significant that those who doubted Cromwell were those who had met him only casually. Anyone who has ever listened to him exhort his athletes into a championship frame of mind or deal with troublemakers at the University of Southern California has a strong predisposition to believe that he will come triumphantly through any ordeal.

The popular picture of Cromwell is a distorted one. The good grey old man, the gentle, kindly grandfather who urges his boys onward with trembling voice—that person doesn't exist. Actually, Cromwell is a ruddy, bull-like man with a big voice and a contagious good humor. His hair may be sparse, but there is no grey in it. He still weighs 175 pounds, which was his weight at the turn of the century when he captained the Occidental College football team four years in succession and starred in such incompatible track events as the shotput, high jump, and sprints. His neck and shoulders seem about to burst the seams of his coat; his hands are so enormous that his little finger is the only one he can use in dialing a phone number.

Cromwell is certainly a backslapper and glad-hander, but it is impossible to regard him as a phony. He genuinely and unmistakably likes everybody. Any stranger who sidles up to Cromwell during track practice on Bovard Field will soon find himself engaged in animated small talk with the coach. The lowliest scrubs on his squad are startled to discover that Cromwell is as spontaneously thrilled by any improvement in their performance as by a sensational effort from one of his stars.

Cromwell has asked that all American track fans who travel to London for the Games be allowed to travel with him. "I want to get acquainted with them," he says eagerly. "We can have fun shooting the breeze." Breeze-shooting with all comers is Cromwell's favorite pas—(Continued on page 117)



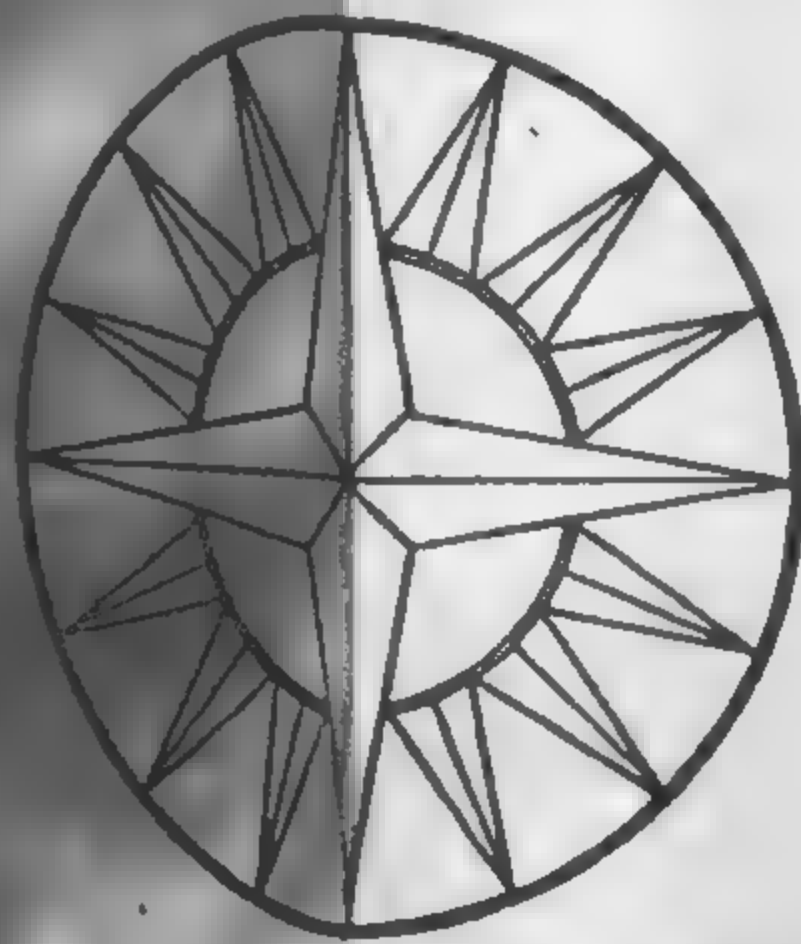
CARICATURE BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY



going places



WHEREVER YOU GO **W**HITE IS RIGHT



WHEREVER YOU GO WHITE IS RIGHT

THERE'S nothing like white—immaculate white—to give a man a clean, cool look in the summertime. And there's nothing like white to make a suntan (the healthiest-looking color a man could have) seem even tanner, healthier, handsomer! Small wonder, then, that white was such a hit at the fashionable winter resorts this year. We saw it in sports and dress clothes, in formal and informal clothes. And whenever we saw it, we saw a man who looked comfortably well-dressed.

And whenever we saw it, we saw the Bold Look. In a plain, stark white summer suit, it was that very starkness that gave the suit the Bold Look. In the new white dinner jacket, it was the broad, peaked lapels that gave it the Bold Look. In beach coats and swimming trunks, white was the ground on which big, bold masculine designs were printed in regular all-over arrangements. No doubt about it, white is going over big this summer—and bold!

With this exception: remembering your last jaunt, you'll probably agree that for traveling you'll want to wear something dark; something that won't show the dust and the dirt that every trip—no matter how short—entails. Travel in a tropical worsted suit in Navion blue or Morokan brown (two new, dark, Bold Look colors that are available in summer suitings this year), and you'll be as comfortable and as presentable at the end of the line as you were at the beginning.

Except for traveling, though, white takes over. Once you get where you're going you'll relax in light shades—and especially in white. That's the big news for this summer: if you'd follow the example of those men who always set the pace in fashions, white will be a basic part of your vacation wardrobe.

As for that vacation trip—if you're like most of the rest of us it's something you've looked forward to for a long time. And be it for weeks or for only a week end, you'll want to squeeze the last little bit of pleasure and enjoyment out of it. In that respect, these lines and the next few pages may be of some help to you.

And one other thing—whether you intend to travel by plane or not, you'd do well to invest in some airplane luggage. The new pieces are as strong and as durable as the luggage we used in the past, but lighter and more functional. They're made of lightweight leathers, new plastics, aluminum, or specially treated fabrics—but be sure what you get is made with good hardware and sturdy framework. Good luggage makes no compromise there.

So get going—and have a good time!



WHITE

is right for a summer dinner jacket in lightweight worsted that's *new* because it's got the Bold Look! It's made with wide, rolling, peaked lapels instead of a shawl collar—they give the chest and shoulders (and therefore the man) the appearance of added breadth and stature. The only ones we've seen so far were on those few men of means who winter at the fashionable southern resorts. They're the men who pioneered the Bold Look—the successful, self-confident executives and sportsmen whose clothes reflect their positions in life. The trousers shown are midnight blue, lightweight worsted with a broad silk braid down each side. The cummerbund is of white rayon twill—a new high fashion which is in step with the new dinner jacket—the braces are of wide but thin all-elastic and the cuff links and studs of dark red stones correctly match the color of the bow tie as well as the Esquire red carnation.

AL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

WHITE

is right for a suit that's correct without being formal — and many's the summer day or evening you'll want to hit that happy medium. Get one in any of the newer lightweight summer suitings — rayon or mohair blends or linen — and you'll look as cool and as comfortable as you'll feel.



WHITE

is right for a jacket that is one of the season's favorites at the fashionable resorts. We saw it in linen and in plain shetland — with slacks in dark blue or rust linen or gabardine, and red rubber soled white buckskin shoes.



EASTBOUND / No. E
Contract Ticket

FLIGHT COUPON

18.50
11.11
100.70

WHITE

is right for a pair of lightweight flannel or lightweight gabardine slacks that lend themselves to almost any informal occasion.

Here, they're worn with what's come to be regarded as their teammate: the tropic weight flannel blazer.



WHITE

is right for the knitted wool jersey polo shirt with short sleeves and for a pair of white trousers that have a special waistband construction that keeps them securely in place. The écorn cotton hat adds just the right bit of color to the outfit.



SANTA FE LIN
CHICA
LOS ANGE
(Destination)
Insert along or other address

DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON

161 520400 FLIGHT 1 NOT GOOD UNLESS VALIDATED BELOW
United Air Lines



WHITE

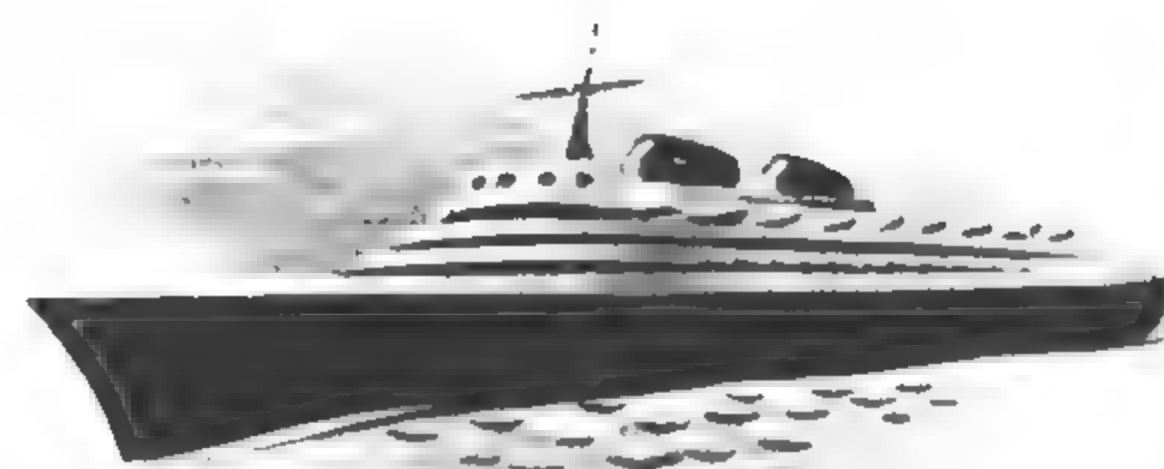
is right—even at night!

A. Cool—these white sheer-cotton pajamas with terry cloth half-slippers. A white-and-red Bold Look figure brightens up the rayon foulard robe. B. White is the accent on these cotton pajamas—the shorts and the short sleeves make it the perfect warm-weather sleeping suit. C. A sleep coat is preferred by men who toss and turn a lot during the night—no binding to disturb their slumbers. This one is of off-white cotton. D. This lightweight rayon-and-cotton blend robe in a linenlike weave sets off the Bold Look print in the pajamas.

going places

How to Clothes that Suitcase

SAILING to Europe for your vacation? Figuring on three weeks there, you'll need one two-suiter and one three-suiter as a minimum luggage requirement. Besides the suit you're wearing (make it a tweed and the jacket can do double duty with odd slacks) and the worsted gabardine raincoat you're carrying, take along two alternate suits, an odd jacket, and a couple of pairs of slacks. Since the majority of first-class passengers are dressing for dinner again, you'll want to bring along your dinner clothes. For the whole trip you'll need about eighteen shirts, a dozen ties, a dozen socks, six sets of underwear, eighteen handkerchiefs, three pajamas and a lightweight robe, a pair of soft slippers, three pairs of shoes, a lightweight sweater and two swim trunks. Besides the hat you're wearing, take along a cap or a beret for wear aboard ship. You'll need at least this much stuff because laundry service abroad still leaves much to be desired. You may be lucky enough to find a maid at a hotel, or a porter whose wife will do your things for you in a day or so—but regular laundry service takes about three weeks. And by the way, take plenty of soap and toiletries—they're still practically unobtainable over there. Films, too.



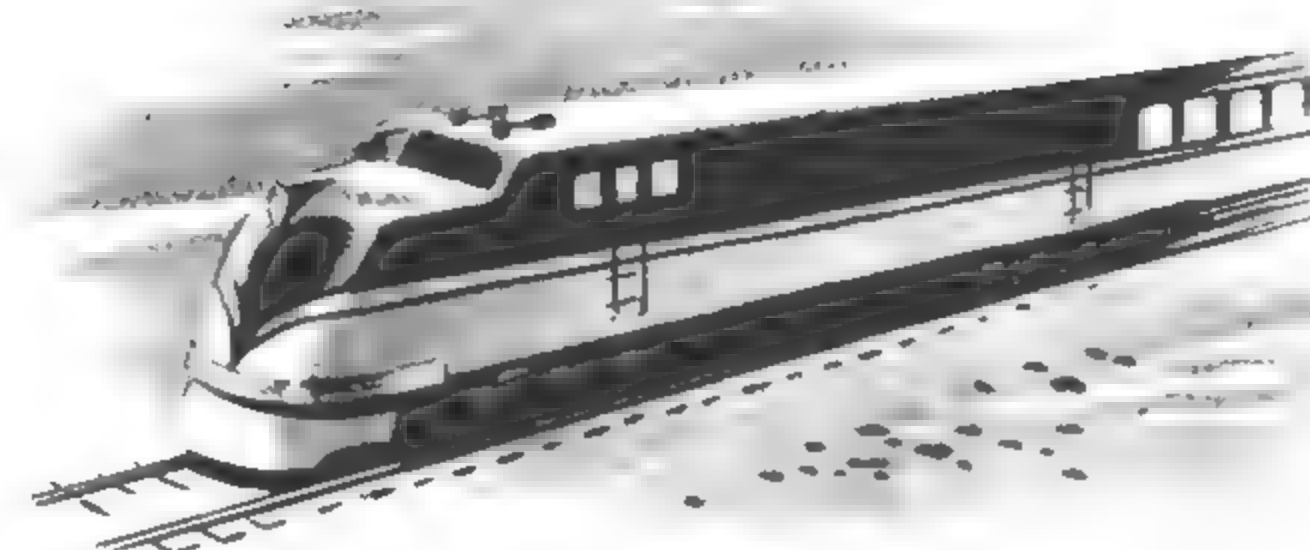
Flying out of the country for a couple of weeks? If you're bound for Honolulu or Mexico City or any place like that you'll want *everything* to be lightweight—including luggage—not only because of weight restrictions for air travel, but for comfort's sake since those places are pretty warm this time of year. Of course you'll need evening clothes—summer variety. And take along two suits (remember—everything should be lightweight), a sports jacket, two slacks, a dozen each of shirts, socks, neckties, handkerchiefs, four sports shirts, six sets of underwear, two pajamas, a lightweight robe and a pair of soft leather slippers, two pairs of shoes and one of moccasins, two swim trunks, a raincoat, and you'll get by very nicely. One two-suiter and a smaller companion piece should accommodate all this.



If you're just going to hit the open road in your own car, there are practically no limitations to what you can carry along with you—except, perhaps, the size of the car itself. Besides your regular luggage, you can take along several of those more or less shapeless soft canvas pieces—they can hold things like shoes and other strong items, and you can stuff them in the nooks and corners of the luggage compartment. Since you *do* have so much leeway regarding space, take along all the things mentioned above and also as many golf clothes, tennis clothes, swimming clothes and other things of that nature as you can. You never can tell when the spirit will move you, and you may as well be prepared. Here, again, keep accessible the things you'll need daily (toiletries, changes of linen, etc.).



"Train-ing it" to the coast?—either coast? Then it would be a good idea to wear a dark-colored suit to the train—you know how dirty and dusty you can get hurrying for a train. Once aboard, you can switch to slacks and a jacket and a pair of moccasins—you'll be aboard for several days so you might as well be comfortable. And since you'll be living out of your luggage during that time, make the things that you'll need (toiletries, pajamas, a change or two of linens) conveniently accessible. Take along two lightweight suits, a sports jacket, two pairs of slacks, a dozen shirts, a dozen socks, a dozen ties, a dozen handkerchiefs, four sports shirts, six sets of underwear, two pajamas, a lightweight robe and a pair of soft leather slippers, two pairs of shoes, two swim trunks and a lightweight raincoat.



And if you're yachting it this summer, let the boat's size and the character decide your luggage. If it's a big yacht, take all the things listed above under the plane trip—and leave that white yachting cap behind unless you own the yacht yourself. If it's a small boat you're going on—one you'll be helping out on, such as a sailboat—forget the dress-up clothes and concentrate on denim sailing clothes, knitted sports shirts, rubber-soled canvas deck shoes and things like that. You'll also need some weatherproof jackets—even if the weather is all good, there'll be a lot of spray. And sun-glasses, too—the sun's glare is intensified when it's reflected by water. And be sure to take along some sort of head covering—that sun and salt water will play havoc with your hair if you don't protect it.



going places

THE problems of packing are sometimes enough to make you want to call off the whole trip. If wondering what to take with you is driving you to that extreme, hold on a moment—these lines may be of some help. The items sketched merely suggest the type of things you'll need for different places. Plan your vacation wardrobe accordingly, and you'll be all set.

For a seashore vacation take along things that you can wear on the beach or around the beach club. One of the newest and most practical outfits is this linen-and-cotton-blend Bold Look cabaña suit. The blue jacket has big white pearl buttons, spacious patch pockets, and bold stitching set well back from the edge of the peaked lapels and the collar. Its natural-colored slacks are pleated and cuffed. The coconut palm hat is a must for summer wear, of course—it's light and cool, but still it affords plenty of protection from the sun. And you'll need something on the order of these printed-cotton swim trunks and checked-fabric beach sandals with leather soles. And sunglasses, of course!

If you're taking to the mountains for your vacation, you'll want clothes that are on the warm and rugged side—but none the less colorful. For instance, plaid wool shirts like this one, covert slacks to wear with them, cashmere or wool sweaters and a wool cap. And since the only mountains that are any fun to climb are those that have never been paved, take along a pair of these sturdy hiking boots. And you'll enjoy the view from the top much more with a good pair of field glasses.

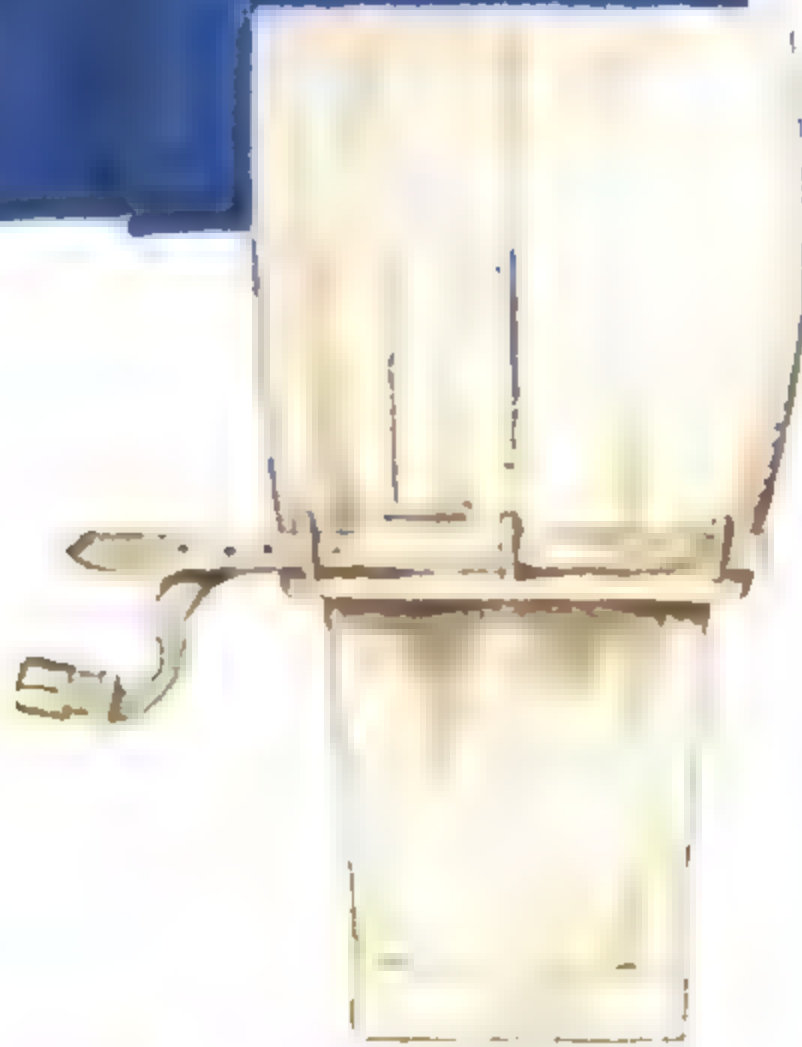
In the lake country you'll probably spend much of your time sailing, so you'll want some denim slacks and some cotton basque shirts and a pair of rubber-soled canvas deck shoes. And don't neglect your head—take along one of those long-visored cotton sportsmen's caps. And if you have a camera along, you can bring the lake country back home with you when you return.

If your vacation is taking you to one of the big cities, you'll want something that's dressy enough to be correct for most occasions, but comfortable enough to sight-see in. This lightweight flannel tropical suit, the lightweight felt hat, the lightweight town shoes and cotton shirts serve all such purposes. The leather suitcase is a two-suiter—one of the most practical pieces of luggage you could own.

And if you're spending your vacation at home, settle on clothes that you can relax and be comfortable in—clothes like this checked-gingham shirt, the gabardine slacks with a ribbon belt, a lightweight rayon-and-cotton-blend hat, Bold Look ribbed anklets, and moccasins.



seashore

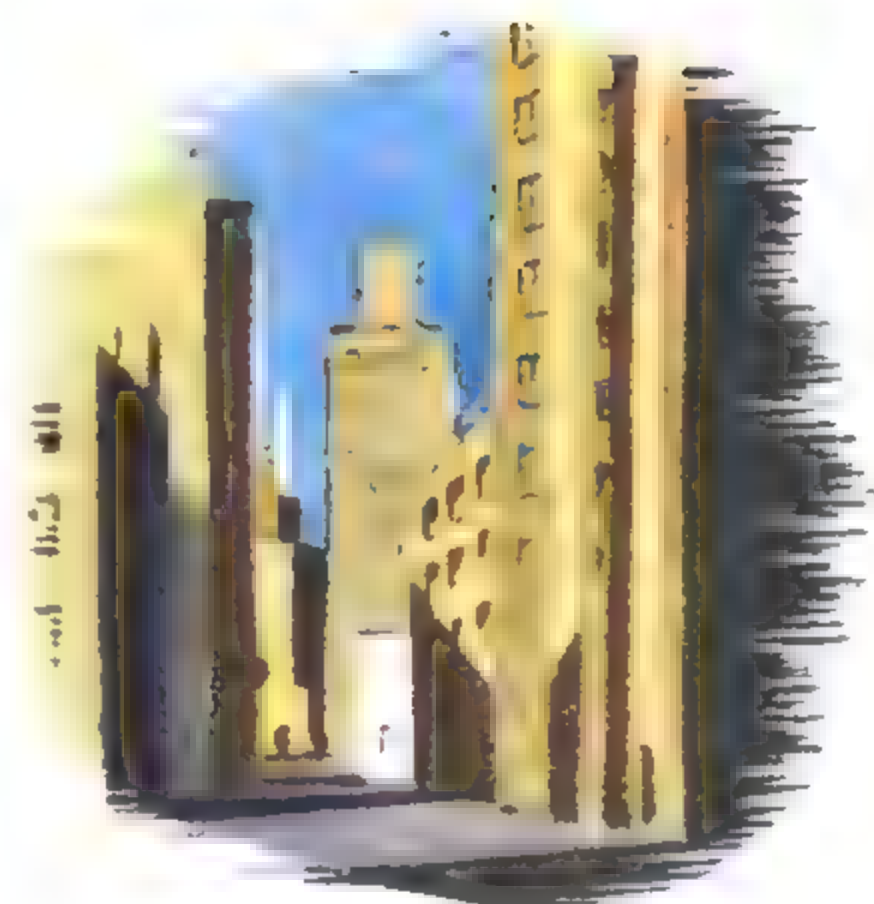
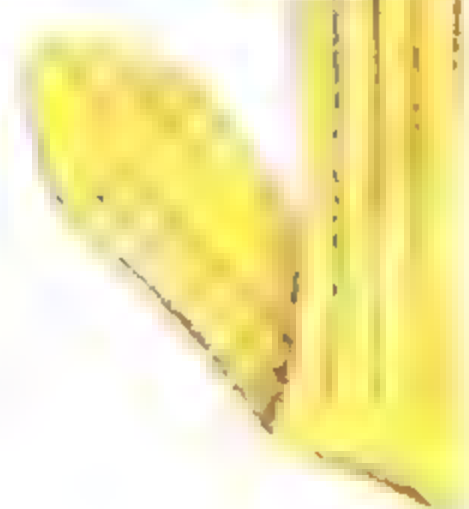
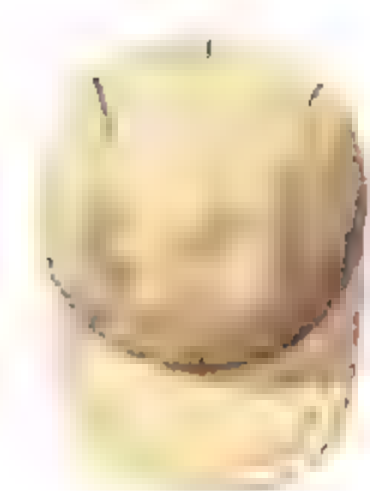


mountain

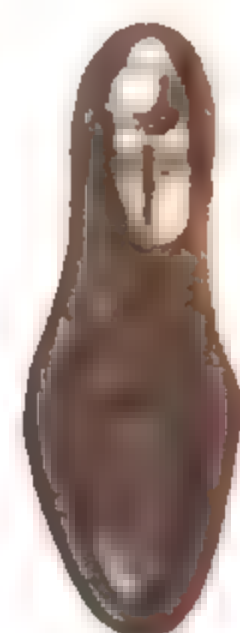




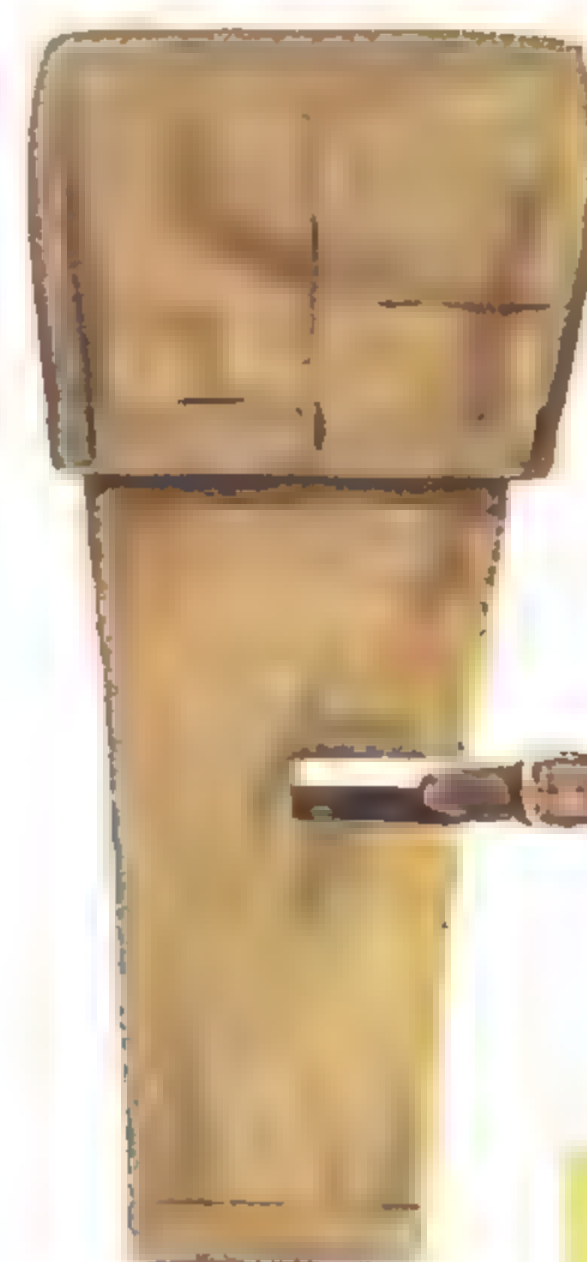
lake



city



home





*"Seems like Gran'pap's got twice as many fleas as Lightnin' this year . . .
better give him the ole sheep-dip first"*

Nothing To Be Done

The day was dark and it was going to rain and they were going to come to the poolroom sometime soon to collect, even if it had to be in honest red blood

**A Story by
JOSEPH HELLER**

CARL entered the room, placed his raincoat on the back of a chair, and began taking off his clothes. He was a fat little man in his late forties, and the greying hairs on his chest were peculiarly ugly against the pasty folds of his flesh. When he was bare to the waist he sat down on the edge of the bed and began untying his shoelaces. The bed was near the window, and he sat for several minutes gazing out into the street. It wasn't yet noon, but the air was already grey with a shadow that promised rain. With a tired grunt he raised his legs and stretched out on the bed. He lay on his back a long time, staring up at the ceiling, and finally, without moving, he fell asleep.

The sound of footsteps mounting the stairs awoke him a short time later. The footsteps stopped outside his door, and there was a light knock. "Come in," he said.

The door opened and Huck entered. Huck was a boy of about twenty who worked for Carl in the poolroom downstairs, and he had come up for the keys. He was fairly good-looking, with a firm, rugged face, and his wide body filled the seams of the leather jacket he was wearing. He smiled when he came in. "Hello, Carl," he said.

"Hello, Huck." Carl watched him as he moved into the room and sat down on a chair facing the bed. Carl didn't speak for a while, and Huck waited patiently, resting his elbows on his thighs. "It's going to rain," Carl said mournfully, turning slowly to look out the window. "It's going to rain like hell."

Huck didn't answer. He held out a pack of cigarettes. Carl shook his head, and Huck lit one for himself. "What are you doing in bed?" he asked. "Don't you feel well?"

"I feel all right," Carl said. He let several seconds go by in silence as he watched the smoke rise from Huck's cigarette and turn blue as it hit the frame of light in the window. "It doesn't pay to open up," he said. "It's going to be a bad day."

Huck shrugged indifferently.

"Till when were you here yesterday afternoon?" Carl asked.

"About two or three, I guess," Huck said. "I hung around for a while after Nat took over."

"Did you take any bets?"

"Some small stuff. Why?"

"Did you phone them in yourself?"

"No," Huck said. "I gave them to Nat. What's the matter?"

"A bet got lost," Carl said.

Huck looked grave. "Who lost it?"

"Nat did," Carl said. He paused a moment. "It was a hundred bucks. The pay-off is twelve hundred."

Huck sat up sharply, his lips repeating the figure with amazement. "Nat wouldn't pocket a bet," he said after a moment. "You know that."

"I know he wouldn't," Carl said. "But Nick London won't care about that. It was London's bet."

"Are you sure London made it?"

"He made it all right," Carl said. "Nat remembers taking it. He got the hundred bucks in a white envelope. But he doesn't

remember phoning it in, and he didn't give it to me."

"What's going to happen?" Huck asked.

Carl looked out the window at the buildings across the street and at the small portion of sky that he could see without moving. "It's going to rain," he said. "It's going to rain like hell."

"Do you want me to open up?" Huck asked.

"You might as well." Carl reached into his pocket and gave Huck a set of keys. "But there won't be any business."

Huck walked to the door, tinkling the keys softly in the palm of his hand. He turned and stared down at Carl thoughtfully. "Nat wouldn't steal anything," he said.

"I know," Carl said. "But it doesn't matter."

"What are you going to do?"

"There's nothing I can do," Carl said. "I don't have twelve hundred dollars. If I had that much dough, I'd be able to cover the bets myself instead of just collecting them for the syndicate."

"Maybe it's someone up there," Huck said. "Maybe someone at the syndicate is fooling around."

"No," Carl said. "He didn't phone it in."

"Who has to make good?"

"Nat," Carl said. "I never saw the bet."

"Does London know that?"

Carl nodded. "He came to collect last night," he said.

Huck shrugged sadly and walked out, closing the door slowly behind him. Carl lay

motionless for a while, running his eyes from the ceiling to the window and then back again to the ceiling. Finally he sat up. Sitting on the bed, he could reach out and open the drawers of the bureau. He opened the top one and took out a pint bottle. It was cheap whiskey, and he made an unpleasant face when he swallowed. He stood up, sighing, and padded across the floor to the bathroom where he had a long drink of water. The water was warm and he grimaced again. Watching himself in the mirror, he scraped the heel of his hand against the dark bristle along his jawbone. He ran some hot water into the basin and shaved. Then he went back to the bed. He was just dozing off when Huck came back with Nat.

"Hello, Nat," Carl said.

Nat was a tall boy, much taller than Huck, but thinner. He went to college in the mornings and worked for Carl in the afternoons. As Carl watched him cross the room, he wished there was something he could do. But there wasn't. He had been thinking about it all night, and there wasn't anything he could do.

"Carl," Nat said. "What am I going to do?"

"I don't know," Carl said. "Maybe you'd better go somewhere for a while."

Nat shook his head. He looked tired, and his dark eyes were filled with a baffled look of misery.

"Are you sure you took the bet?" Huck asked.

"I took it," Nat answered. "He gave me the money in a white envelope. I remember that, but I can't remember what I did with it." He shook his head in bewilderment and turned to Carl. "Carl, I didn't give it to you, did I?" he asked hopefully.

"No," Carl said. "I remember the ones you gave me. His (Continued on page 129)



"—and then Rin-Tin-Tin made a million dollars for his master and they lived happily ever after!"



KODACHROMES BY BERNARD SILBERSTEIN

Riviera South of the Border

THERE was a time when the American traveler seemed to think he had to pack eight trunks, three bags and at least one personal maid before he could set out to lose his worthy American dollar across the boards at those sun-drenched spots across the sea. These people who once rolled the dice at such plush playfields as Cannes, Nice and Monte Carlo have discovered our Mexican cousins know how to put on the ermine dog, too. They have found the Mexican sun as warm and invigorating as any sun in the world and along with that discovery have realized that the scenery along the Pacific is at least comparable to anything along the bright blues of the Mediterranean. The fact that this American discovery was not altogether spontaneous,

and may have been helped along considerably by the Mexican Tourist Association, doesn't for a moment alter the facts of the scenery and climate.

Among other things, Mexicans claim their newest, gaudiest, grandest and chromium-plated resort town of Acapulco has all the old things the Riviera has and, besides, a lot of new things the Riviera hasn't even begun to dream about yet. A sleepy, ancient port where the trading ships from China and Spain used to put in after the grueling voyages of those long agos, this latest place in the American sun glistens out beneath the ruggedly picturesque cliffs of the Mexican coast line. 284 miles from Mexico City, this new-found garden spot is as accessible as the nearest air line and

will greet the American tourist with wide-open arms, spotless white beaches and a social life to be compared only with that of the latest copy of the *London Illustrated* (1994 vintage). February is generally conceded to be the time to be in Acapulco, though there is no law that says the rest of the year is not just fine, if you don't like the crowds. There's still the narrow, cobbled streets one usually associates with that sort of place, with plenty of what is known as "Old World Charm." The cooking is fine old Mexican spice style and with an early bid on a place to sleep the chances are pretty good for landing in one of the plushier hotels. The Mexicans are doing their best to make arrangements for all visitors who, they hope, will be their guests at the Inns. #



Mexico builds in modern shelves of concrete and steel and shining glass



Long, white, hard-packed, sun-bleached beaches are an Acapulco specialty



Cliff-dwelling, Mexican style, encircled by sea and rugged jungle beauty



Even the waters are more still here, and the palms tower higher, they say



Racing the tough blue Pacific surf is fun in the sparkling Mexican sun



A bird, ruminating on fish, symbolizes Mexico's unspoiled natural beauty



A couple discussing their bet in the fifth

A Day at the Races

In which the galloping horses hide behind the paddock fence and we browse through the exciting London Season of 1910

At the turn of the century and on into the first decade of the 1900's, English gentlemen and gentlewomen were intent on developing careless good breeding. London had not yet lost its Georgian air; gentlemen appeared in the fashionable West End (or the races) in top hats and frock coats. The women carried parasols and wore gowns unashamedly ruffled and frilled. In the summertime every window box in London was gay with flowers and Hyde Park was a show-ground for fashionable coaches and horses.

The code of the gentleman was the code of the old school tie. He went to Eton or Harrow, then went "up to" Oxford or Cambridge. The world was friendly and well-bred, and public affairs were left pretty much to the professionals. They were imbued with a sense of honor, duty and chivalry, to which was being added what Joseph Chamberlain called "a new gospel of Empire." After taking a degree at one of the Universities, the gentleman joined a club—an exclusive club which was one stage in his career. There

were long waiting lists for the right clubs; and only the socially acceptable were eligible for membership. The clubs were dedicated to providing good conversation; talking was an art and competence in conversation conferred a prestige all its own. Those were the days of the long dinners and the even longer skirt, when the men sat long in the dining room smoking their cigars and drinking fine old brandy, before joining the ladies in the withdrawing room.

The "Season," as far as London was concerned, extended from May to the end of August. In town at that time, the fashionable went to Ascot to lay their shillings and pence across the board, watched the cricket matches at the Oval or Lord's, went to a few dances and theatres and, in general, made the social rounds of the town. While we do not claim these pastimes have gone completely by the board these days, we look back on them with a certain affection while we count our change and wonder who won the fifth at Hialeah.##

Old friends meet in the racing grounds and tip their hats as they continue their stroll to the clubhouse where excellent sherry is being served





A lighthearted foursome intent on what's happening in the homestretch



Arriving at the park fully prepared for any eventuality: rain or sunshine

The new look marches demurely hand-in-hand behind the bold-looking gentleman with the umbrella whose name does not happen to be Chamberlain





Unerring female intuition discovers the "Perfect Place" after two hours of stop and go. This cow pasture looks to the less intelligent male like any other picnic spot



The "Perfect Place" has a few imperfections. The grass conceals rocks, thistles, empty beer cans, and a rare old collection of broken glass

A Picnic's the Thing

Some answers to the picnicker's early-morning query: "Why don't we do this more often?"

DRAWINGS BY HOWARD BAER



The picnic lunch complete with eggs, but not quite complete enough to include a saltcellar. Beer (warm) is also included, but not an opener



The wonders of science have brought us the thermos bottle, but more wonders are needed to make it hold enough—after a stack of peanut-butter sandwiches



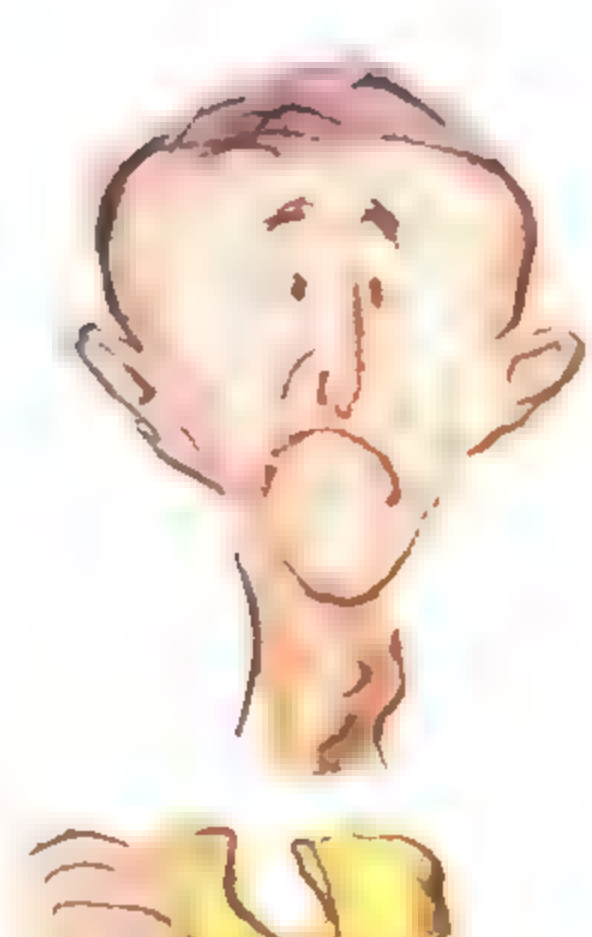
The picnickers call each other "Honey," but the bees aren't interested—they look over the lunch and leave in disgust. "Why get stung?" they think



The chemistry of nature compounds chlorophyll and elements to make the green in grass. It is one of miracles, but the damn stuff comes off



The gentle summer breeze gives rise to forest murmurs, bestirs the flowers, rustles the leaves—as well as tempers



The picnic sandwich, symbol of travel and adventure, brings us the sands of the Sahara



Now for lazing around in the glorious, health-giving rays of the summer sun—hey! We should have brought a sun lamp



The end of a perfect day. The picnickers wend their way home through the traffic—just in time to beat the crowd to the movies

No Cure for the Clumsy

Athletes are born, not made, and lads who lack enough muscle sense to make the high-school teams will one day be the dubs of the golf course and the dance floor

An Article by HERB GRAFFIS

To hear most fellows tell it, they were, when young, athletes of such rare promise that they would have outstarred the versatile Indian, Jim Thorpe, except . . .

I have done no small amount of that sort of lying myself. You might have thought, to hear me talking, that the late John McGraw made a lamentable mistake in not hiring me to play third base for his Giants, and that the only reason I never made an Olympic swimming team in my youth was that I couldn't spare the time from my job.

The truth is that I was always too clumsy to get anywhere in sports, and the obvious and inescapable fact is that *most* of us are born clumsy and never recover. One of the rarest of all mortal phenomena is the synthetic athlete—the inept kid who assiduously practices until he becomes an expert performer. As for the athletic aptitude of most of us, we don't have it and never did, regardless of our glowing fictions. High-school and college athletic directors have determined that sad fact through efforts to broaden the base of athletic participation in schools. It is a far more difficult task to conquer clumsiness than to develop winning teams of high-school or college students. The athletically apt go out for teams or are recruited with guile, vigor, and whatever money the alumni can raise. The clumsy present such a hopeless problem that athletic departments are usually compelled to give up on them.

By the time we're in our early teens, our destiny as athletes or muscular illiterates has been set. The majority of us spend the next ten years in ignorance of the fact that the fates haven't favored us—and the next twenty years in lying about how good we used to be at anything requiring sinew, skill and stamina.

If you want to see this element of ath-

letic aptitude—or its lack—displayed in young or old, watch dancing classes. They're a nearly perfect test. The little boy who ruins the slippers of his partner simply hasn't got what it takes. The older guy who makes the tutoring ladies at Arthur Murray's wish they had majored in hockey is that clumsy little boy grown up.

If there's something of grace in you, the dancing-studio experts will bring it out by ingenious assembly-line methods that get better results than instruction methods in most sports. But if you flunk with your dancing teachers, you may as well reconcile yourself to being just another gent with three left feet—and, as such, a member of the great American majority. Don't be too unhappy that you have grown up chronically awkward. You're just one of those natures fitted for performance in an office chair. Why have a guilt complex about it?

What attention did a sports coach ever give you? None at all, of course. You belonged to that muscularly inept multitude who most needed coaching in athletics, but got dreary sessions in the gym. As you grew older and the years emphasized your ineptitude, you may have gone to a golf professional and given him the impossible job of making you more proficient. After all, Walter Travis took up golf in middle age, didn't he, and became a national champion? At least, you thought, the pro could teach you to play around in par figures.

Par golf is comparable with batting .300 or legging 100 yards in eleven seconds.

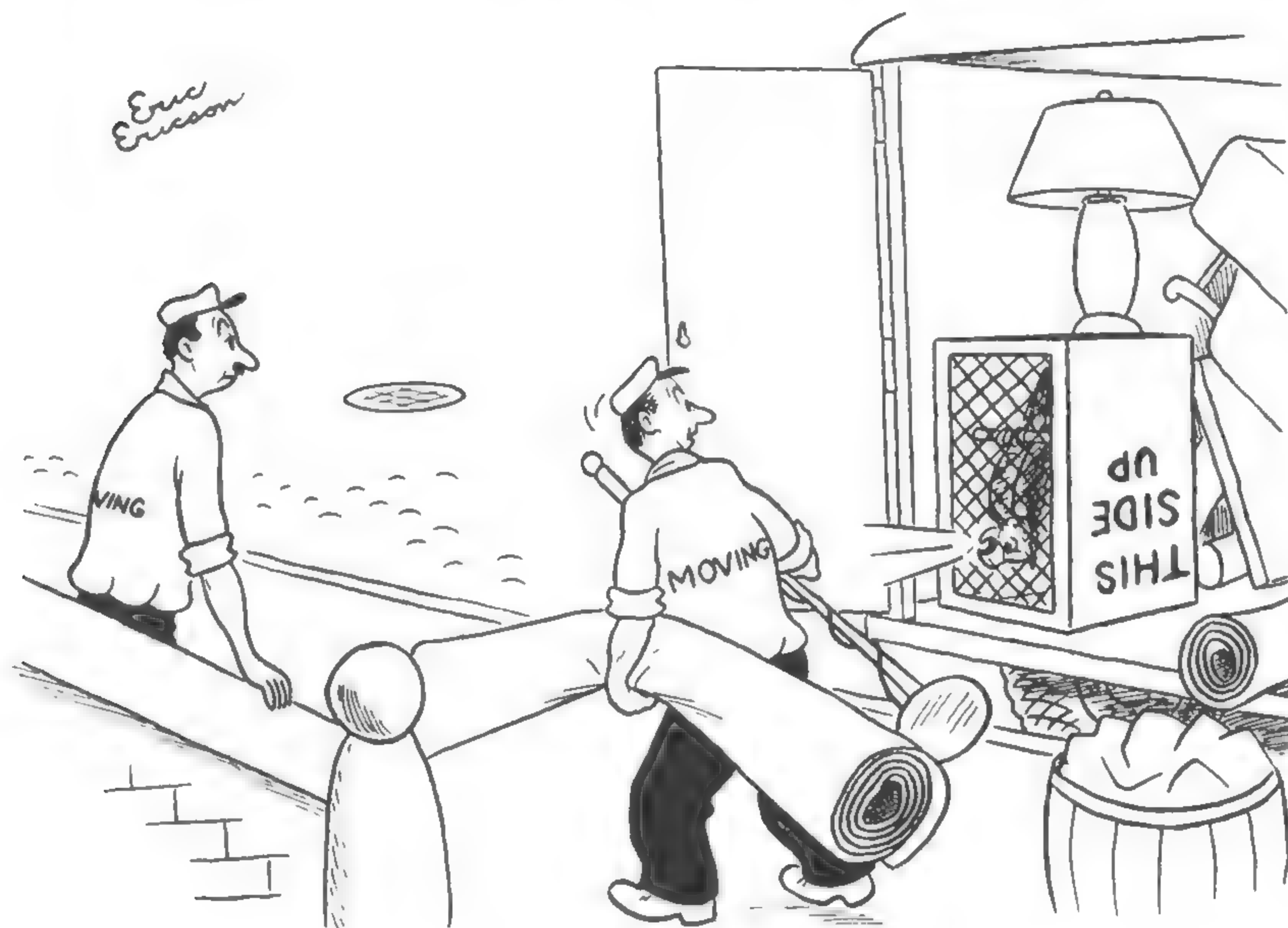
When you were a kid, you couldn't bat .250 on a sand-lot ball club or run 100 yards in twelve seconds with a hornet chasing you; yet now you expect to play par golf after the maestro has applied his genius to what you think is your innate athletic talent.

The situation is funny, but not to you. And it has its compensations to the golf professionals, who are paid about \$25,000,000 a year for lessons. They're worth it, too. Enough muscular illiterates have been brought by golf instruction from scores exceeding 100 down to the high 80's to indicate that the professionals are doing a job with awkward adults that compares favorably with what physical-education pedagogues are doing in planting the germs of grace and athletic ability in clumsy kids. As far as I can see, though, golf professionals are the only people, outside of dancing instructors, who have gone extensively at the problem of trying to create a semblance of co-ordination in naturally clumsy adults. In a surprising number of instances, the pros have succeeded in developing a muscular consciousness that their pupils should have learned as children.

To develop grace and co-ordination in naturally clumsy people is an exceedingly difficult task. Golf professionals and physical-education instructors face much the same problem, and they're trying to work it out together. An interesting example of the work in this direction is that of a golf class at the University of Illinois which is being taught a reasonable facsimile of the golf swing blindfolded, and they're learning it more quickly than they did when they tried to look at the ball.

Those physical-education teachers who are aware of their problem in trying to turn a clumsy kid into a graceful creature marvel at the results the golf professionals have achieved. When a physical-ed specialist hears an adult boasting about his youthful dexterity at games, the specialist knows the truth! He has to sweat with the adult's clumsy progeny—who truly are chips off the old block.

There may be one balm to your spirit in being discovered as an awkward but enthusiastic liar. You can tell yourself that athletic aptitude is usually in inverse ratio to the degree of civilization. You can point, in support of your theory, to prize fighters, whose extreme grace is sometimes matched by their extreme stupidity. But, unless you really *are* the physical wonder you say you were as a youth, don't mention this comforting fact to a boxer. Be smarter in the mouth than you are in muscle. ##



"Hey, Mac! Can't you read?"

For a separately bound reprint of *The Esquire Liquor Intelligencer* on heavy, durable paper stock, send 50¢ in coin (no stamps, please) to Esquire Reader's Service, Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. The twenty pages following comprise *The Esquire Liquor Intelligencer*.





HOW TO
DRINK
 LIKE A
Gentleman

ALCOHOL is a fuel used to propel rockets. Since you are not a rocket, you'll want to do your drinking in moderation, asking of each sip only pleasantness and good cheer — certainly not propulsion. This is a motto which should grace every gentleman's cupboard. For, contrary to most myths on the subject, alcohol in excess is no contributor to the prophet's Paradise-to-come.

Let us overlook, for a moment, the business of doubling desire and halving consummation. This is not a Kinsey Report. Let us confine ourselves to a few simple psychological and physiological observations:

Primus: In moderate quantities, alcohol is a glowing sedative, strengthening the spirit, gladdening the eye, and unwinding the cramping chains of inhibition. In excess it is a depressant, intensifying rather than easing the pangs of trouble. It poisons the system, thickens your tongue, and adds to your breath the proverbially unamorous quality of a motorman's glove.

Secundus: In excess, alcohol turns a fine stiletto wit into the butt end of a dull ax. It takes all the oil out of the hinges of your mind. Nothing is more pathetic than the well-soaked oaf who reaches for his repartee and falls flat on his onomatopoeia.

Tertius: *In vino veritas.* Good breeding requires that many truths be left unsaid. In sober moments our inner censor administers tact. But on the node of inebriation too many of us respond to our momentary inclination to dedicate our voices, and loudly, to the cause of ultimate truth. Result: deep hurts and broken friendships.

Imbibing is a fine art. A gentleman should study it the way he studies marks on Chinese porcelain or the intricacies of a fine skeet gun. He should know wines and vintage years, the fine distinctions

to be observed among liqueurs and spirits, and, by the same token, the relative strength of potations with reference to his own stomach. He should be able to say of each drink of which he partakes, as Dr. Johnson once said of favored port:

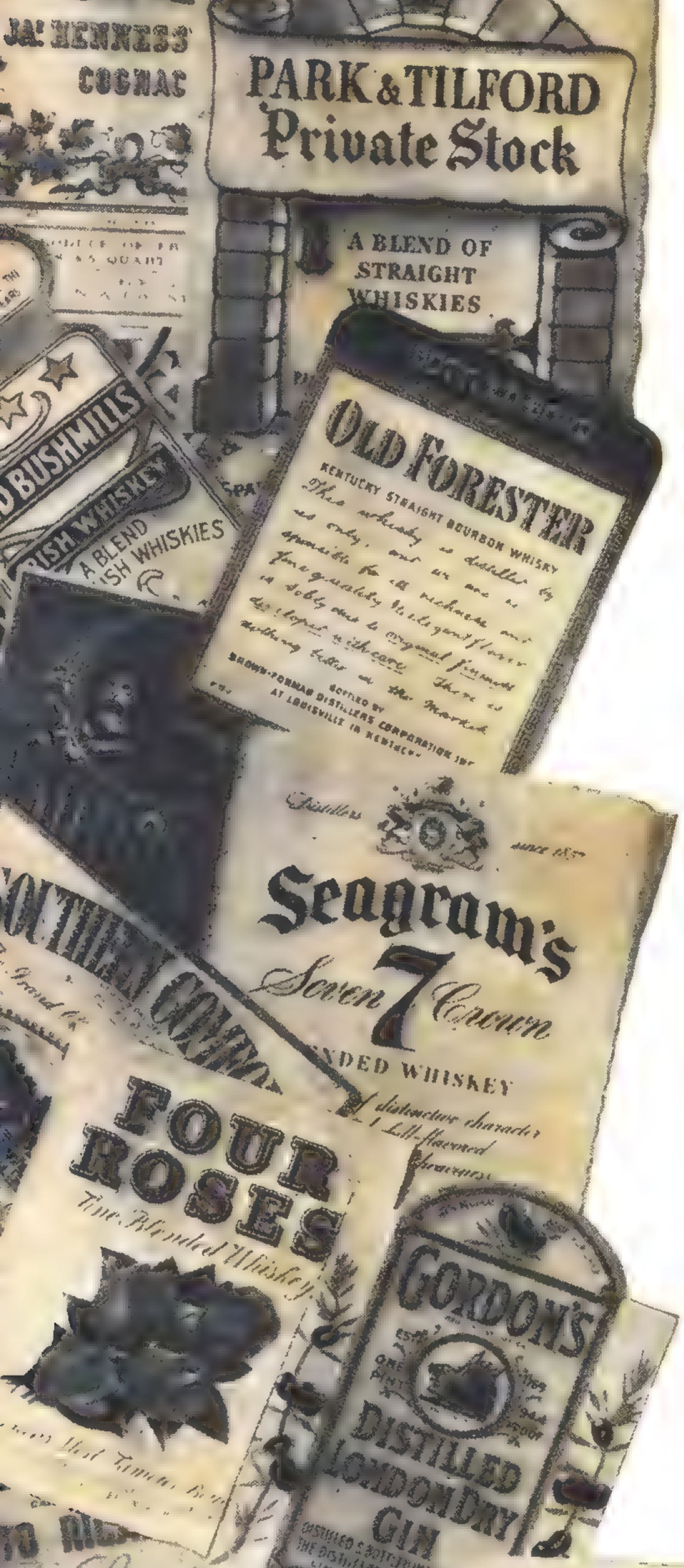
"I am consoled for not having lived ninety years back, nor in any period but the present, by this one glass of your ancestral wine."

It is the part of wisdom for the well-balanced man to have a passing knowledge of the physiology of drinking. He should know, for example, that if he is of average weight, and were to drink two-thirds of an ounce of whiskey every hour for twenty-four hours, his system would remain as free of alcohol as an unopened can of evaporated milk. An ordinary body burns alcohol at that rate.

Work out a formula from this and try it on your abacus. A single highball or cocktail (or three bottles of beer) taken on an empty stomach will give your blood in one-half to one hour a maximum alcoholic concentration of 0.05 per cent. This is the legal limit of sobriety in several states, including the state of New York. If you are asked to give a blood transfusion to a friend, you might remember this. As a perfect host you could in all sobriety give your operating table guest a pleasant lift via gore.

If you want to calculate what you can safely drink before the time comes to thread your Fleetwood down the sagging ledges of the Grand Canyon, pay heed to this:

It takes two-thirds of an hour for alcohol concentration in the blood to drop back to 0.05 per cent after three highballs or cocktails, taken on an empty stomach. It takes five to six hours for ditto after four ibids. It takes eight hours for ditto after five ibids.





By the same token, if you have driven up hair-pin turns to the home of a persuasive hostess, and normal enthusiasms have carried you beyond the fifth drink, allow the sun to come up before setting out on the safari home. Simply show this chart to your hostess—then nonchalantly curl up on her black Karakul rug. In short: take it on the lamb.

Fine wines and spirits, like music and paintings, are inseparably linked to an endless pageant of finely drawn emotions. They have induced much singing in the sails that was not of the wind. They have fed the hard flame of imagination and induced visions of charms which have nowhere any flaw. For these reasons—and no others—are they collected and savored by the epicure, *le fin gourmet*.

To the man of parts, a wine or spirit is a living thing, a personality. He treasures and pampers it; he caters to its whims and eccentricities; he approaches it considerably, with imagination and taste. The selection of his glassware, the setting of his table, the design of his cellar . . . even his mode of living . . . are conditioned to these ends.

Consider, if you will, the example of Talleyrand, the famous Minister of Louis XVIII. Talleyrand formalized polite wine-drinking in a protocol. "First," said Talleyrand, "you caress the glass with the palm of your hand so as to warm it. Next you rotate the wine gently in order to liberate its bouquet. After that you take it to your nose to inhale its fragrance, and hold it to your eye to admire its fine color. And then? You put your glass down again and begin to talk."

Every wine or liquor has a virtue and charm of its own, from a rare Romanée-Conti 1921 to rough, country applejack picked up in some back road in the Adirondacks. The gourmet takes each on its own terms and enjoys it for what it is. Refinement of taste lies more in the beholder than the beheld. The man who can drink *only* Scotch, or drink *only* Champagne is like a man who can only love a woman with a mole on her shoulder.

Moreover, every wine and spirit has its own glass. It is the province of a gentleman to provide the proper frame for his treasures. Hocks are seen in fullest glory in long-stemmed, green-tinted *Romers*; champagnes in hollow-stemmed goblets, wherein ascending streams of bubbles

can intertwine in riotous glory. Should the knowing host by chance come into possession of any wines of Ancient Greece—an unlikely possibility—he would serve it only in that most fitting of antique cups: the cup modeled from the divine breast of the Trojan Helen.

The same refinements of sentiment apply to less formal occasions. Champagne, for example, has an altogether different quality in a lady's slipper than in your old hiking boots.

Nor are hard liquors and highballs any exceptions to the rule. Niceties of service here, as in the higher pantheons, are all-important. You would be as maladroit in offering your girl a highball too warm, too weak, or with soda gone flat, as you would be in giving it to her intravenously—or by tube. "Style," said Sainte-Beuve, "is the man."

This does not mean that you should behave like a robot, substituting letter for spirit. Wines and their ilk defy the traditions of the Automat. There is a fine distinction, in other words, between kowtow and know-how.

Should impulse move you, there is no reason why you shouldn't serve Green Chartreuse in a toothbrush glass as a morning boudoir pick-me-up . . . or pipe Slivovitz from a fur-lined hollow in your bedpost.

Hospitality also calls for a swift and undiscussed yielding to the whims and allergies of your guests. There are those who like their Château Margau '28 frappéed with shaved ice and topped with a dash of cayenne. There are those who only drink sweet wines; others fixated on white wines. Your function as a host is not to reason, persuade, analyze or adumbrate. You are responsible for his happiness from the moment he sidles across your threshold to the moment he reaches for his hat.

On such occasions, dampen the reflex in your eyebrow, ask yourself if there is not as much philosophical justification for his whimsy as for item X in protocol. Then calmly, suavely, and with savoir and grace . . . serve up.

It was only the unexpected appearance of a conflagration—an innovation in table service, remember—which led that poised and historic Chinese host to the inadvertent discovery of roast pig.



Esquire's WHAT and WHEN Chart



Cocktail Hour



Sunday Brunch



After Sports



**Glad-handers
Close Friends
and Neighbors**

Usual guest preferences, but you might suggest Jack Rose or Sazarac cocktails. Serve Smorgasnacks. South African Veldt music is excellent for listening or for background.

Go light on liquor with Sherry Flip or Milk Punch. Accent on food. Whip up orange pancakes, eggs on the side. Or French-fried sandwiches served with sausages. Serve in sunlight if possible.

Dubonnet or Whiskey Sour for relaxing. Strong appetites can handle a man-sized hors d'oeuvre like hamburger balls on toothpicks. If it's winter, a hot Tom and Jerry, with a log on the fire.



**Family,
Elders, In-laws,
Country Cousins**

Pink Lady, dry sherry or Dubonnet for the ladies; Bourbon Toddy for the men. Harlequin Eggs (hard-boiled eggs stuffed with grated carrots, beans, beets mixed with mayonnaise) will excite pleased murmurs.

Sherry Eggnog goes nicely here. Suggest French Toast with honey or cinnamon and sugar. Cut flowers for the table.

Round out your family circle with Mulled Claret or Sloe Gin Fizzes. For a winner, put crisp bacon and thin tomato slabs between slices of hazelnut toast.



**Business,
Visiting Firemen,
Prospects, Tycoons**

Champagne cocktails or Daiquiris fit in well here. Let the talk take its course against a background of recorded Debussy. The ladies will each remember a single gardenia from a corsage bowl centerpiece.

Black Velvet (half-and-half stout and champagne) will impress; a White Lady will soothe. Try a fine omelet, with side order of fried ham topped with fried pineapple and bananas.

As they recall the plays, serve Sazaracs or Bourbon Toddis with silver souvenir spoons that become keepsakes for your guests. Hot canapés.



**Royalty,
Potentates,
High Society**

For that once-in-a-lifetime occasion, splurge with champagne, or a Crème de Menthe Frappé with a V.O. Brandy Float. If high royalty and the setting permits, import two or three musicians, and hand-pick the program.

Champagne — no less. A caviar omelet is fit for a king, with brandied fruit, coffee and whipped cream. A copy of the morning paper for each, and symphonic music. Don't forget the flowers.

Cognac VVO and Golden Fizz after the game will get a royal reception — as will patty shells filled with diced duck, almonds, and mayonnaise, topped with capers and water cress.



All Stag

In a roomful of Men of Distinction, switch to Frisco, New Yorker or Sazarac, with highballs on the side. Stock up with stories and serve the Boston sandwich: ham, turkey and Swiss cheese on rye.

For an eye opener, stag brunchers may want a prairie oyster, an eggnog, or tomato juice spiked with Worcestershire. Poached eggs are safe. And a quiet game of croquet, a swim or a walk will get circulation up.

Wafer-thin strips of French-fried pork fat are better than potato chips. Especially with an Applejack Old Fashioned or Ward Eight. A few rounds of the horse-racing game or backgammon will lower sporting blood pressure.



Romance

She'll see things your way after Champagne cocktails. Let her grow strong on chicken-stuffed tomatoes, then weaken her with Strauss waltzes. Don't forget the corsage.

Pink Lady will put the lady in the pink — or a split of champagne for two. Turn on some light, gay music, fill the bowl with flowers and the lady with an omelet soufflé.

Dancing is an easy transition; slow music. Suggest a Sherry Flip; or, if thirsty, Cuba Libres under the umbrella. No politics or heavy conversation. Remember, she's tired.



Midweek Evening



Midsummer Siesta



After the Theatre



The Outdoor Grill



The Stirrup Cup

Liven up the bridge game with Madeira and Bacardis. Chicken-feed sandwiches: diced chicken, chopped peanuts, penny-sized slices of black olives, and mayonnaise. And try conversation!

Greet returning swimmers or awakening lollers with a heart-lifting Planter's Punch or Singapore Sling. Sandwiches and snowballs (shaved ice packed into balls and drenched with liqueurs) are a bell-ringing combination.

Hook up the home recorder and let each give his version of the star of the evening. Porter or stout with a midnight snack will bring down the curtain.

Let them try their luck at archery or target shooting. Reward high scorers with small broiled fish, butter or sauce basted, and applejack. Don't forget the portable radio.

Hair of the dog (one more of the same). A Sherry Flip, or a bracer of stout or ale are restful parting shots.

Only to the family are home movies a treat, so don't miss the chance while they're sipping Dubonnet frappé or Tavel wine. Might do some home recording, too, for a future playback.

Try that snowball trick (above) on the elders, using very sweet wine for the ladies. The Sherry Flip goes well, too, with a tray of light canapés. Turn on easy but thoughtful music — Manhattan Towers, for instance.

Plant a platter of cold fried chicken and potato salad in the icebox, and casually suggest a "raid-the-icebox" party. Sherry Flip or Madeira for sipping while they reminisce on the stars of yesteryear.

Give them a choice of Presidente cocktail, ginger beer, or Riesling wine while they watch you spit-turn a chicken with chestnut dressing. A cool bottle of white wine goes well.

An egg drink is always good here. Try a Port Flip or a Brandy Milk Punch.

Invite them in for a good fight or an exciting game on the television set; or a special symphony or musical evening on the records. A Brandy and Soda or a Black Velvet slip in nicely here.

Undisputed aristocrat of any midsummer siesta is the immortal Mint Julep. Nothing need go with it, and nothing much can follow it. If your mint bed's especially fine, pack a few roots for the guests to take home.

Crayfish bisque (canned) will rate top reviews for you. Follow through with a French 75, Fine Champagne Cognac. Dancing and demitasse may wind up the evening.

Vermouth Cassis or a specially fine dry sherry are excellent outdoor appetizers for French-fried shrimp or roasted game bird. Turn the yard into a picnic ground, complete with colorful table under the trees.

For a lasting last impression — Crusted Port!

Don't stand on ceremony; come out boldly with a French 75 and B & B. Or make the party really memorable with a flaming Café Brûlé (described on another page.) Here's a chance to start a guest book with a star lead-off.

After they've watched you play the local flash at tennis, or heard the Boston Pops play Brahms, they will welcome rum-soaked pineapple balls. In the drink department: Mint Julep again! In thickly frosted silver glasses.

Quietly produce a chilled bottle of vintage Sparkling Burgundy, Armagnac. A neat idea is melon balls in the same white Burgundy. Some background Mozart, and you might give thought to a toast for your special guests.

Show what your grill can do with smoked turkey, game fowl or venison. And in the hand, imported Quinine Water or Wine Cooler (crushed fruit and wine). Some hired music would do well here, if the occasion is especially special.

A split of champagne, by all means! And a bit of fine glass as a gift for each of your regal friends will be long remembered — especially if they've already admired it, and you've wrapped it without their knowing it.

Decorate the poker table with Beer-and-a-Bite. (See page on Beers and Ales.) For blue-chip players keep Canadian whiskey or Bourbon 'n Bitters handy. Gershwin is good.

Cheeseburgers will take the edge off appetites whetted by spirited horseshoe pitching or hammock swinging. A Rickey will go well here; or a Planter's Punch.

Cold roast (lamb, beef, turkey) sandwiches, with some hearty slugs of Irish whiskey and ale. And try them at composing a limerick, if the evening sags.

Set up a target range with nonlethal pistols and guns. Let them compete for choice cuts of genuine old-time two-inch-thick beefsteak with good red *vin ordinaire*. Top off with brandy in coffee.

"On the Rocks" for the stags, or a Whiskey Mist. Whatever it is, make it in base the same that they've had before. Coffee and brandy if the evening has been long and there's driving to be done.

Crème de Menthe Frappé with a brandy float, or a Spritzer (Rhine wine and soda). Take the pocket radio with you for a walk, or go prowling in out-of-the-way bypaths. Whatever you do, make it memorable.

Halved apricots poached in syrup and steeped in Cognac will fix her wagon in the middle of the afternoon. Consider also a Sloe Gin Fizz, or a Spritzer, or — if you love the girl — that same Mint Julep!

The show's over; now it's time for *your* play. As a curtain raiser, boldly enter with a Zombie. Second act, scrambled eggs with deviled ham. You'll have to write Act III yourself, but a Pousse Café might open it.

Partridge or pheasant for your favorite quail. If you're picnicking, take along a thermos of chilled vintage wine with two Bohemian glasses. She'll keep hers as a souvenir of the occasion. If she loses it, that's memorable too.

And one for the road! Where shall it lead and what shall it be? Sherry? Aspirin and water? An Angel's Kiss? Try the Jane Russell album, *Let's Put Out the Lights*. It's your last chance — and what can you lose?

The ESQUIRE Here's How GUIDE To MIXING

ORDER OF Procedure

In mixing drinks, put in the less costly ingredients first—thus if you make a mistake you can start again with a minimum of loss. Let's illustrate with a specific drink—say a Brandy Egg Nog. The recipe calls for a jigger of Cognac, a tsp. of sugar, 5 oz. milk, 1 whole egg, cracked ice, nutmeg. First the ice goes in, then (2) milk, (3) sugar, (4) egg, and—last of all—the Cognac. The nutmeg in this case is decoration, not an ingredient. Exceptions to this rule are drinks in which one ingredient is floated on top of another—as in the Pousse-Café.

ICE

Use shaved ice for drinks that are to be sipped through a straw; cubed ice for highballs and the Old Fashioned; cracked ice for the in-betweens. If you use a bar shaker, put the ice in one container, the ingredients to be mixed in the other—then bring the two together and shake. Be sure that the ice is fresh and well washed. Ice cubes left too long in the freezing compartment of a refrigerator tend to acquire a peculiar "icebox flavor." Whenever possible use fresh cubes.

SUGAR

Sugar always goes into the shaker before the liquor. Powdered sugar should be used—unless the recipe states otherwise. Simple syrup is not recommended, except where specified. Powdered sugar blends quickly and has a better effect on the cocktail. Keep simple syrup around, though—just in case.

MEASURING

One jigger = 1½ oz. Pony = 1 oz. Teaspoon = ⅛ oz. Dash = 1/6 teaspoon. With practice you can learn to measure accurately by the movement of your arm. If, when shaking, you find yourself short on quantity, shake longer—thus stretching the drink by melting more ice.

EGGS

It takes practice to extract the white of an egg with grace and dispatch. Break the egg by hitting the center on the edge of a glass, splitting it into two equal parts—then pass the yoke from one half-shell to the other until the white seeps through to a container below. The egg always goes into a mixing glass before the liquor. If bad there is time to throw it away before expensive spirits have converted an accident into a financial loss—or what is worse, a social catastrophe.

STIRRING

Any drink or cocktail whose ingredients are clear liquors requires only stirring with ice for proper mixing. The Stinger is one of the few exceptions to this rule. Drinks to be shaken are those containing fruit juice, eggs, cream, or any other ingredients difficult to blend.

The best type of shaker to use is a bartender's shaker. This consists of two containers; the ingredients go into one, the ice into the other. Cocktails that re-

Shaking

quire shaking should be shaken well so that they come out creamy. Wash ice before using; then shake to eliminate excess water. Water can ruin a drink.

GLASSES

There is a special glass for each type of drink.
Here are the standard bartender's glasses.



How to

CHILL A GLASS

All cocktail glasses should be well chilled. Before mixing the cocktail, fill each glass with shaved ice. Let the glass stand while the drink is being prepared. When the mixture is ready, empty the glass, wipe it carefully—then pour. Properly chilled glasses make all drinks more appetizing.

The STRAINER

All cocktails should be strained before serving. Use a wire strainer — not silver.

The ideal strainer for home use is one with clips which allow the wire to extend over the edge of the glass. The strainer is held over the shaker. One finger on top holds it steady. Handle is between the fingers.

THE FROSTED GLASS

Glasses for "frosted" drinks should be stored in the refrigerator or buried in shaved ice. For "sugar-frosted" glass, dampen rim of the precooled glass with slice of lemon. Dip glass into a bowl of powdered sugar, leave for a few seconds, and thump to get rid of excess.

POURING

There is no protocol for pouring a drink into a glass. However, when mixing a batch of four or more, it is necessary to have mixture of same consistency in each glass. To assure this, set all glasses in a row on bar, edges touching. Pour each drink halfway, then go back to the first and level off. Poured this way, all drinks are even-bodied—you don't get just the top layer in the first glass and heavier liquid in the others.

How To Float BRANDY and LIQUEUR

To make brandy float on crème de menthe or other liqueurs, tilt glass slightly, insert a teaspoon bottom-side up, and pour brandy slowly over the rounded surface. To make a Pousse-Café of six colors put 1/6 oz. grenadine at bottom of Pousse-Café glass, insert glass stirring rod, and carefully pour over it the following ingredients in order: 1/6 oz. crème de cacao, ditto maraschino, menthe, crème Yvette. Top with Cognac.

And so HERE'S HOW!





**Oldfangled
tales, toasts and short
hoists, uncorked and served up from
the honorable past of an honorable pastime**

Est! Est!! Est!!!

One of the finest wines of Italy is known by the extraordinary name: Est! Est!! Est!!!—with the exclamation points in that ascending order. The name was acquired in an almost unbelievable way:

A certain German bishop, on a tour of Italy, sent an emissary ahead with instructions to scout for fine wines, and to write on the wall of each tavern serving exceptional wine the Latin word, "*Est*," "It is."

The emissary, according to the story, tasted the Muscatel of Montefiascone, and became so enthusiastic that he wrote on the wall of the local tavern Est! Est!! Est!!! And the good bishop concurred in his investigator's opinion so wholeheartedly that he drank himself conclusively to death.

In the graveyard of the Montefiascone church there is a tombstone with the inscription: *Est Est Est Nimium Propter Est Hic Johannes Deuc Dominus Meus Mortuus Est*—"Est Est Est, Because of Too Much Est Here Johannes Deuc, My Master, Died."

And today the good bishop's "spirit" is perpetuated in one of the rarest of wines—a choice epitaph indeed.

* * *
*Here's to the absent lords; long may they
In far off places stay,
Drinking at other ladies' festive boards
The health of other absent lords!*

How Cognac Got Its Stars

Most wine people are superstitious. One of their cherished beliefs is that years in which comets appear produce great wines. According to an old legend, a superb brand was produced in the comet year of 1811. One shipper honored his Cognac of that year by placing a star on the bottle. The next year also produced a great brandy. The shipper designated this yield with two stars.

The increase in sales stimulated by the stars gave the merchant a profitable promotion idea. Each year, for the next three years, he added another star. Fortunately for the label-makers, he stopped at five.

Moral: The principal information conveyed by the stars on a brandy bottle is that there once was a comet. You could also learn this by consulting an encyclopedia.

* * *

"Empty thy full glass; fill thy empty glass—I can't bear to see thy glass neither empty nor full."—Rabelais

* * *
Milk, Loch Lomond Style

The story is told that Loch Lomond Milk Punch originated with a Scotsman more than moderately fond of tipping the bottle. One day his wife explained the minister was coming and that only milk would be served. The Scotsman went out to confer with the cow and returned with a drink that sent both his wife and the pastor into ecstasies. The tale reached its climax when the minister returned the next day to buy the cow.

* * *
*Here's to the love that lies in woman's eyes—
and lies, and lies, and lies.*

* * *
"Let There Be Beer . . ."

"For our food I slaughtered oxen and killed sheep—day by day. With beer and brandy, oil and wine, I filled large jars, as with the water of the river."

This passage from a clay tablet found in Nineveh, in 1872, as interpreted by Paul Haupt, Professor of Assyriology at Johns Hopkins University, fits well the adventures of that intrepid Biblical navigator, Captain Noah. Thus archeology establishes that so it was in the beginning, and so it remains to this day: Strong men shall have strong spirits, and all is not rain that pours.

* * *
*Here's lovers two to the maiden true,
And four to the maid caressing;
But the wayward girl with the lips that curl
Keeps twenty lovers guessing!*

* * *
Origin of the Toast

In ancient times it was the custom of men of the court to drink with a piece of actual toast in their glasses. It was also the custom—unhappily abandoned—for beautiful women to bathe publicly, for the courtiers' edification.

Legend has it that one beauty posed before a group of gallants who were so overcome that one bold courtier sprang forward with a glass to drink of the hallowed waters. Not to be outdone, a happy wag, mellowed by wine and woman, cried that he would

fling himself into the beverage and have the toast. He did, and was nearly drowned. Thus, it is alleged, originated the oft-heard cry: "To the ladies!"

* * *
Shortest toast of all: "Set 'em up again!"

* * *
"... the Way to Go Home."

The composer Arthur Sullivan, it is said, had one faculty that never forsook him, his tonal sense. One night he had difficulty in identifying his house in the row of identical houses. He ambled down the row, pausing to kick the metal shoe scrapes at each house. Coming to one, he kicked it vigorously, murmured, "That's right, E-Flat," and disappeared through the door.

* * *
*Early American Toast: May the skin of a
gooseberry make overcoats for your enemies.*

* * *
The 31-Gun Salute

Probably the most historically famous of all American taverns still exists—is still hefting bumpers at the same old stand.

It is Fraunces Tavern, near the lower tip of Manhattan Island, New York City. And if you should visit it (and you should), dwelling for a spell among the lusty ghosts of its 18th century heyday, history fairly obliges you to lift your glass in a toast behind which lies a stirring and wonderful tale.

The tale, told in full—and beautifully—in Fairfax Downey's rollicking book, *Our Lusty Forefathers* (Scribner's, 1947) recounts the almost unknown saga of "The New York Tea Party," the prevented assassination of Washington, and the fabulous "Banquet of the 31 Toasts" given in his honor.

For it was in Black Sam Fraunces' Tavern on the night of April 22, 1774, that a group of hotbloods learned of the arrival of the tea ship, *London*, only a few months following the Boston Tea Party. They headed for the wharf, and their own tea party. The incident made Black Sam's Tavern the rallying place of patriots and hence the military objective of the British man-o-war *Asia* which cleared for action and duly blazed away. Wrote a poet of the day:

*The town by the flashes was fairly enlight-
ened, the women miscarry'd, the beaus were
all frightened.*

The occasion (and British aim) cost a new roof for the tavern, and firmly established its fame as the "wine cradle" of liberty. (A bottle of Sam's Madeira is in the museum rooms of the tavern to this day.)

So it was here that General Washington came to wine and dine—and it was here that Black Sam's daughter uncovered the plot to assassinate the not-yet-progenitive father of our country and many of his staff. For this, the general's bodyguard was drummed to the gallows and hanged.

But it was at the finish of one of the most splendid banquets of Washington's career, given for him by the Provincial Congress, that the famed 31st toast was delivered—the one which you too shall give in the hallowed halls of Fraunces Tavern.

Thirty times they upended their glasses. They drank, so it is told, to everything noble, from Freedom to the Governor of South Carolina. And then, as the grand solemnity of the occasion filled their hearts, their eyes and (for the thirty-first time) their glasses, they rose with swaying decorum.

It is not recommended that you take thirty drinks before giving the toast. For if you do you will doubtless give it as it was so stirringly delivered that night:

"Gennelmensh, to th' shivil an' relishious
liberty 'fallmankinesh!" ##

The LONG Drink



TOM AND JERRY

Beat white and yolk of 1 egg separately. Blend, add 1 tsp. pwd. sugar, beat again. Pour in 1/2 jigger each of brandy, rum. While stirring, top with hot milk or boiling water. Sprinkle with nutmeg.



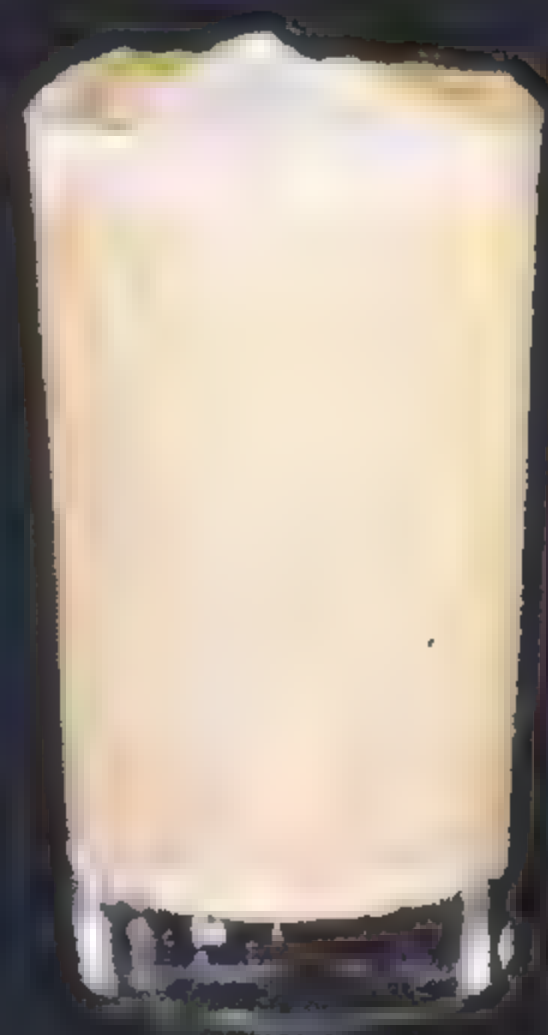
HOT BUTTERED RUM

1 1/2 oz. Jamaica rum, lump of sugar, small slice of butter, 4 cloves. Fill with boiling water, stir.



HOT TODDY

1 lump sugar, 1 cinnamon stick, 3 cloves stuck in lemon slice, 1 jigger rum. Mix and add boiling water.



EGG NOG

1 whole egg, 1 tsp. sugar, 5 oz. milk, 1 jigger brandy, whiskey, rum or sherry. Shake with cracked ice, strain, sprinkle with nutmeg.



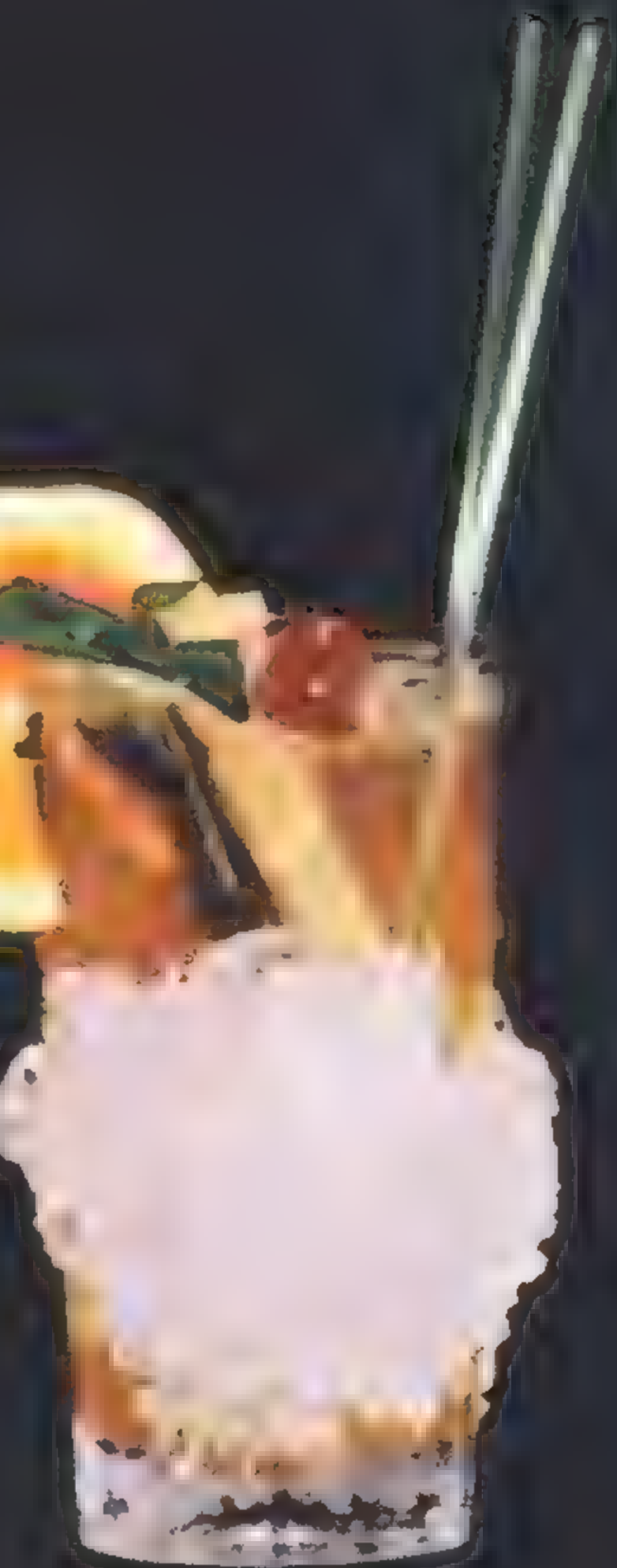
SINGAPORE SLING

1 oz. lime juice, 1 oz. cherry brandy, 2 oz. dry gin, 2 ice cubes. Shake, strain. Top with soda, orange, mint. Add 4 drops each Benedictine and brandy.



TOM COLLINS

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in 1/2 jigger lime, lemon juice. Add 1 jigger gin, ice cubes, soda. Stir.



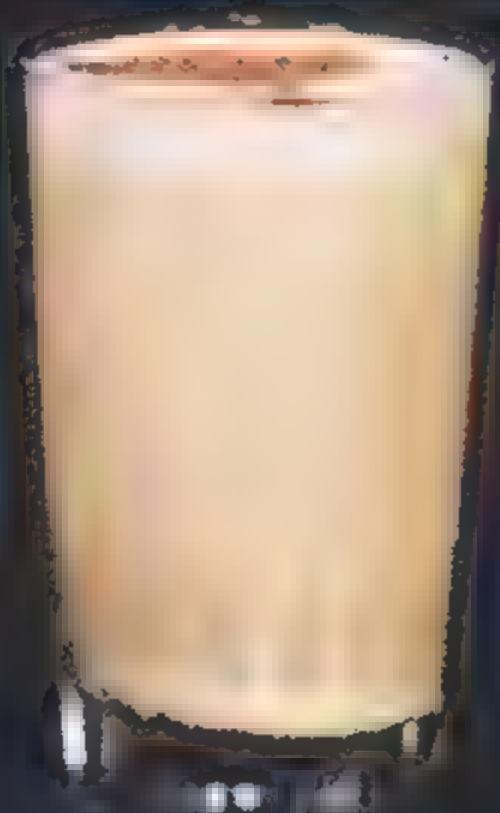
PLANTER'S PUNCH

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in 1 oz. lime, 1/2 oz. orange juice. Add 2 oz. Jamaica rum, cracked ice. Shake well, pour unstrained. Decorate with orange, cherry, pineapple, mint.



MINT JULEP

Crush mint with 1 tsp. sugar, dash of water, in 12-oz. glass. Fill with cracked ice, pour bourbon to 1/2 inch of top. Set glass in shaved ice, stir until frosted, decorate.



SHERRY FLIP

1 whole egg, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 jigger sherry. Shake with cracked ice, strain, sprinkle with nutmeg.



ZOMBIE

3/4 oz. lime juice, 3/4 oz. pineapple juice, 2 oz. Puerto Rico rum, 1 oz. Jamaica rum, 1/2 oz. apricot liqueur. Shake with cracked ice. Serve unstrained. Decorate with fruit, mint.



GIN RICKEY

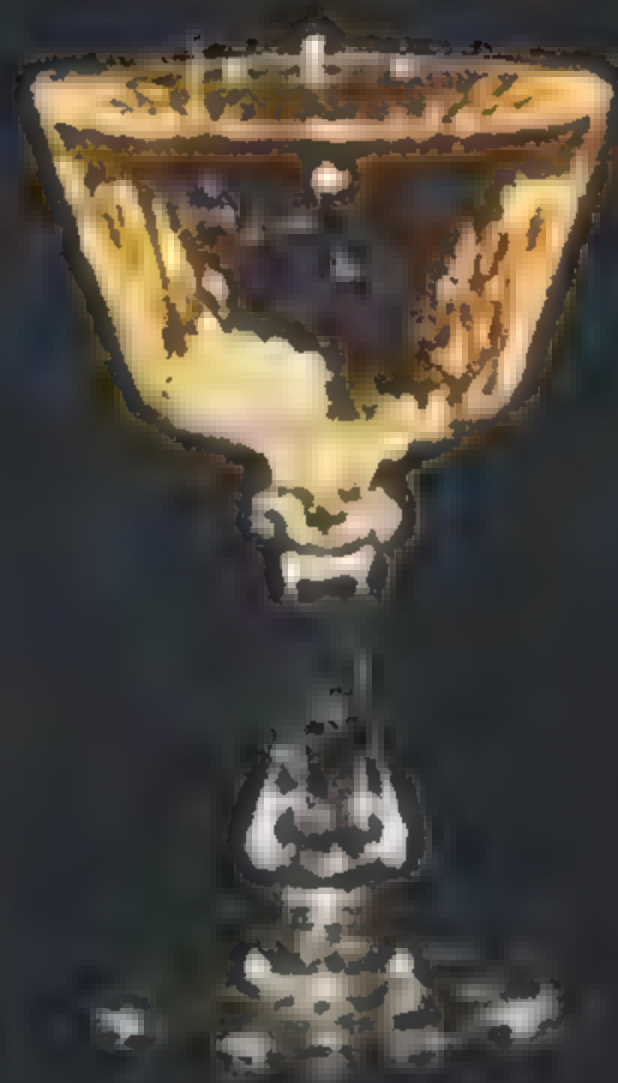
Juice, rind of 1/2 lime, 2 cubes of ice, 2 oz. dry gin. Fill with club soda.



WARD EIGHT

1/2 oz. lemon juice, 1/2 oz. orange juice, 2 oz. rye, 4 dashes grenadine. Shake, serve with cracked ice, fruit.

TWENTY FIVE COCKTAILS



DRY MARTINI

1/5 French vermouth, 4/5 dry gin, stir with cracked ice, strain. Serve with olive or pearl onion.



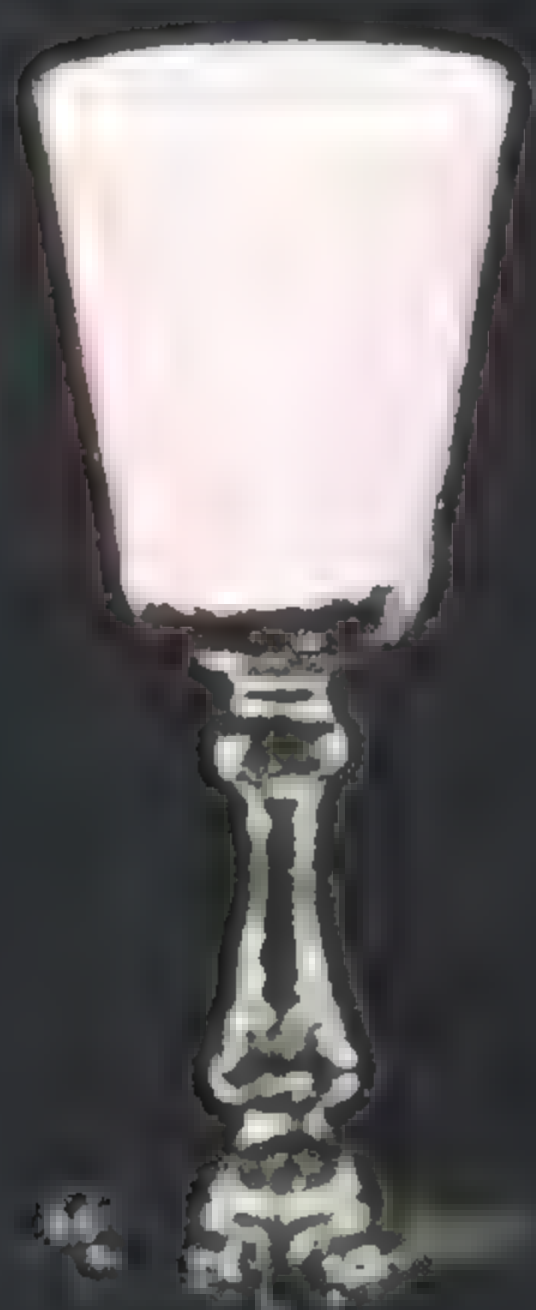
MANHATTAN

1/4 Italian vermouth, 3/4 rye, dash of bitters. Stir with cracked ice, strain. Serve with cherry. Dry Manhattan: Use Fr. vermouth, lemon peel.



OLD FASHIONED

Muddle lump sugar in dash of bitters, soda. Add 1 jigger whiskey, 2 ice cubes, fruit, twist of lemon peel.



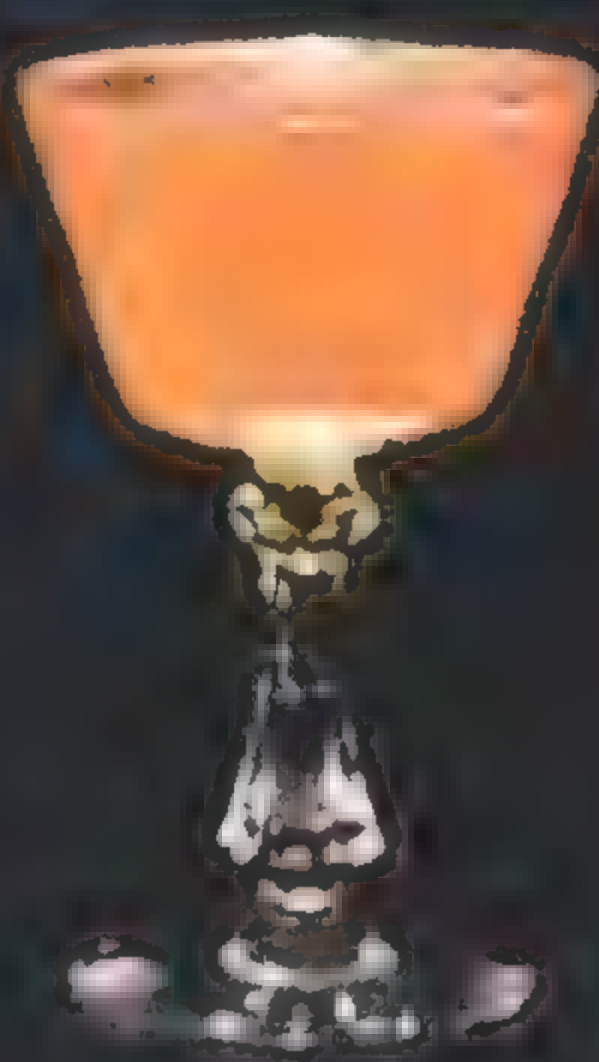
PINK LADY

1/2 oz. lemon or lime juice, 1/2 oz. grenadine, 3/4 oz. heavy cream, 1 1/4 oz. gin. Shake with cracked ice, strain.



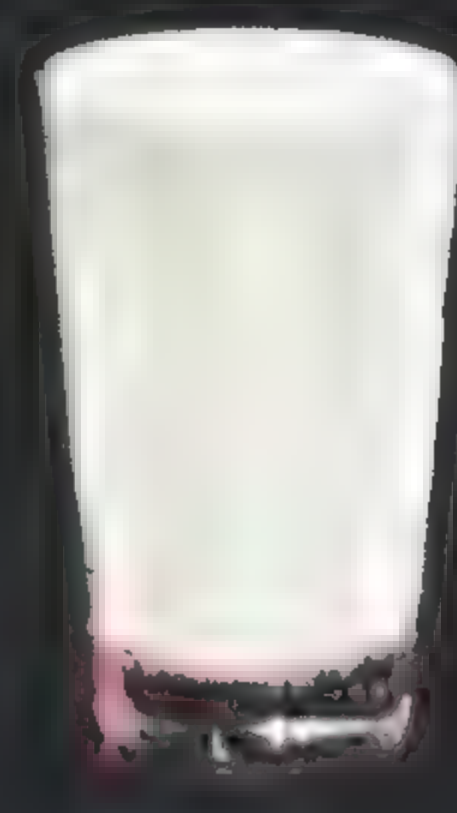
DAIQUIRI

Juice 1/2 lime or lemon, 1 tsp. sugar. Shake with cracked ice. Add 1 1/2 oz. white rum, shake until shaker frosts, strain.



BACARDI

1/2 oz. lemon or lime juice, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 dash grenadine. Shake with cracked ice. Add 1 jigger Bacardi rum, shake well, strain.



ALEXANDER

1/3 jigger crème de cacao, 1/3 jigger heavy cream, 1/3 jigger dry gin. Shake with cracked ice, strain.



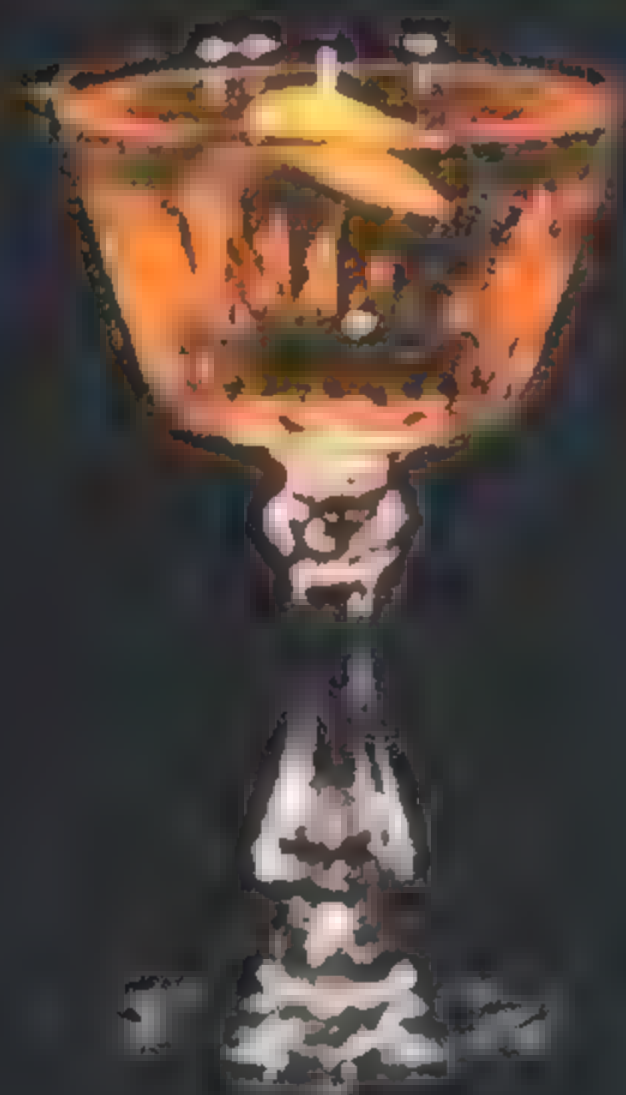
CLOVER CLUB

1/2 jigger lemon juice, white of 1 egg, dash of grenadine, 1 jigger dry gin. Shake with cracked ice and strain.



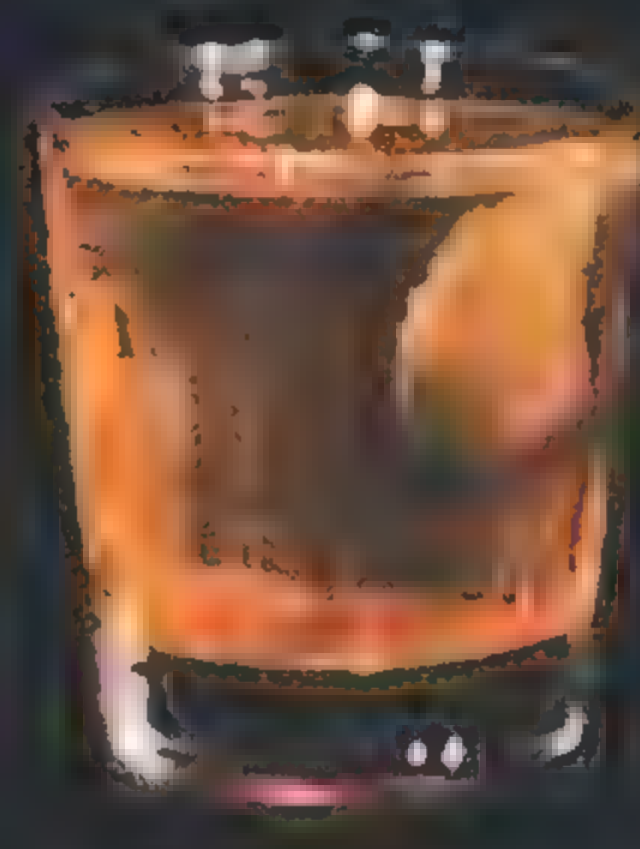
BETWEEN THE SHEETS

Juice of 1/2 lemon, 3/4 oz. rum, 3/4 oz. brandy 3/4 oz. Cointreau. Shake with cracked ice, strain.



DUBONNET

1/3 jigger dry gin, 2/3 jigger Dubonnet, stir with cracked ice, strain. Serve with twist of lemon peel.



BOURBON TODDY

Muddle 1 lump sugar with dash of bitters in 1 oz. water. Add 2 oz. bourbon, ice and twist of lemon peel.



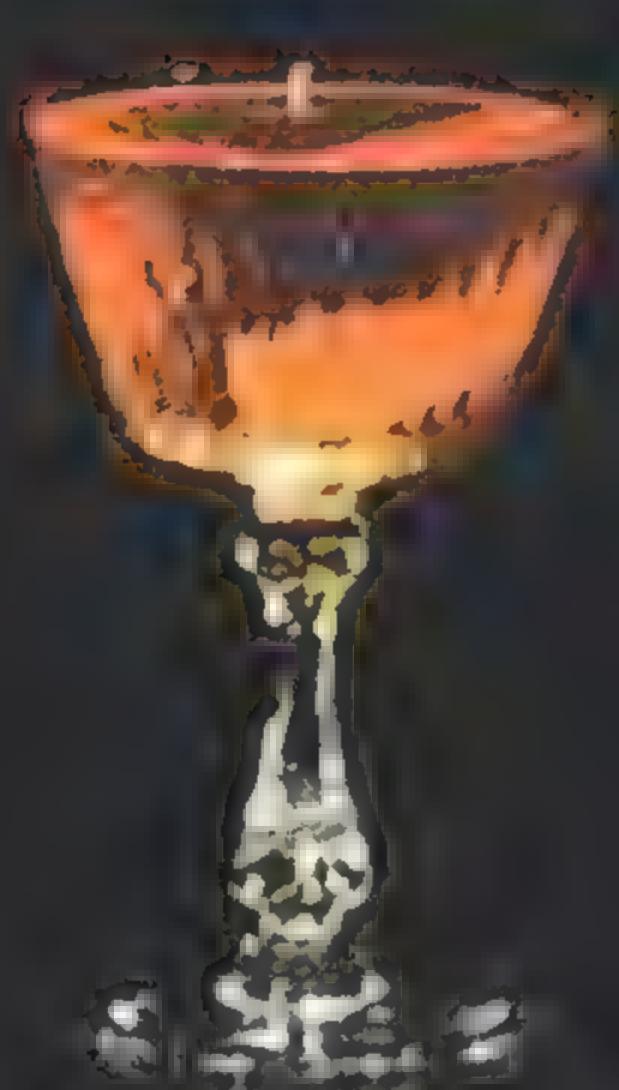
BAMBOO

2 oz. dry sherry, 3/4 oz. Italian vermouth. Stir with cracked ice, strain.



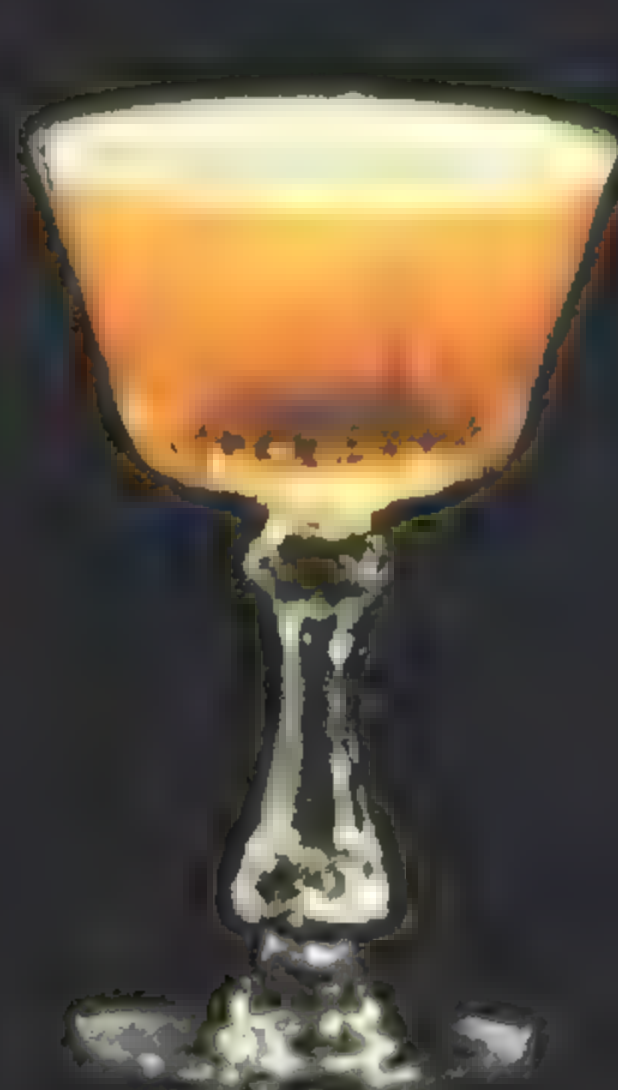
SIDECAR

1/3 jigger lime juice, 1/3 jigger Triple Sec or Cointreau, 1/3 jigger brandy. Add shaved ice, shake and strain.



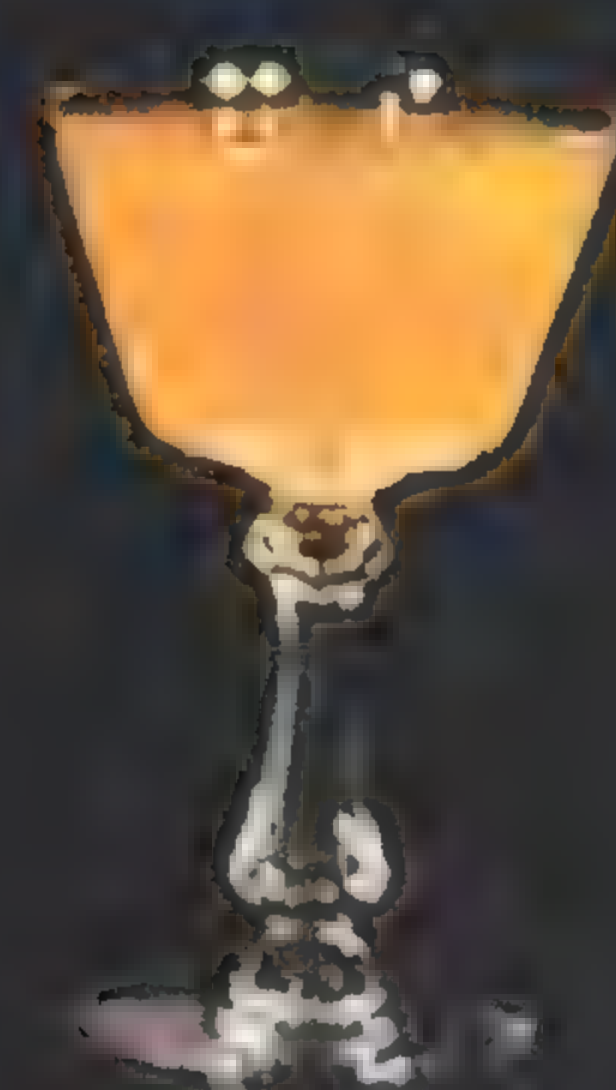
ROB ROY

1/2 jigger Italian vermouth, 2 dashes of bitters, 1/2 jigger Scotch whisky, cracked ice, stir, strain. Add twist of lemon peel.



STINGER

1/2 jigger brandy, 1/2 jigger white crème de menthe. Shake with cracked ice until shaker frosts. Strain.



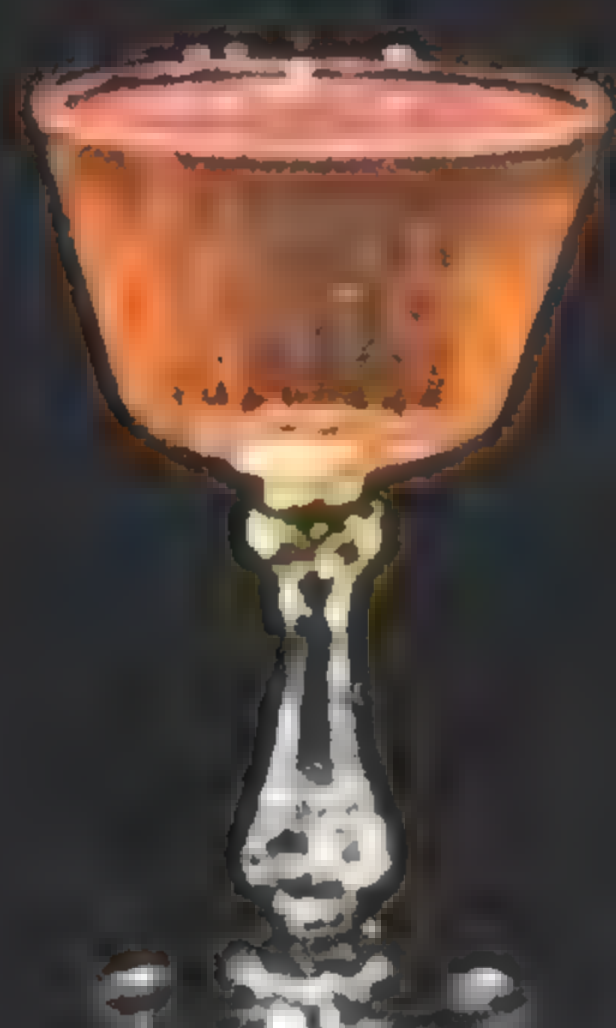
BRONX

Juice of 1/4 orange, 1/4 jigger Italian vermouth, 1/4 jigger Fr. vermouth, 1/2 jigger dry gin. Shake with cracked ice, strain.



SAZARAC

Muddle 1 lump sugar in 1 dash each Angostura, Peychaud's bitters, water. Add jigger bourbon, ice. Stir, strain into glass rinsed with Pernod. Twist of lemon peel.



PRESIDENTE

2 dashes orange curacao, 1 dash grenadine, 1/2 jigger Fr. vermouth, 1 jigger rum. Add ice, shake and strain.



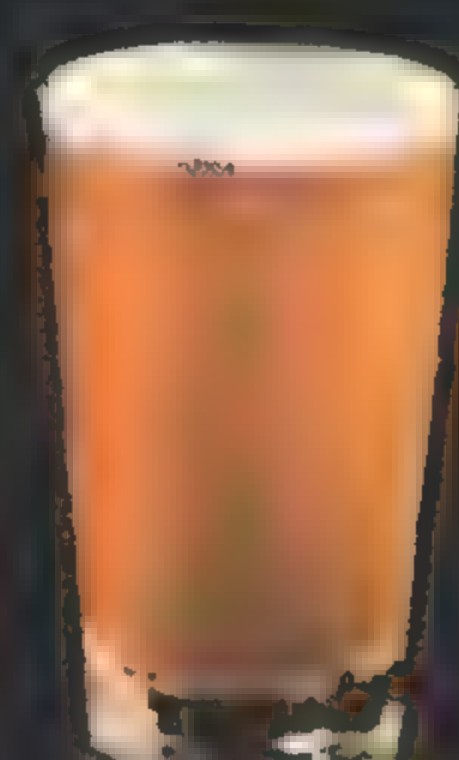
WHISKEY SOUR

1/2 jigger lemon and lime juice, 1 tsp. pwd. sugar, 1 jigger whiskey. Shake with cracked ice and strain.



WHITE LADY

Juice of 1/2 lemon, white of one egg, 3/4 oz. Cointreau, 1 1/2 oz. gin. Shake with ice, strain.



JACK ROSE

Juice 1/2 lime, white of 1 egg, 1 tsp. grenadine, 1 jigger apple-jack. Shake with cracked ice, strain.



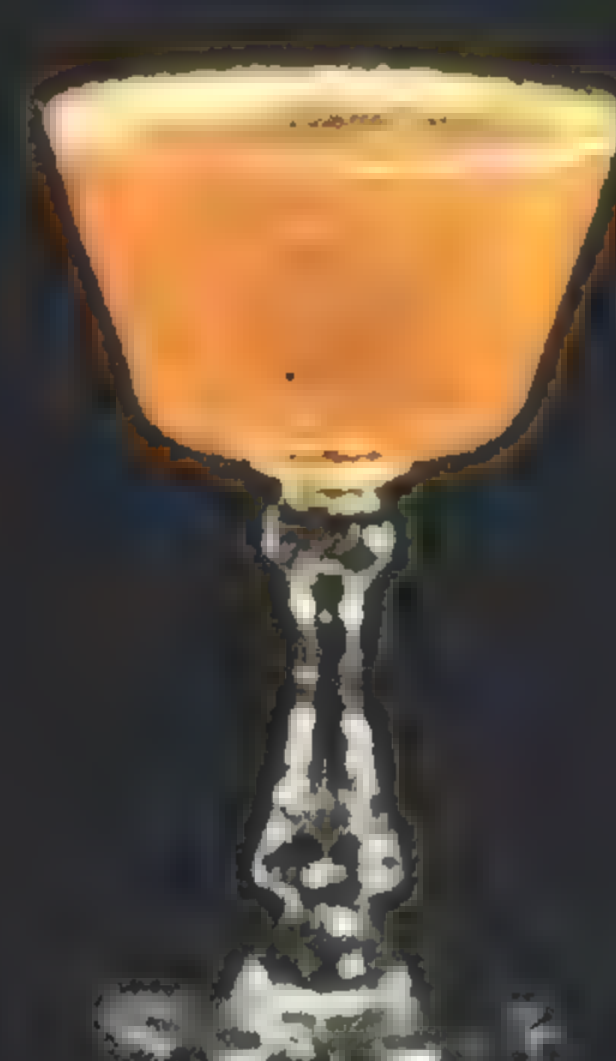
FRISCO

3/4 oz. Benedictine, 2 oz. bourbon. Stir with cracked ice, strain. Add twist of lemon peel.



CREME DE MENTHE FRAPPE

Nearly fill glass of fine ice with white crème de menthe. Tilt glass. Over back of inserted spoon, slowly pour 1 oz. brandy.



NEW YORKER

Juice of 1/2 lime, dash of grenadine, 2 oz. rye. Shake with cracked ice, strain. Add twist of lemon peel.



CHAMPAGNE

Saturate lump of sugar with dash of bitters. Add ice cube and fill with chilled champagne. Twist of lemon peel.



The following liquid stock and supplies are basic equipment for the balanced bar:

Rye Whiskey
Bourbon Whiskey
Scotch Whisky
Irish Whiskey
Blended Whiskey
Puerto Rico Rum
Jamaica Rum
New England Rum
Bacardi

French Vermouth
Italian Vermouth
Dry Gin
Sloe Gin
Apple Brandy
Cherry Brandy
Cognac
Sherry
Port Wine

Dubonnet
Benedictine
Crème de Cacao
Crème de Menthe
Triple Sec
Grenadine
Chartreuse
Bitters
Orange Bitters

Mineral Water
Lemons
Limes
Oranges
Maraschino cherries
Small cocktail olives
Small cocktail onions
Fresh mint
Sugar

BAR

ACCESSORIES



1. The art of drinking begins, logically enough, with opening the bottle. Hence the de luxe corkscrew. The automatic pourer measures a jigger—and only a jigger—at a time.

2. Three basic essentials for a well-equipped home bar are: a lime squeezer, a mixing spoon, and a double-ender measuring cup, for a jigger or a pony, as required.

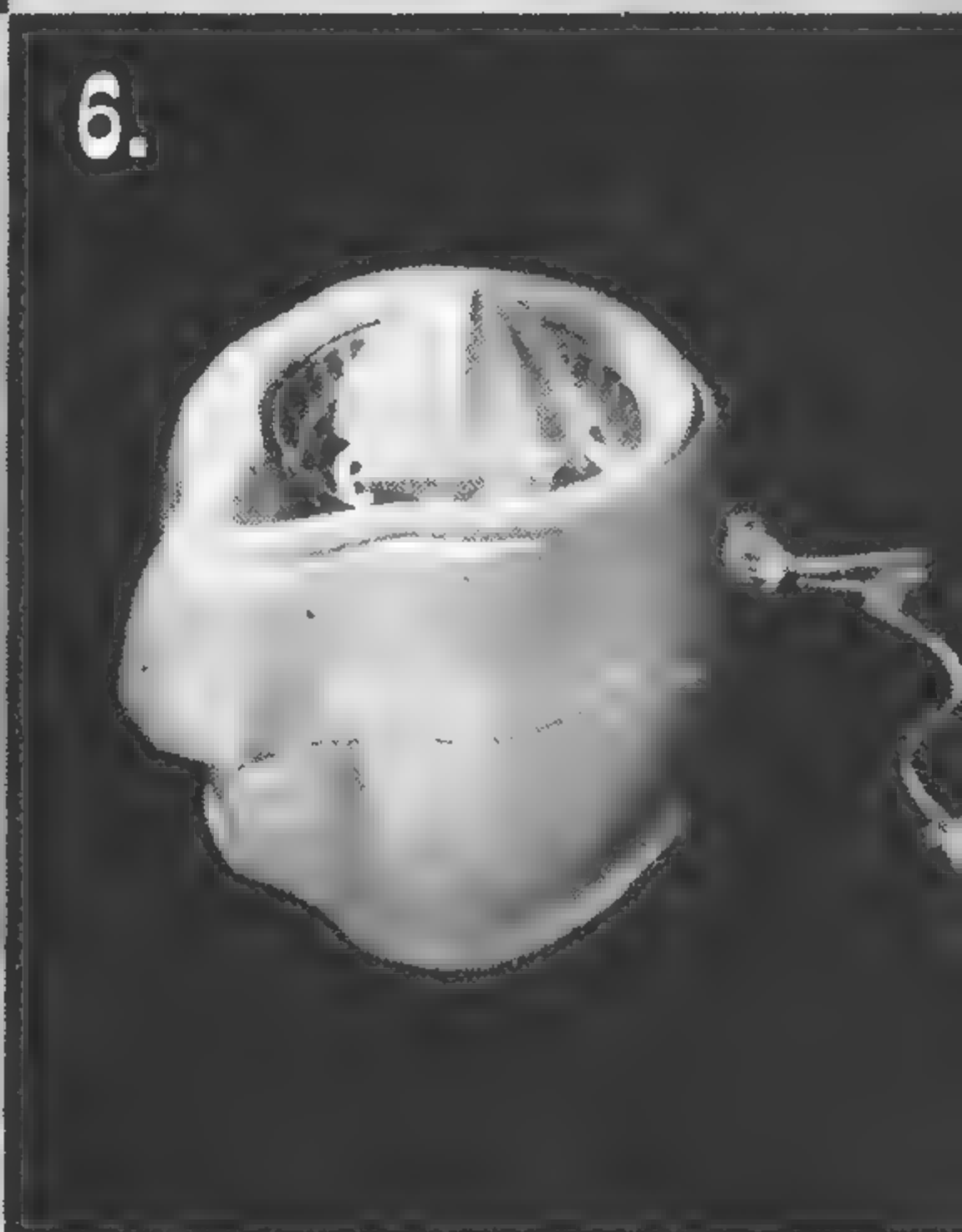
3. Preferred equipment, too, is a professional bar shaker with accompanying wire strainer. The Martini mixer is recommended for drinks that require stirring.



4. The cutting board should always be close at hand for ready preparation of fruit for drinks, for hors d'oeuvres, etc. It's also convenient to keep a disposal bin near by.

5. And when you're ready for the ice, adjust the icer for fine, medium or coarse, whatever the recipe calls for. Use it also for crushed ice for chilling glasses.

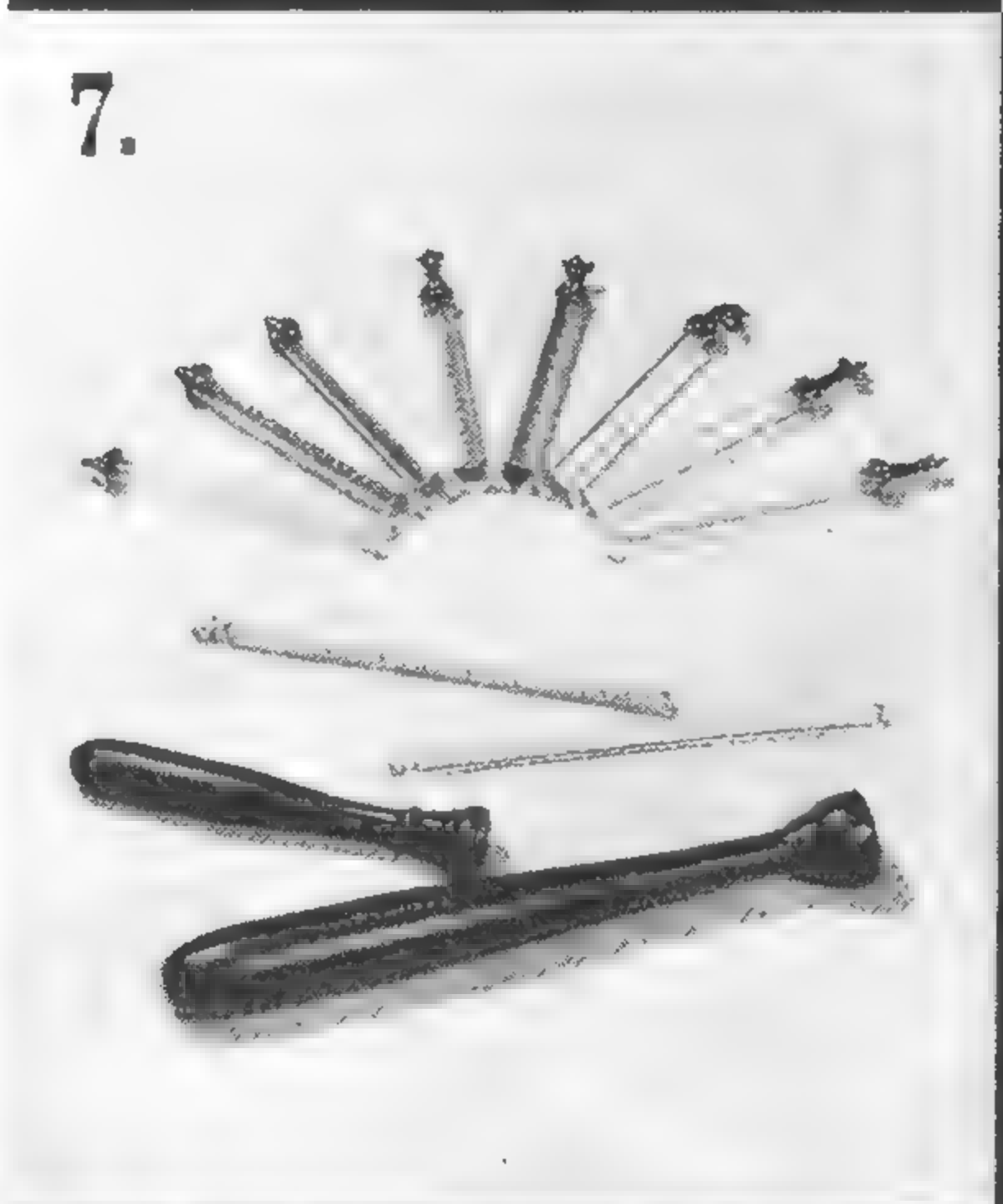
6. Always use fresh fruit juices in the drinks you make, never canned. This electric squeezer operates on AC-DC, and is neat, clean and fast. It is a valuable bar aid.



7. Bar muddlers are made of Lignum vitae, which is the hardest known wood. They are used in muddling sugar or in crushing mint. Glass ones are used as drink stirrers.

8. Masculine leather coasters are made of cowhide with saddle stitching and are water repellent. Jackets for the long drinks and napkins should not be forgotten.

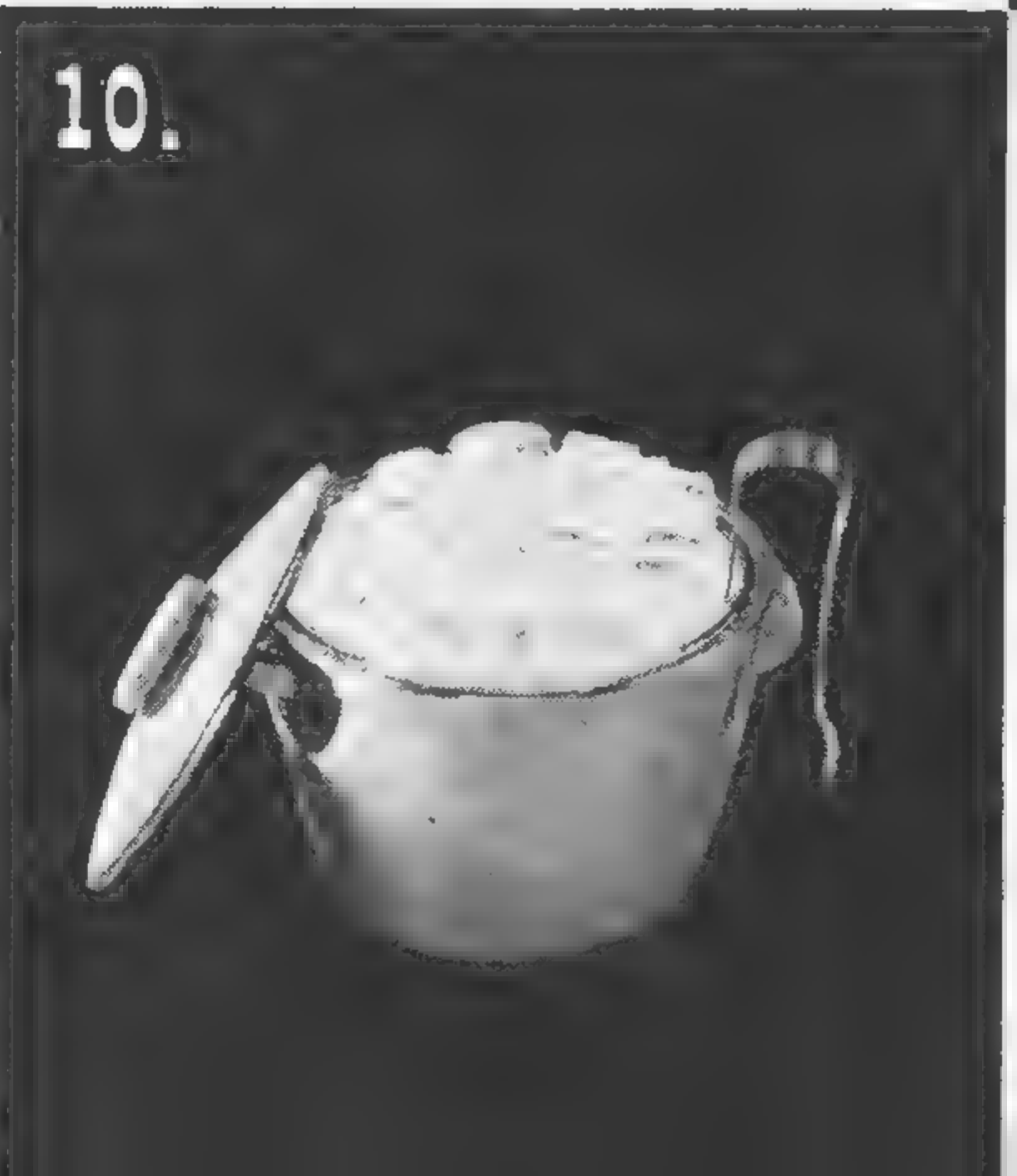
9. And when the drinks have been made, the bottles can be re-corked with decorative stoppers to dress up the bar. These stoppers are hand-painted and colorful.



10. Without an ice bucket, confusion would reign. Also don't forget to have a supply of sparkling water on hand, either bottled or in the refillable syphon form.

11. A nice accessory touch for the serving of vintage wines is a wine cradle for use at the table. Wine can be poured without removing bottle from basket.

12. For decanting, a simple glass funnel will prove one of those temper-savers, and should be found behind every bar. The label around decanter identifies the contents.





Legend

App — Appetizer
 RT — Red Table
 WT — White Table
 Des — Dessert
 Sp — Sparkling
 AD — After Dinner
 BD — Before Dinner
 BM — Between Meals
 t — tart
 d — dry
 s-sw — semisweet
 sw — sweet
 sh — sharp
 * — Room temperature
 ** — Slightly chilled
 *** — Chilled

Wine	Type	Use	Color ¹	Taste	Serve	Best Recent Yr
Angelica	Des.	Dessert, AD, BM	Amber	sw	***	
Asti Spumante	Sp	All-purpose	White	med. sw	***	
Barbera	RT	Red meats; all foods	Red	d, t	*	
Barberone	RT	Red meats; all foods	Red	d, t	*	
Barsac	WT	White meat, dessert	White	s-sw	***	'45, '37, '42, '43
Burgundy	RT	Red meats, game	Red	d	*	'45, '37, '42, '43
Cabernet	RT	Red meats	Red	d	*	
Chablis	WT	Sea food, white meat	Straw	d, t	***	'45, '34, '43
Champagne	Sp	All-purpose	White, Pink	d, sw	***	'43, '42, '46
Chardonnay	WT	Sea food, white meat	Straw	d, t	***	
Chianti	RT	Red meats, pastes, oily fds.	Ruby	d	*	
Claret	RT	Red meats	Red	d, sh	*	'45, '37, '43
Graves	WT	White meat, dessert	White	d	***	'45, '37, '42, '43
Grignolino	RT	Red meats	Red	d, sh	*	
Haut Sauternes	Des.	Dessert, BM	Gold	sw	***	'45, '37, '42, '43
Madeira Verdelho	App.	Appetizer	Amber	d	***	
Madeira Sercial	Des.	Dessert, AD, BM	Amber	s-sw	*	
Malaga	Des.	Dessert	Amber	sw	*	
Moselle	WT	White meat, sea food	Gold, Green	d, t	***	'45, '37
Muscatel	Des.	Dessert, AD, BM	Amber	sw	*	
Pinot Noir	RT	Red meats, game	Red	d	*	
Port, Tawny	Des.	Dessert, AD, BM, cheese	Russet	sw	*	
Port, Vintage	Des.	Dessert, AD, BM, cheese	Red	sw	*	'45, '35, '40
Rhine	WT	White meat, sea food	Gold, Green	d, t	***	'37, '45, '43
Riesling	WT	White meat, sea food	Gold, Green	d, t	***	'45, '37, '43
Rose	Pink T	Luncheons, picnics	Pink	d	***	
Sauternes	WT	White meat, sea food	Gold	s-sw	***	'37, '45, '46
Sauvignon Blanc	WT	White meat, sea food	Gold	d, s-sw	***	
Semillon	WT	White meat, sea food	Gold	s-sw, d	***	
Sherry Amontillado	App.	BD, Appetizer	Pale	d	*	
Sherry Amoroso	App.	BD, Appetizer	Gold	med. d	**	
Sherry Oloroso	Des.	AD	Gold	sw	*	
Sherry Brown	Des.	With coffee, AD	Dark brown	very sw	*	
Sparkling Burgundy	Sp.	All-purpose	Red	s-sw	***	'45, '37, '43
Sylvaner	WT	White meat, sea food	Gold	d, t	***	'45, '37
Tavel	Pink T	Luncheon, picnics, BM	Pink	d	***	'45, '37, '43
Tokay Szamorodni	WT	White meat, sea food	White	d	**	
Tokay Aszu	Des.	Dessert, AD	Red	sw	*	
Traminer	WT	White meat, sea food	Gold	d, t	***	'45, '37, '43
Vermouth French	App.	Appetizer	Amber	d	***	
Vermouth Italian	Des.	Dessert, AD	Amber	sw	*	
White Chianti	WT	White meat, sea food	White	d	***	
White Pinot	WT	White meat, sea food	Straw	d, t	***	
White Port	Des.	Dessert, AD, BM	Straw	sw	*	
Zinfandel	RT	Red meats	Red	d	*	



How To Buy Wines

French Wines

The selection of fine wines requires some knowledge of vineyard names and vintage dates. It also involves a dependence on the integrity of the shipper as well as of your personal liquor dealer. The unannointed amateur is at the mercy of chance. For unscrupulous shippers have been known to put famous names on wines produced from grapes grown anywhere from the wastes of Algiers to the remote spaces of Chile.

* * *

Clarets: The three greatest clarets are Château Latour, Château Margaux, and Château Lafite-Rothschild. Often grouped with these are Château Mouton-Rothschild and Château Haut-Brion. You will be reasonably sure of getting a fairly good claret, however, if you buy any red Bordeaux wine bearing the label of such shippers as De Luze, Cruse et Fils, or Kressman. When buying a château-bottled claret, look on the label for the words: *mise en bouteille en chateau*, "bottled at the château."

* * *

Sauternes: The greatest of all sauternes is the renowned Château Yquem—which stands alone. Among other exceptional growths are Château Guiraud, Château La Tour-Blanche, Château de Rayne-Vigneau, Château Sigalas-Rabaud, Château Coutet, and Château Climens.

* * *

Red Burgundy: There are many outstanding vineyards in the Burgundy region, and it is not possible to list all of them here. Among the most distinguished, however, are Romanée-Conti, Clos de Vougeot, Le Musigny, Les Bonnes Mares, Richebourg, La Tâche, Nuits St. Georges, Les Saint-Georges, Le Corton Clos du Roi.

* * *

White Burgundy: All the main subdivisions of the Burgundy region produce white wines. In the Chablis region, in the department of Yonne, for example, the white wines most famous are Les Clos, Vaudésir, Valmur, Grenouilles, Blanchot, Preuse, Bougros, Vaurents, and Monts de Milieu. One of the greatest of white Burgundies is Le Montrachet. The town of Meursault boasts four vineyards of repute: Les Perrières, Les Genevrières, Les Charmes, and La Goutte-d'Or.

* * *

Champagne: The name champagne is as jealously guarded by the French government as are regional names for claret and Burgundy. The wines used in the blending of champagne are required by French law to be grown within a delimited region surrounding the towns of Rheims and Epernay, in what was at one time the province of Champagne. Unlike other French wines, champagne is not bottled as grown. The wines from various vineyards are carefully blended by the shippers, and sugared to start the second fermentation. It is this second fermentation, which takes place in the bottle, that gives champagne its sparkle.

All champagnes before "dosing" are dry. Champagne sold as *brut* (natural) may contain up to one per cent by volume of sweetening syrup; *sec* (dry) up to four or five per cent; *demi-sec* up to eight per cent. In general, the excellence of a champagne is in direct proportion to its dryness; only the most flawless wines can be sold as *brut*. Extreme sweetening masks a wine's lack of quality.

American Wines

Contrary to popular misconception, many superb wines are produced today in the United States.

The original grape stocks upon which the American

wine industry was founded were European importations and have since undergone such marked improvement here that American roots have actually been used extensively for grafting by European vineyards for the purpose of immunizing their stock against the destructive phylloxera, a vine louse which threatened to devastate the European wine industry.

Also, during the past century many expert technicians migrated to America and quickly found a place for themselves in the grape-wine producing sections of the country. As a result, our domestic industry was soundly established on traditional European lines.

And to this background have been added the blessings of nature. For America's vineyards enjoy the finest grape-growing climate in the whole world. In California, particularly, climatic conditions are so stable that virtually every year is a "vintage" year, and the dating of wines is hardly necessary.

The best vintage areas in the United States are the nine counties surrounding San Francisco; Los Angeles County, the Cucamonga-Ontario district, and the San Diego district, famous for dessert wines; all in California; the Finger Lakes region of New York State; and the islands of Sandusky, Ohio, in Lake Erie.

The nine counties in northern California are: Marin, Sonoma, Napa, Solano, Contra Costa, Alameda, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, and San Mateo.

* * *

In buying American wines always look on the label for a statement about the region in which the grapes were grown. For in general the best wines are products of the three regions listed above.

The label on the better wines will also indicate the type of grape from which the wine has been made.

Great California red wines are produced from Cabernet or Pinot Noir grapes; good to fair wines from Gamay, Barbera, Petit Syrah, Nebbiolo, Zinfandel, Refosco, Charbono, and Grignolino grapes.

The best California white wines are from Pinot Chardonnay, true Riesling, and Pinot Blanc grapes. Good to fair from Sylvaner, Traminer, Sauvignon Blanc, Folle Blanche, Semillon, Chenin Blanc and Trebbiano grapes.

* * *

The most important Ohio vineyards are on Kelly's Island, North Bass, South Bass, and Middle Bass Islands, and Catawba Island—all in Lake Erie. Catawbias and Delawares are the chief grape varieties grown here. Among the best products of these grapes are "Cook's Imperial" champagnes, pressed, blended and bottled in St. Louis from Ohio grapes.

* * *

Excellent American champagnes are also produced in the Finger Lakes district of New York State. Among the best of these are "Great Western," "Gold Seal," and "Vintners." The grapes used for these wines are chiefly Delaware, Iona, Elvira, Isabella, and Catawba. This region also produces outstanding red wines loosely labeled "Burgundy" or "Claret," and produced, generally, from Eumelan, Clinton, Ives, and Concord grapes.

The New York State white wines are usually designated as "Rhine," "Sauternes," or "Chablis." The principal grape sources are Delawares, Elviras, and Catawbias. In recent years, however, there has been a tendency among New York vineyards to do away with misleading European names and label their products with a straightforward declaration of grape types and district.



Types of Brandies

Cognac

Technically, Cognac is grape brandy distilled from wines grown in a region about the size of Manhattan Island, surrounding the French town of Cognac. Thus all Cognac is French brandy; but all French brandies are not Cognac. The official Cognac district, called The Charente, contains six main subdivisions: Grande Champagne, Petite Champagne, Borderies, Fins Bois, Bons Bois, and Bons Ordinaire. These names would be unimportant except for the fact that they are the source of a great deal of confusion. Many people think, for example, that *Fine Champagne* means "exceptionally good champagne"; actually it means that the brandies so labeled have been grown in the Grande or Petite Champagne region.

Cognac does not age in the bottle. Thus the treasuring of "fine old bottles," dirty and cobwebbed, is at best no more than a pious fraud. A Cognac bottled in 1898 will taste today almost the same as it tasted the day it was bottled. Not only must Cognac be aged in the wood, but it must not be aged for too long a period. If aged too long, it can become "senile." The best age for a Cognac, it has been said, is like the best age for a woman—between twenty-five and forty.

The stars on a Cognac bottle are not an indication of age; they are there only for reasons of decoration and tradition. The letters on the label stand for English words: F for Fine, V for Very, O for Old, S for Superior, P for Pale, X for Extra, and C for Cognac. Thus V.O. means Very Old; S.F.C., Superior Fine Cognac.

The test of a good Cognac is this: Empty a glass after it has been thoroughly wetted inside with the brandy. If the Cognac is of good quality, the glass will retain its aroma for hours—sometimes for days.

Armagnac

Armagnac is French brandy produced in the Department of Gers, southeast of Bordeaux. It has a drier, harder taste than Cognac—and for this reason is preferred by some connoisseurs. The finer Armagnacs are the equals of Cognacs in quality.

Marc (pronounced "Mar")

Brandy distilled from the pomace, or pulpy mass, left in the wine



The happy conclusion to an imaginative meal expertly prepared and knowingly served is a liqueur. It is hard to find in the pantheon of spirits, concoctions or distillations more conducive to pleasantness and refined imagery than those of the classic liqueurs.

The liqueurs of renown are, for the most part, products of secret formulae and hush-hush procedures. The recipe for Chartreuse, for example, is never imparted to more than two living persons. The initiates are both trusted chemists within the fellowship of the Carthusian Fathers, under whom the liqueur attained its reputation. Comparable restrictions apply to Benedictine, another liqueur which had its beginnings in another clerical proprietorship.

It can be deduced from this that the realm of esthetic experience is divorced from that of scientific knowledge or the brotherhood of man. It is not a realm open to all, as wisdom might be. It is an esoteric thing. Its secrets are available only to the anointed ones; its pleasures are reserved for those who can buy the precious essences

press after juice of the grapes has been extracted. In Italy it is called *grappa*.

Calvados

Calvados is apple brandy made from the distillation of cider or the pulp of the special small apples which grow in the Department of Calvados, in Normandy. The chief difference between Calvados and our applejack is the aging: Calvados is aged-in-the-wood for ten years before bottling. Applejack is usually aged only from two to five years.

Spanish Brandy

A brandy distilled from sherry wine; it is heavier and sweeter than Cognac or Armagnac. It is sometimes known by the name of the shipper: e.g. Pedro Domecq. It is perhaps the best foreign brandy produced outside of France.

Pisco Punch

A grape brandy produced in the Inca Valley, near Pisco, Peru. It is usually matured in porous clay jars.

Metaxa

A sweet, heavy, dark, Greek grape brandy, slightly resin flavored.

Ouzo

A Greek grape brandy flavored with anise. It is the most popular apéritif of Greece. It is usually served with ice and water as a highball. In water, Ouzo acquires a milky, opalescent appearance.

Raki

A Turkish and Syrian brandy, usually distilled from a mash of mixed wine, figs, and dates. It is not generally aged and, for this reason, is harsh.

Kirsch (Kirschwasser)

Cherry brandy. When made from the Marasca cherries of Dalmatia, it is called Maraschino. Black Forest Kirsch is known as Schwartzwalder.

—and for the fortunate ones who are their guests.

One of the most renowned liqueurs is Chartreuse. The formula for Chartreuse was, during the sixteenth century, a prized secret possession of the French family of D'Estrées, into whose hands it had come from an unknown inventor. In 1607 the Maréchal d'Estrées presented the formula to the Carthusian Order of Monks. The formula was later improved by Brother Jerome Maubec, a chemist at the distillery at the Monastery of the Carthusian Fathers at Le Grande Chartreuse near Grenoble in the French Alps. Brother Jerome also developed the two liqueurs that we have today: Green Chartreuse and Yellow Chartreuse.

Corresponding secrecy and legend lies behind the famous D.O.M. Benedictine, which was developed by Dom Bernardo Vincelli, in the Benedictine Abbey at Fécamp, France, in 1510. The letters D.O.M., incidentally, stand for the Latin words, *Deo Optimo Maximo*, "To God, Most Good, Most Great."

Among other liqueurs which have a standard place in the service of connoisseurs are these:

Grand Marnier (an orange Curacao produced in Cognac).

Curacao itself, a liqueur made by steeping green oranges and other fruits and flavors in brandy.

Cherry Heering, a Danish cherry cordial.

Drambuie, a liqueur made from malted Scotch whisky and honey, according to a secret formula brought to Scotland in 1745 by an attendant of Prince Charles Edward.

Kümmel, a concoction of caraway seed and cumin seed.

A variety of cordials named after their flavorings: i.e., Crème de Cacao, Crème de Menthe, and Crème de Rose.

Liqueurs are generally served after dinner—with a demitasse.



SHOWN above is the all-purpose liquor closet, adaptable to any form of dwelling, from city apartment to country estate. In basic plan it is also flexible as to size, being applicable in modified form to either a small cupboard or a large cellar area.

For an apartment, select a closet well away from heating pipes or radiators, and as free as possible from drafts and vibration. Fine wines—like fine women—should be tenderly cared for.

In a house having cellar space, locate the closet at a safe distance from the furnace.

Wines should not be kept in a room whose temperature goes above 70 or below 50.

The most economical construction for wine-storage bins is the X type. These should be fifteen to eighteen inches deep, and there should be fifteen inches clearance between shelves.

Light beverage and sparkling wines are stored lying down. It is important to prevent the cork from drying out, with consequent seeping in of air. Fortified wines and hard liquors are stored upright on the shelves.

White wines and sparkling wines should be kept in the coolest part of the closet, close to the floor.

A shelf on the closet door is a convenience for storing such accessories as corkscrew, wine basket, and a cloth for wiping ancestral dust from old bottles.

Another valuable adjunct is the "cellar book," enabling you to keep records of all vintages bought, notes on differences in quality, on the menus with which they were most successful, and on the preferences of special guests.

Also on the cellar door might well go the chart on wines which appears in this *Intelligencer*, as a reference guide in the buying and serving of wines.

In case you are blinking in curiosity at the framed portrait on the cellar door, it offers an amusing suggestion for your bar:

The reverse side of the picture is an exact duplicate of the one shown—but with the customary single pair of eyes. On the wall of the bar, it will gaze complacently at the happy throng. As the evening warms and spirits rise, the host—unobserved—simply reverses the picture.

The "double take" of the overexuberant guest, suddenly intent upon bringing this apparition into focus, can make a memorable evening of one that might otherwise have been misspent—for the effect is definitely cautioning.

Connoisseur's Consultant

Q. What wines must be stored "lying down"?

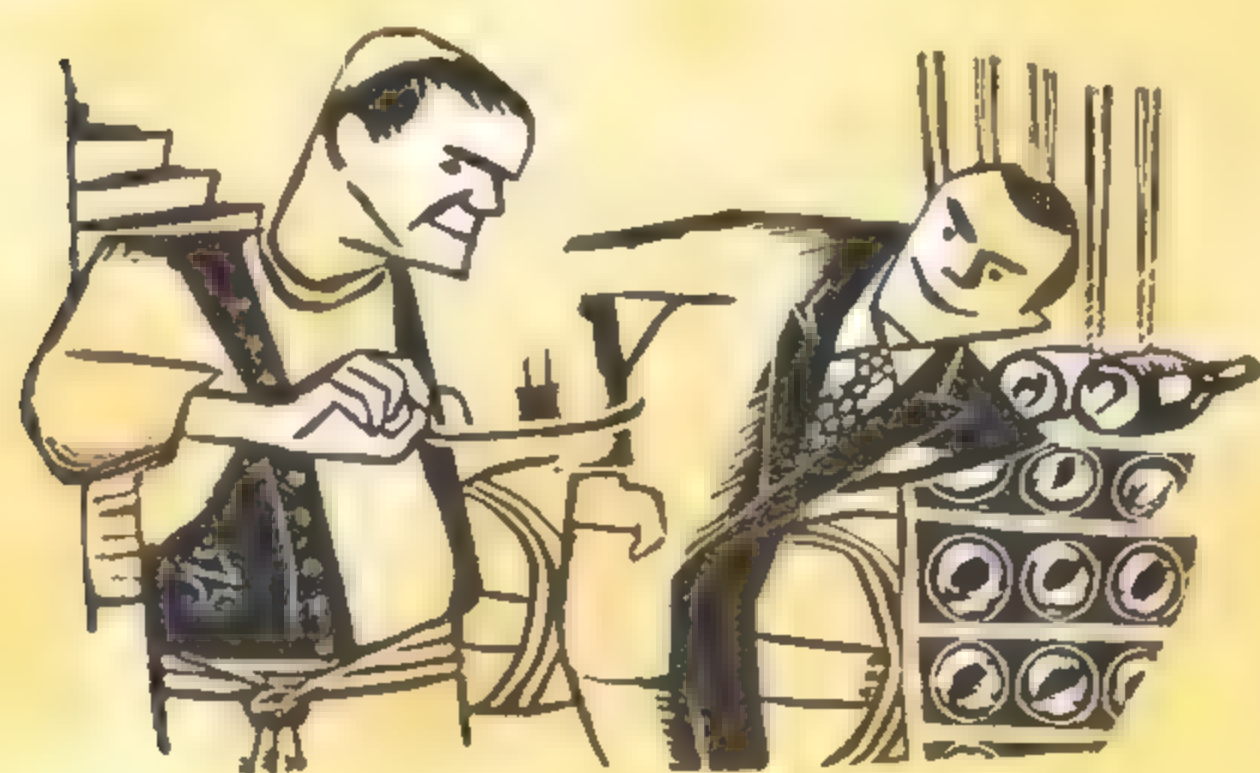
A. All wines that "pop"—i.e., all table wines and sparkling wines. Keeping the cork wet prevents entrance of air.

Q. What wines can be stored standing up?

A. All fortified wines: i.e., wines to which brandy has been added. Best-known are Sherry, Port, Marsala, and Madeira.

Q. Will wine "keep" after it's uncorked?

A. Fortified wines will "keep." Sparkling wines will go flat in a few hours. Dry table wines will turn sour within a day. Most sweet wines will keep several days.



Q. At what temperature should wines be served?

A. The general rule is: Red wines at room temperature (70 to 75 degrees); white wines at "cellar" temperature (55 to 60 degrees; 20 to 25 minutes in a refrigerator); sparkling wines chilled (2 to 3 hours in a refrigerator or 20 to 30 minutes in a bucket packed with ice). There are some exceptions, of course. A slight chilling sometimes masks the harshness of a cheap red wine.

Q. When should you use a wine "cradle"?

A. Only in serving old, vintage wines. Its purpose is to prevent agitation of the sediment—and for "dress."



Q. Are sweet wines produced from sweet grapes?

A. No. Sweet wines—such as sauternes—are the product of a mold allowed to grow on ordinary grapes. The mold creates a concentration of sugar.

Q. What is the best age for a wine?

A. Authorities differ on this point. Like women, some wines mature early; others retain their charm and flavor well into the autumn years. But—again as with women—inherent quality is essential regardless of age. Vintage years are more important than years alone.

Q. What wines improve in the bottle?

A. All unfortified wines—up to their time of

maturity. After this they decline—and finally "die."

Q. What is the proper way to uncork champagne?

A. Remove foil and wiring from around cork. Wrap napkin around bottle as a protection in case of breakage (champagne bottles have been known to explode). Hold bottle away from you at a 45-degree angle. Ease out cork with your free hand. Hold bottle at angle for a few seconds after the "pop" to let excess gas escape.

Q. Why does a vineyard name rarely appear on champagne?

A. Because champagne seldom is wine of one vineyard. Champagne is a blended wine.

Q. What is vermouth?

A. A wine to which various herbs and flavoring ingredients have been added. (French vermouth is dry; Italian sweet.)

Q. Should a wineglass be filled to the brim?

A. No. Room should be left for swirling the wine in the glass (to release its fragrance). Glasses should not be more than two-thirds to three-fourths full.



Q. What is the difference between Scotch and Irish Whiskies?

A. Both are distilled primarily from barley malt. In Scotland, however, the malted barley is dried over a peat fire; the whisky, as result, acquires a characteristic "peaty" taste. Irish can be described as "Scotch without the peat." Many Irish whiskies are pure barley-malt whiskies. Most export Scotch whiskies are blends of barley malt and other grain whiskies.

Q. Is it true that the older a whiskey is, the better it is?

A. No. Whiskey must age, but it tends to lose quality after fully matured.

Q. Which matures faster, bourbon or rye?

A. Matured bourbon requires four years aging in a barrel. Rye, five to six.

Q. Why is it important to age whiskey in a barrel?

A. The wood in the barrel contributes greatly to the flavor of the finished product. The study of barrels is a very important one in modern distilleries.

Q. How can one tell from a whiskey bottle's label what the alcoholic content is?

A. By dividing the "proof" by two. Thus 100-proof whiskey would contain fifty per cent alcohol.

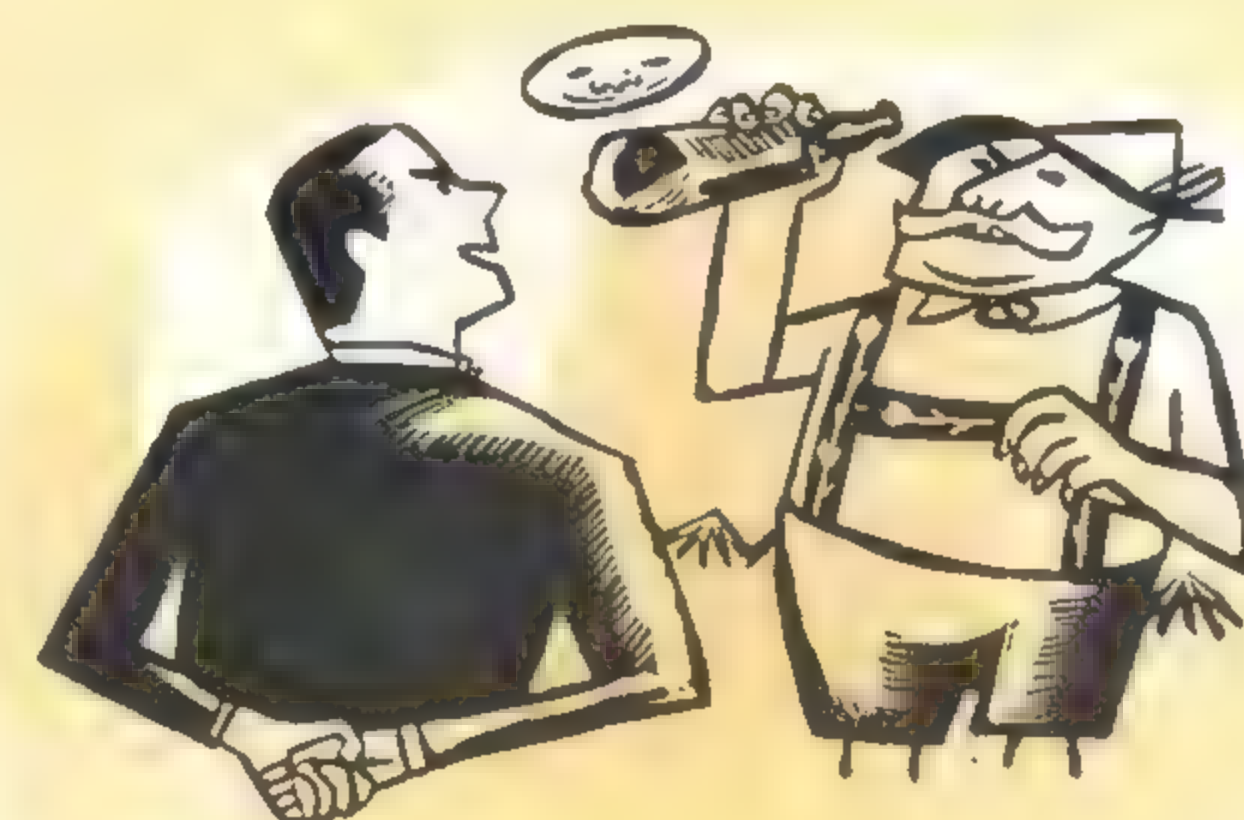
Q. Is proof an indication of quality?

A. No. A whiskey boasting a high proof is not necessarily good whiskey. It is merely

strong. To increase the proof, it is only necessary to add alcohol.

Q. What is the ideal temperature for serving beer?

A. Beer at 45° is properly chilled for serving. In no case should it be served when under 40° for it will taste flat.



Q. How should beer be stored?

A. In a dark cool place. If in the refrigerator it should be kept in a cool section, not the coldest. Bottled beer should never be left standing in sunlight; it will acquire a "skunky" flavor.

Q. Why would the foam on a glass of beer lose its body more readily when a woman drinks it than when a man drinks it?

A. Grease in lipsticks affect the foam. If soap is used in washing beer glasses, it will also affect the foam on the beer. It is better to use salt and water.

Q. Brandy inhalers serve what purpose?

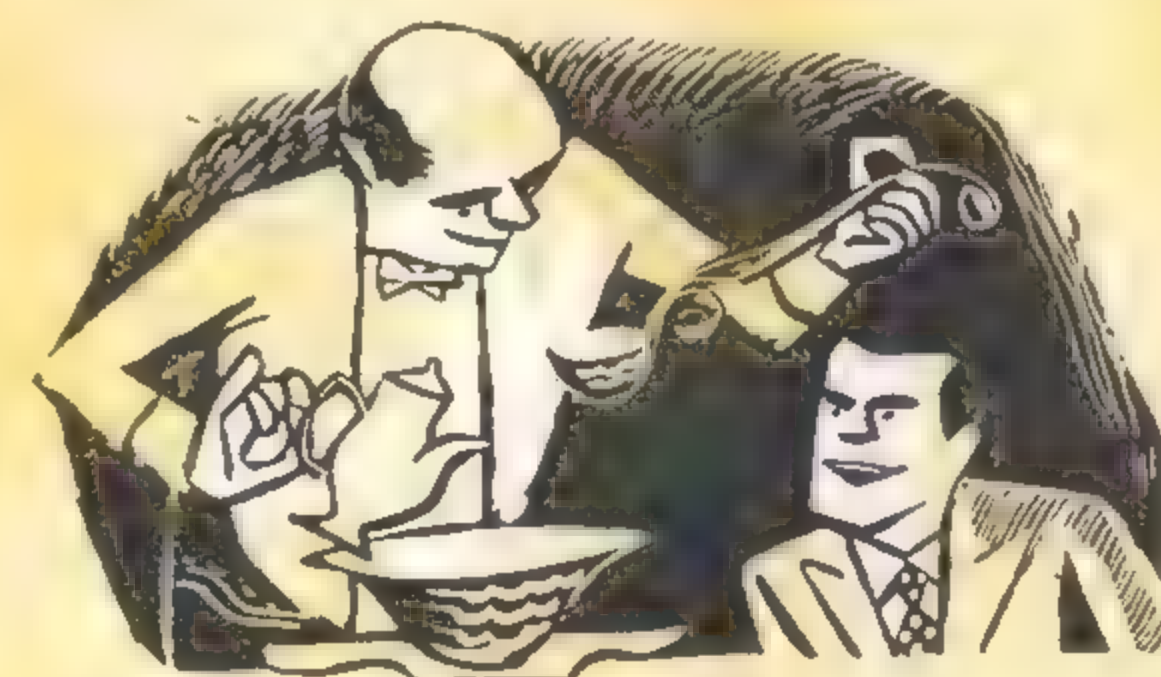
A. This wide-bellied glass fits the palm of the hand so that one can swirl the brandy around in the glass. The heat of the hand warms the brandy and brings out its distinctive aroma.

Q. Which liqueur is almost "worth its weight in gold"?

A. Goldwasser. It contains floating particles of pure gold foil.

Q. Which liqueur owes its distinctive flavor to a seed often used in rye bread?

A. Kümmel—made with caraway seeds.



Q. Which after-dinner drink has the most dramatic eye as well as palate appeal?

A. Café Brûlé. To make it, put some brandy in a silver bowl over an alcohol burner, add a few cloves, a stick of cinnamon, orange peel and nuts. As the bowl becomes heated the mixture will ignite and burn with a blue flame. After it flames a few minutes, ladle the streaming fire while slowly adding fresh black coffee until the flames are quenched.



BEEER is possibly the oldest and most universally used fermented beverage. The meager and often murky quality of water as the ultimate in liquid refreshment seems to have dawned upon Man almost simultaneously with the dawn of civilization.

One of the earliest archaeological relics of recorded history reveals that more than six thousand years ago two gay blades of Tepe Gawra, in Mesopotamia, clinked their hammered golden straws and toasted the health of the world's first known brewer who had quenched the thirst of the conquering hordes of "painted pottery peoples" then sweeping in from the East, from India and Persia, to Mesopotamia.

"Beer is Better," they agreed. So much so that Egyptians soon preferred beer to the Nile, and deified barley in association with the body of Osiris. Consequently, drinking of fermented barley juice became the accepted way to feel, at least temporarily, "divine." The effect of the brew fortified the notion—it seemed indeed a heavenly feeling—and in record time the pyramids were built.

Nor was beer unimportant in founding the New World. A journal kept by the Pilgrims on the Mayflower reveals that they would have sailed to the Hudson River instead of landing at Plymouth Rock—had they not begun running out of supplies and "especially beer!" Thus was New England created.

William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, was one of the first Americans to operate a brewery on a commercial scale. George Washington, James Oglethorpe, Samuel Adams, Israel Putnam—all had either financial or personal interest in breweries.

Beer, as we enjoy it today, exists in a variety of types. It is, in fact, a generic term for all malt beverages. Ales and stouts for example, are technically beers.

Ordinary beer is made from malted barley and other starchy cereals, flavored with hops.

Ale is an aromatic malt or malt-and-cereal brew, usually heavier and more tart than beer. Since the yeast in the ale remains on top of the brew, it is, by rights, a "top-fermentation" beverage.

Stout is ale of dark color, slightly sweetish, and with a strong hop flavor.

Lager is a common type of beer—bright, clear, light-bodied, slightly sparkling and

effervescent. Most American beers are of the lager type.

Bock beer is heavier, darker, and a trifle sweeter than lager. It is brewed in small quantities for sale in the spring. This, of course, is only a matter of tradition. The bock season lasts from three to six weeks.

Notes on Serving

Beer served too cold will be flat and cloudy. If the beer is served too warm, the gas will break away from the liquid, creating that ebullient product known as "wild beer."

The ideal temperature for serving beer is 42 degrees; for ale, 55 degrees. Imported beers should be served at 48 to 50 degrees; Bass ale and Guinness stout at 55 degrees. These instructions are important, for the nearer a beer is to its ideal temperature, the better it will taste.

Beer goes well with all tangy or spiced dishes, particularly sharp cheese. And since salad dressings and sauces sharply flavored with vinegar will kill the taste of wines, beer is the logical accompaniment. It should never be served, however, with heavy cream sauces, with sweets of any kind or with whipped-cream desserts.

Otherwise, beer can be served at any hour of any day—at all seasons. Taken at night it promotes happy collapse and easy sleep.

* * *

SHOWN below are menus for three unusual "Beer Occasions" in which you and the brew will share honors. Each promises a truly memorable gastronomic and social event.

The **BEER & BIRD** is most suitable for the outdoor grill, with its special incense of autumn, charcoal smoke, and roasting game.

The **BEER BUFFET** is literally an all-beer affair—beer in hand,

beer in food and beer inside. The bisques suggested here are among the truly great delicacies which can be prepared with—a can opener!

And the **BEER & BITE** can be literally "thrown together" ahead of time in a matter of minutes, and planted in the icebox. Whereupon the casual suggestion of a midnight raid produces a rave.

* * *

Beer & Bird

Black Velvet
(½ Guinness Stout—
½ Champagne)

Canapés

Duck, Pheasant,
Grouse or Partridge
(Stuffed with fruit, trussed,
spitted and roasted)

Beer

Mixed Green Salad
with Wine Vinegar

Hot Pie

Ale

Beer Buffet

Melon Cup with Beer Dressing
(Melon balls chilled and
served in beer)

Shrimp, Oyster or Crayfish
Bisque with Wild Rice

Bock Beer or Stout

Vegetable Salad in Beer Jelly*

Brandied Peaches

*Soak 2 tablespoons gelatin in cup beer. Add 2½ cups warm seasoned stock, 1 tsp. sugar. Arrange cooked vegetables, diced meat and pearl onions in mold. Pour on semi-liquid mixture. Chill. Unmold on lettuce and serve with sharp mayonnaise or French dressing.

Beer & Bite

Cold Meat Platter

Cheese in Blankets
(Sliced cheese, ham and thin
bread rolled and toasted)

Beer

Cheese and Crackers

Beer Nog

(1 glass beer, 1 whole egg,
whip with fork)

MEN•MICE & MALT

THE spirit of the malt, like the scapegoat of ancient Elam and Sumer, has too often been loaded with the sins which belong properly on the insufficiently muscled backs of men. Strong drink, gentlemen, is for strong men—men of well-rooted perception, proportion, discretion. It is not for the bar mouse. Weak spirits throwing stones at strong spirits traduce the benevolence of Bacchus.

Fine drinking, in short, means robust, life-loving, discriminating tasting, sipping, savoring, quaffing. It is a kind of creative connoisseurship. It is not for the faint of heart.

The fact that cantraps dear to singers of *The Face on the Barroom Floor* are so frequently draped around the neck of bottles is not in itself an indictment of bottles. It is an indictment of provincialism, confusion, and those Lost-Weekenders who try fitfully to drown a case history of personal misfortunes in the clear and often golden contents of an unoffending flagon.

"The Amateur distingué," said the celebrated epicure, Brillat-Savarin, "is one who, having drunk the best wines, and, with suitable precautions, even the most famous, can retire to rest confident of enjoying an untroubled night's sleep as the reward of his discriminating moderation."

There are moments, unfortunately, when the most discerning of us exceed the tolerance limits of our system. The excess is sometimes due to fatigue, sometimes to unpredictable idiosyncracies—and sometimes it is due simply to the persuasive and eloquent charms of conviviality.

The discomforts which usually result from this excess are neither as destructive as the reformers would make out, nor as innocent as the chronic offenders would have us believe. They are usually violations of taste and judgment—like avoidable skids on ice-coated roads.

It is to be noted that, contrary to moralistic polemics, alcohol itself, in reasonable quantities, is not considered harmful to the human body. According to some authorities, it is actually believed to be present in the blood stream—a side effect of the action of the gastric juices and ferments of the sugars and the starches in the stomach.

Contrary to general impression, alcohol taken in mixed drinks—even in occasional moments of overindulgence—does not damage healthy organs. Despite the frequent and parlous warnings on the subject, alcohol has no damaging effect on the average drinker's stomach, heart, kidneys, brain, or nervous system. *Nor does it produce fat.* It generates energy without making the body work, supplying the blood stream, as it does, with carbon dioxide and water.

Alcohol is one of the few foods taken into the body which is unaffected by the digestive system. The stomach and the intestines pass it into the blood stream unchanged.

It is generally agreed that the malaise of overindulgence is quite similar in its effect to a "hang-over" which might result from ether anesthesia or possibly to the headache that is a direct result of carbon monoxide

asphyxiation. The proper cure for this malaise is simply rest and time.

A subsidiary cause is a deficiency of Vitamin B₁—Thiamin Hydrochloride. Alcohol depletes the B₁ content of the system. The remedy for this is more B₁—a few glasses of tomato juice or mixed vegetable juices, or simple Vitamin B₁ tablets will help compensate for the B₁ depletion.

One of the best system insulators against these untoward effects of alcohol is food. Many foods provide the stomach with an efficient protective lining. The best preventive of all is fat milk—cream. Other protective foods—they are valuable in the order named—include whole milk, butter and other fats, olive oil, and meats.

Food is the counterbalance of alcohol; it should be married to the drink before festivities, and remain a loving companion to it during and after the moments of the bottle.

The morning after eat lightly but well. Stick to the easily digested items like soft-boiled eggs and hot cereals with cream. Drink lots of vitamin-rich fruit and vegetable juices. Stay away from the hair of the dog; instead drink coffee. The heat of the coffee is a comforting stimulant; the coffee itself has a neutralizing effect on the alcohol remaining in the system. Above all—rest. Embrace Morpheus.

All of this, however, is by-the-by. It is a casual aside, having no more proper place in a prolegomena on libations than a treatise on sprained ankles has in a manual on skiing.

Still, a clinical note is in order. The research of modern psychology has thrown much light on untoward responses to everyday events. And it hints that much of the discomfort of the morning after may not be as much physiological as psychosomatic. We all nurture in our secret places a strong reservoir of *mea culpa*. We tend to blame ourselves for every signal item in chaos—from the San Francisco fire to the death of a neglected maiden aunt in Hohohokus, New Jersey. Guilt-feelings, like pneumonia germs, are always with us and await only their appointed hour of momentary triumph.

The morning which follows a convivial evening is usually a time for repentance—not that there is anything necessarily to repent; the psyche invents its own reasons. It is as if it were obsessed with the slogan: "Thou shalt not enjoy thyself."

What follows is often a physiological pun, an acting out of a play of words. Life is a headache; you acquire a headache. Your problems make you dizzy; you become dizzy. Unconsciously you knock yourself out as self-punishment for releasing your inhibitions the night before.

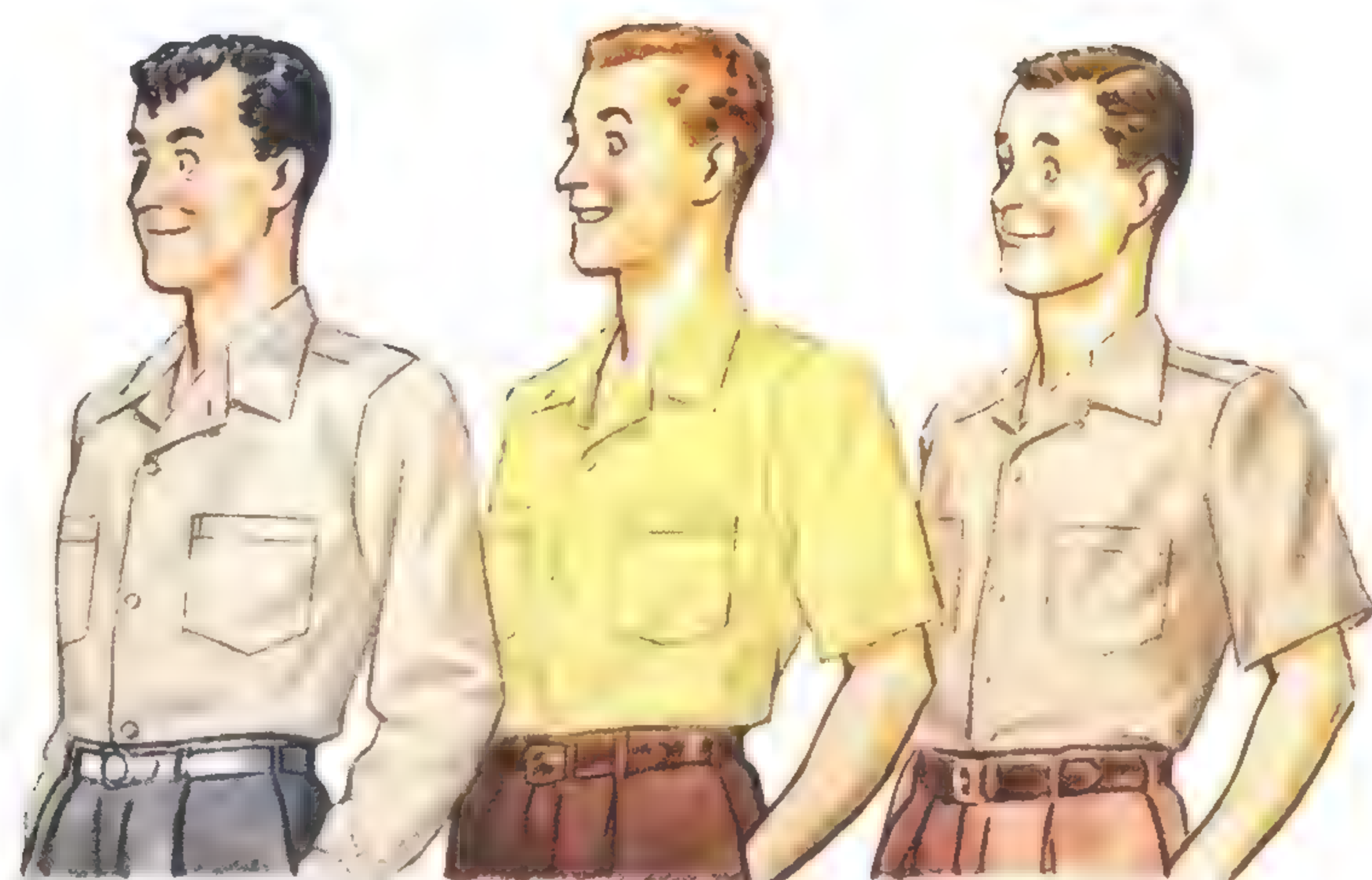
Such symptoms, it is pleasant to observe, disappear as stealthily as they arrive; and their departure can sometimes be hastened by a quick, realistic survey of your situation as it really is—and a casual totaling of the score.

Item: It is good, upon occasion, to confound your inhibition and invite the soul to cavort, leaping nimbly in gaiety for rest. Don't blame the malt for the hops.##

Acknowledgment is made to the following for their generous co-operation in the preparation of *The Esquire Liquor Intelligencer*: Photography, Edgar de Evia; glassware for long drinks, The Barmart, Inc.; glassware for cocktails, Hammacher Schlemmer & Company, Inc.; liquor supplier for The Balanced Bar, M. Lehmann, Inc.; bar and bar equipment, The Barmart, Inc., and Hammacher Schlemmer & Company, Inc., all in New York City.



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Chief Koala's Son-in-Law

Knowing the customs of the country, the visitor had no choice but to accept the ultimate courtesy the chief offered in the person of his youngest daughter

A Story by JIM BUFORD

It was hot and depressing in the little bar, but I had to admit that the beer was good. In fact, the beer was the only good point I could find in Berue. Our ship had just landed after weeks of sailing across oily waters that still bore traces of the barely ended war. We'd been given shore leave as soon as we tied up, and God knew we needed it. There was no formality on the *Nuttawlk*. When the last knot was tied in the line, the old man yelled out, "Git, damn ye, and be back here on the tide."

I lit right out for the bar, and after I'd got the rough edges off my thirst I leaned back to listen. Drums. That was it, the sound of drums, beating in regular time, till you wanted to pump your ear like you do when you ride the roller coasters on Coney. And outside, in that godawful heat, natives passed continually, mostly with white aprons draped around the middle, and some of the young ones without that even. I looked over at the bartender, who was polishing a glass with care. A little spit, a quick rub, and then he'd hold it in the light.

"Kinda gets on your nerves, don't it?" The bartender was looking at me through a glass he'd just spit on. "The drums, I mean," he said.

I glanced out the window again, and then back to the bartender. I wondered if there was any connection between the hurrying natives and the drums.

"What's it all about?" I asked. "Some sort of big tribal ceremony?"

The bartender looked at me with a funny expression. "Just come in?"

I nodded. "The *Nuttawlk*," I said. "Cop-ra."

"Oh," he said. "Then you wouldn't know."

I took a long swallow of the beer. "What in hell are you talking about?" I asked, wiping my mouth with my hand and liking the taste of salt. "You mean the drums, the natives, or what?"

"Boy, oh boy." He shook his head from side to side as though he had a terrific headache. "You done missed the story of your life if you ain't heard of Old Jaguar." He continued to shake his head and wipe another damned glass. That damned wiping was getting as irritating as the drums, but after all, it was his business.

"Bring me another," I said, "and you can tell me about it." I guessed that he had another bush story to tell, and what the hell. I figured the fellow might be lonesome for a white man to talk to. I had nothing to lose anyhow. If I'd heard it, it would pass time away. He did have a story, and what a tale it was. Straight out of the inferno, it was something to curl your hair.

He came around the end of the shabby little bar, two glasses in his hand. His fat face was beaming, and I knew he was almost bursting with the story.

He sat the beer down, untied the dirty towel from around his waist, and grunted his way into a chair. After he got settled, we both took a long drag at the beer.

"So you don't know about Jaguar? Well, you'll get one now that you can save for

your grandchildren." He slopped at his beer.

"Just who, what, and why is this Jaguar that you talk about?" I asked.

"You know," he began, "that this is the biggest leper colony on the coast, don't you?"

I didn't, and said so.

"Well, it is."

He settled his fat belly a little more comfortably, and I could tell that I was in for a long one. He began again.

"There were about two thousand known lepers here. The government has made an effort to round up all known cases and isolate them. However, it has been a long, hard, and almost impossible job. You see, the natives, from chief on down to the lowliest tribesman, hold that any leper is a holy being, afflicted by the gods to punish the people for some known or fancied wrong. So there are still hundreds of cases free, living among their people, treated like gods themselves. None of the natives would take a chance of offending a god by turning in a leper. Of course, if the government agents locate the cases, the natives accept that as an act of one of their gods, and forget the matter. But turn one in to the colony? Never!"

"But this Jaguar," I interrupted. "How does he fit . . ."

"I'm coming to that," he said, "but don't rush me. You'll miss the best part."

"Okay," I said. "Go on."

"Well, this Jaguar that I speak of, he was the King of the Lepers. I say was, because that is what the drums speak of. The Leper King died this morning, and the drums are

calling the natives to the burning."

"Burning?" I asked.

"Yes, they always do. Even the least intelligent ones among the natives know that to burn a diseased body is best, particularly in this country." I looked out the window. The natives still scrambled past in much haste, the white of waist cloths shining in contrast to the black skins and the godawful sun. You could tell it was hot, terribly hot, because looking across the road the passing natives looked like what you see in these crazy mirrors that they have in the fun houses at Coney. You know, all misshapen and twisted like. I turned back to the bartender.

"Surely all those people out there don't have leprosy."

"No," he answered. "They don't."

"But why," I wanted to know, "are they all going to his funeral?"

"Well, it's like I told you. They think a leper is holy. If lepers are holy, then it stands to reason their leader is even more holy, and thus nearer to their gods. A chosen one, in other words."

He paused to let that sink in. I could see that he was pleased with my reaction, and eager to go on with the story.

"It's not that the majority of the natives actually worship the Leper King," he continued. "It's just that they feel that if he is holy, then they don't want to offend the gods. So why take a chance? And anyway the ceremony provides a break in their lives, and the possibility is always there, to them, that they might do themselves good. These natives are smarter than you'd give them credit for. Shrewd, I'd call 'em."

I nodded agreement, then motioned to my empty glass. While he was getting another beer, I thought the matter over. A sort of born knowl- (Continued on page 104)



"The doctor can never forget about his work!"

edge, I guessed, might really give them the ability to think out complicated problems. But before now I'd always thought of them as stupid and slow, like the writers portrayed them.

The fat man came back, resumed his seat, and started talking again. The beer was getting hot, but it gave a sort of tingle to my toes, and I knew what that meant.

"But there was still another reason for this regard that the natives held for the Leper King, a reason that was due to the feeling that a white man is, in himself, close to a god." The bartender paused, smacking his lips over the beer.

"A white man, in this country, does try to play God, sometimes," I answered. "True enough." The bartender was something of a philosopher too, I gathered from his next remark. He went on.

"I think that there is a little of God in all of us, a little of the lust for power and respect that so often leads to a bad end. It's always there. It just comes out more here in this country."

"Well, what was the reason you spoke of?" I asked.

He pulled at his beer, the collar leaving a white rim that looked like soap suds around his mouth.

"You see, this Leper King was a white man!" the bartender said.

I choked on my beer, almost dropped it in my lap.

"What the hell?" I asked. "I didn't know that whites had it. At least, not over here. I thought they were all under government care." I was slow in recovering my poise. My God! A white man! And a Leper King at that. It was like something from a dream. I was cold sober now, just like I had been swamped with ice water.

A white man, king of a colony of thousands of black native lepers. It was unbelievable. "But why?" I asked, now thoroughly interested. "Why a white man?" I was excited now; I had to know.

"Well," he went on, "this fellow was a soldier, come over during the Boer War. At that time the big shot of all the natives was a local chieftain, one Koala. This Koala had several daughters, all pretty as a picture, as natives go.

"This Koala was no ordinary man in himself. He was head of some ten different tribes, with thirty or forty lesser chieftains and about three hundred thousand subjects. Well educated and the most widely traveled

man in his country, he was always petted and pampered by the opposing factors in the war. First one would give him some tremendous favor, and then the other, each trying to gain favor with the king, and thus gain the power and prestige of his subjects, to whom the chief's word was law."

He took a swallow and wiped his mouth. I had forgotten my own beer.

"Well, you know how it is with a young fellow," he continued. "Away from women so long, and all that. After a time the chief's daughters began to look better and better. The king had a large home, European style, and it was really fixed up. Rugs, nice furniture, and all that stuff.

"The chief had taken a liking to the young fellow, later known as Jaguar, and repeatedly invited him up to his home. Being a hearty sort of boy, he took it for a long time, and then, one day he gave in and accepted. It was a sort of heaven to the boy, kind of being home again. He must have been tired to death of the dirt, the stinking swamps, the insects, the danger and death always near. I'd guess that he was homesick for home and all the comforts."

"Well," I pushed him a little, "go on." I wanted to hear the rest of the story, and kept worrying about the tide and wondering if there would be time.

"There's not much more to it," he said, wiping his mouth with the polishing rag. "As I said, the boy went on up to the big house that night, ate a hell of a supper, and, I guess, had a hell of a time.

"And so Koala invited the boy to spend the night. Hospitality being what it is here, the boy knew what that meant. The old chief was offering not only his home and his food, but his women as well, an offering that spoke of high honor in this country, an honor reserved for visiting chiefs and so on.

"The boy had had a few drinks, native stuff, you know, and it's same as raw alcohol. Well, he stayed. Guest room and all that sort of stuff, pretty well fixed up. I guess it must have seemed like a vacation to the kid, at that time.

"That night the boy heard someone come to his room curtain. Sure enough, it was as he had expected. One of the old man's daughters had come to give the visitor the ultimate award of household courtesy. He couldn't tell which girl it was; the moonlight filtering in the window was just enough to see the form. He was positive, however, that it was one of the girls, and probably

one of the youngest. Hell, to him, it didn't matter anyway."

He swallowed some more beer. "And so it went." He looked at me and I looked at him, him pleased at my eagerness, me almost hating him for deliberately dragging it out.

"The boy liked the setup. The commanding officer was far away, not due for an early return. Here was a change. The boy stayed on for nearly a month, and every night it was the same. It was always interesting, because he never knew who his visitor was, whether it was the same one or a different one each night. And it added spice. The boy felt like a new man, gained weight, and began to like the damn country again, at least enough to tolerate it.

"Then came the inevitable time when the boy had to return to duty. All the girls were there to bid him farewell, along with the chief and his household. The leave-takings were rather long, complicated by the usual ceremony. As the boy turned to leave the pleasant, cool home, he caught sight of a slim figure, swathed in white from head to foot, even to the face. Turning to the chief, he questioned, without speaking, his glance conveying the thought. The chief understood. 'The only unclean one of my family,' he said, in quiet dignity. 'Leprosy has always claimed one of our family, down through the ages. But she is happy, in her own way, and I regret that she would have been the fairest of all my brood.' The king sighed. 'Even she bids you farewell, and welcome again when you will.'

"The boy, standing still, had not moved. His eyes were fixed on the heavy gold ornament on the girl's wrist."

The fat bartender sipped at the dregs in his glass, and I wanted to reach over and slap him. He finally continued. "Slowly, the boy turned to the girls standing on the veranda. He eyed each girl's arms, fearing to look at the next. That which he sought was not there. He remembered that bracelet, each night a searing page in the past month. He turned again to the figure swathed in white and the bracelet was still there, and he could see that it was solid, that only amputation could remove it, and clearly outlined in sharp relief were the figures of the leper god engraved in the gold. He knew then and as he turned down the trail with no further word or sign, walking as though an old, old man with a terrible burden, it was evident that the onlookers knew and were sorry."

I was silent, thinking of the boy, his feelings at that moment, of the hell that must have come through years of doubt, hope, and then, one day, the despair of knowledge.

"And the Jaguar, as you called him, was that boy?" I asked.

"Yes," the bartender answered. "He knew he could never return home. He kept his secret, got his discharge from the service, and disappeared into the jungle. No one heard of him for years, until the story of the White Leper King slipped out through the lips of a drunken native. After he learned that the government knew, he came out into the open and, there being sympathetic Englishmen, even as resident commissioners, they let him stay."

I rose to go; the tide was nearing and time was short.

"The girl?" I left the question unfinished.

"Yes." He was polishing the table now. "He claimed her. They lived together until she died a few years ago."

I flipped a silver dollar, good old Americana, on the table and took off for the beach.

The drums seemed softer now, and had a sad tempo.

"Berue," I thought. "What a hell of a name." #



"Try not to notice him. They pride themselves on their unobtrusive service"

Toward Endless Horizons

The captain found the sea a gentle lady compared to the shorebound woman who, in her way, was as much of an artist as anyone who had ever put brush to canvas

A Story by SI PODOLIN

"BLAST it," said Captain McCormack as he carried an armful of underwear past the chief engineer to the suitcase on his bunk, "whether you decide to come along or not, Mr. Lynch, I'm through."

"That," said the chief engineer, "is a sweet little tune."

"This time," persisted the old man, "I mean it."

"You better hold off a while before you tell the office you're quitting," cautioned Mr. Lynch. "The ship'll be tied up here at least another week. You might want to think it over."

"Man, I've been thinking of nothing else for the last thirty years, and nothing this side of hell will stop me now," said the old man. "And if you had any savvy in that thick skull of yours, Mr. Lynch, you'd pitch in with me."

"Sinking all that dough into a chicken farm! What do you know about chickens? You might as well put an electric-turbine man on a Diesel engine for the first time in his life and tell him to go ahead and take the ship out."

Captain McCormack went over to the liquor locker. "Mr. Lynch," he said, pouring out two whiskies, "all the years we've been shipmates I've credited you with an unusual amount of intelligence for an engineer. But apparently I was under a grave delusion."

Mr. Lynch looked down at the deck. "I want to quit this miserable life as badly as you. But at my age a man's always afraid he's liable to go off the deep end."

"I'd be a hell of a shipmate to have you believe there was no risk involved," said Captain McCormack, pouring out more whiskey. "But I can't make you out. At sea I've seen you take risks with your life that no sane man would. Now here you are piddling over a few thousand dollars."

"Five thousand," corrected the chief engineer.

"Chickens," continued Captain McCormack, "are the simplest creatures in the world to handle. You mean to tell me a first-class executive officer can't take care of a few harmless chickens?"

"I don't know." The old man poured the chief another drink.

"It's a lovely place," he continued, growing lyrical, "on the southern slope of a hill. And in the spring there're lilac bushes around the house and a blanket of gold daffodils all over the green hill. From the front porch you can look out over the Sound: and the water's a soft blue, not green and hard like the sea." The skipper was carried away by his own vision. "It's the ideal place for a man to spend his old age," he adjoined thoughtfully.

"I'm no plow engineer."

"This," said the old man, "is gentleman farming. All we do is feed the hens twice a day, then make the rounds and haul in the eggs."

"I had a shipmate once," said the chief engineer, "who used to be a genuine apple-knocker. He said chickens were the meanest, dirtiest critters on the face of the earth,

First of all, he said, they're cannibals. Secondly, he said, you had to even take care of their sex life or they wouldn't lay an egg."

"Is that too much to do for a little creature who's making life a paradise for you?" "It's a big gamble."

"Know what eggs're bringing now?" asked Captain McCormack eagerly. "They're bringing seventy-five and eighty cents a dozen."

"That's retail."

"We'll sell retail. The farm's near a town." The old man held his whiskey glass up to his lips and drank deep. "Eggnogs," he mused, "every morning. Eggnogs with heavy cream."

"No cows," blurted out Mr. Lynch. "There's a sweetish odor about cows that's even worse than a ship's bilges."

"Cold winter nights," continued the old man dreamily, "we'll sit around the local tavern swapping yarns. We'll listen to the wind outside and pity the poor sailorman out in the North Atlantic standing on his beam's end. Never in all my seagoing days did I own anything more'n I could get into a seabag. It'll feel good to have something that'll stay put."

The chief engineer ran his hand over his partially bald head. "I don't know," he said painfully.

"Blast it all, man," bellowed Captain McCormack, "you want to go to sea until they bury you in it, or stow you away in Snug Harbor?"

Reluctantly Mr. Lynch removed an envelope from the inside pocket of his jacket,

and the old man eagerly appropriated it. "You don't have to worry, chief," he said, smiling assuredly. "I know my way around in these matters. Why, sir, on innumerable occasions it has been suggested that I enter the business world."

With Mr. Lynch's aid, Captain McCormack carried his bags down to the dock and got into a waiting taxi.

"I've got to stay aboard tonight," said Mr. Lynch, a funereal expression coming over his hawk face. "Meet you at the hotel tomorrow."

"You act like you were heading for a wake," said the old man.

"I've got a premonition. You won't tell them at the office we're quitting yet?"

"Anything you say, chief."

As the cab drew away from the ship's side, Captain McCormack did not look back. Ten years ago he might have had a pang of remorse on leaving his old vessel. But now his mind was preoccupied by thoughts of a brave new life.

At the hotel Captain McCormack unpacked one of his bags and glanced at himself in the mirror.

"Rather like a prosperous businessman," he thought. "A bit too heavy midships, but that'll adjust itself pretty quickly as soon as I begin farming."

He made his way to the lobby, sat down in one of the fustian chairs and lit a cigar. But the hustle and bustle of the hotel soon began to annoy him. About everything there was the same impersonal air one found in a foreign port. He glanced across the thick carpet at several well-dressed gentlemen who were gathered in a knot talking intently. Though they were apparently engaged in some very important conversation, to Captain McCormack there seemed to be a moribund air of (Continued on page 106)



"Gosh, Albert! If I didn't have you to talk to
I think I'd go crazy"

Toward Endless Horizons

Continued from page 105

impermanence about them. It was always the same when the old man returned from the sea; ordinary shoreside interests took on a tone of meaningless triviality.

Muttering to himself, the old man went into the hotel bar and had several quick drinks. The place was lit with a dull, amber light which gave him a sense of unclean secrecy. In a water-front gin mill a man did his drinking in the open, up and aboveboard.

Suddenly the captain wondered why the expressions of the people in the bar were so alike, with that peculiar characteristic which comes from an inner, painful uncertainty. One did not find that tension among people who lived in the rural sections of the country, he thought. It was a different life out there, with a productivity that was sound and lasting. Rising, the captain went to the bar for some cigars. When he returned there was a handsome woman sitting at his table. As he took his seat she excused herself and was about to leave.

"Please don't bother," he said.

She remained seated and the captain awkwardly ordered her a drink. Tall and slender, she was dressed in black, her soft prematurely grey hair contrasting elegantly with her youthful face. The captain had never associated with any woman but the water-front type and was at a loss for words. The liquor soon did remarkable things to his ego.

"Your grey hair," he said timidly, "doesn't fool me. I'm old enough to be your father."

"Men your age are rather attractive," she replied, laughing.

"But never dangerous."

"I wouldn't depend on that."

The old man grinned broadly. "I've always liked danger. Never felt life was worth denying one's self the pleasure that comes with risking your neck."

"You must have lived a very interesting life," she said. At that moment she noticed the large diamond ring the old man wore.

"Got that ten years ago in Karachi, India," he said.

"It's lovely." She seemed hypnotized by the brilliant stone.

"You know," Captain McCormack blurted out, "I hardly know how to act with a woman like you. You see," he continued apologetically, "I'm a sea captain. Rather," he added, "I was a sea captain."

"How interesting," she said.

"I'm quitting the sea."

"How strange. Most men in New York would give anything to live your kind of life."

"My chief engineer and I are buying a farm." The old man's leathery wind-burned face flushed a deep red. "It's not that the sea's got us licked. Just that we want something more out of life."

"You know," the woman said, leaning over to him, "it's quite a coincidence my meeting you like this. I'm a painter," she said, speaking quickly. "I've been work-

ing on a sailor series. But I can't seem to get an authentic mood into my work. I think it's because my subjects haven't been real. If I could get the proper model to work with, someone who could give me the feel of the sea."

"And what do you mean by the feel of the sea?"

"I don't really know. That's why I'm groping." Hurriedly she swallowed the rest of her cocktail and the old man ordered several more. At first he had tried to time his drinking with that of the woman, fearing she could not keep up with him, but now he found it difficult to keep up with her.

"To get the real mood into a picture like that," said Captain McCormack, "all you'd have to do is put yourself in the place of a sailor who falls over the side some dark night. He hears the ship's propeller as she passes him by, and then he hears its impulses in the water as the vessel disappears over the horizon. When day enters he's still afloat, a thousand miles from nowhere."

There was a pause in the conversation. Then the woman said, "You might think this strange, but I am absolutely sure I could get the mood I've been looking for if I used you as my model."

Captain McCormack grew deeply embarrassed. "I'm leaving town tomorrow," he said.

"Only a sketch or two."

At that moment the old man noticed something about the woman which reminded him of a crouching Brazilian jungle cat.

"How long would the sketch take?" he asked.

"Four hours at the most," she answered. "Of course," she added, "the more time I have the better."

"This forepeak of mine," continued the old man, tapping his paunch, "is entirely off the beam. As a rule sailors are lean and hungry looking."

"It's the expression on your face," she insisted. "I'm sure it's what I've been striving for."

A trifle unsteadily the old man arose. "Let's go," he said.

They got in a cab and drove down Fifth Avenue to Eighth Street, then the woman directed the driver to a narrow alleylike street off Ninth Avenue.

"We're almost on the water front," asserted the old man. "Bad place to be this time of the night."

They went up a long flight of steps and into a large studio. The only furniture in the room was a table, several chairs, a full-length mirror, an easel with other artist's equipment and a hand-painted screen. There was a raised platform at one end of the studio, and behind it a curtain.

"I don't live here," explained the woman, apologetically. "Just a place to work."

She stepped behind the screen and emerged entirely transformed. She was now wearing a pair of dungarees and a loose-fitting, paint-smeared smock. She looked

the Bohemian of his expectations.

"I don't know how I'll ever thank you for this," she said. Then she handed him a pair of dungarees, a striped jersey and a well-worn black-gang cap.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the old man. "No self-respecting sailorman'd be seen dead in a rig like this."

"Please," she implored.

"The dungarees are all right," he continued, "but this jersey joker is strictly Hollywood."

Hesitantly the old man went behind the screen and squeezed into the gear she had given him. Coming out he looked into the mirror and burst into laughter. The dungarees were so tight his paunch overflowed in all directions. Otherwise the outfit was cut to fit his jib: the striped jersey had half sleeves, which revealed his faded tattoos, while the beat-up black-gang cap made him look like a Marseille fisherman.

"On the dais, please," she said. "I must use every minute of the time. We'll just put a table and a chair on the dais," she continued.

After helping her with this, Captain McCormack sat down, while the woman placed a bottle of whiskey before him. It was a raw, cheap brand and burned his throat like fire, but as there was nothing else to ease his growing self-consciousness, he kept pouring it down. At one point, he thought he heard someone move behind the curtain at his back, but the woman assured him it was only her downstairs neighbors. Sitting down, the old man began to sway in an alcoholic stupor.

"Call me when the wind hauls around," he mumbled, his head sinking slowly to the table.

"Do sit still," the woman said. "Look up." As she pressed him hard against the curtain, Captain McCormack felt a dull thud on the back of his head, knew he was losing consciousness and struggled against it. Far off, it seemed, someone was heaving on one of his fingers, trying to lead him away. Then the fog lifted.

The artist was frantically attempting to get the diamond ring off his finger. Beside her stood another woman, who nervously urged her to hurry.

"Avast there," bellowed the old man, as though he were shouting into the teeth of a hurricane.

With startling abruptness the artist let go of his ring and both she and her accomplice cut for the door. Captain McCormack unsteadily made his way behind the screen to where his clothes were lying on a chair. Both his wallet and Mr. Lynch's envelope were gone. He flung open the studio door and dashed out into the deserted street. Hurrying along he came to West Street and across the wide thoroughfare the dock sheds were like abandoned circus tents. Near the ferry, he found a policeman.

"I've been rolled," he yelled.

"How much did they get you for?" he asked.

"Ten thousand dollars."

The policeman surveyed the old man in his dungarees with condescending amusement.

"Go back to your ship, old-timer," he said kindly. "You've got the whiskey horrors."

"I tell you," bellowed the captain, "I've been rolled."

Grasping him by the elbow, the cop pushed the old man away. "You smell like a brewery horse."

"Oh, my God," wailed Captain McCormack. Making his way across the street, he headed back in the general direction of the studio. How could he find the place when he didn't know the name of the street where it was?

He turned east on John Street, and stopped before a diamond merchant's window. Years ago he had had his ring appraised in that very shop. There was a bald-headed man sitting behind the cashier's window. Wetting his finger with saliva, the captain removed the ring and placed it before the merchant.

"Is this yours?" the man asked.

"Sir! Had a bit of bad luck on Wall Street," he said, by way of an explanation.

"How much do you want for it?" asked the merchant.

"You've got the helm, mister."

"I'll let you have \$4500."

Stepping up to the window the skipper picked up his ring.

"\$5000." The voice held a note of finality. The skipper placed the ring back on the counter.

It was coffeetime when the old man got back on board the *Yankee Trader*, so he managed to get to his quarters unnoticed. He had hardly gotten out of the rig the artist had given him and into some fresh khakis when Mr. Lynch barged into the room and asked, "How'd you make out?"

Sitting down in his swivel chair, the old man poured himself a stiff shot of whiskey, swallowed it at a single gulp.

"I have decided, Mr. Lynch," he said, "that it is not a sound business venture."

"But you were gone overboard on the place just the other day."

"That was before I discovered the soil is infected with a deadly disease." The old man hurriedly drank another hooker of whiskey.

"Aye," he continued, lighting up a cigar, "the chicken's shaft alley gets fouled up and she's got to navigate with a heavy drag. As you know, Mr. Lynch, Connecticut is stony. When the hen drags her stern like that, she runs afoul of the stones; like a ship going on a reef, sort of. This breaks any eggs that are in the process of being formed." The old man handed the money he had gotten for his ring to Mr. Lynch.

"Damn it, skipper," exclaimed the chief engineer, breathing freely once more, "and to look at you a man'd think you were nothing but a reformed gas hound." #



"All right, everybody now—sing!"

Love on Broadway

Continued from page 25

take it on the lam when I showed up were always willing to console me and purchase stimulants for me when they discovered I was a man moving around with a bonfire in my heart. I had forgotten the name of the girl who made me unhappy, but I pretended to be suffering because this insured me free drinks and a continual audience to which I could describe my cardiac injuries. Even such an attractive pose must be abandoned eventually and I quit it and went on the wagon, but since then I have evened up my drink-cadging by permitting other torchbearers to free-load off me because I am a guy who would rather hear a love story from a mangled suitor than watch most movies. I must admit that many men have made plenty on Broadway with their confessions of heartbreak. Quite a few have laid up a dollar with it and on Broadway money does not hurt you no matter how you make it.

On Broadway unrequited love is not considered a private matter and when an affair is finished the contestants discuss it as freely as they do the weather, and a man's salary is a greater secret than the identity of the woman who has just quit his bed for another's. It is not usual for the people of this neighborhood to boast about the happiness they manage to get out of it and the unsuccessful tries are the incidents which are openly admitted by many actors and those who assist them in the trade of make-believe. There are some who will even lie about their failures with women they do not know and they consider it fashionable to be depressed and heartsore. There is a soda jerker in a Broadway drugstore who eagerly confesses that he was jilted by a celebrated movie actress and her meanness of nature is the reason for his low state. But the guy never met the girl and has been pulling sodas ever since he was evicted from grammar school. Some publicity men flatter their clients by getting columnists to use items concerning the mistakes their employers make in matters of the heart. I have never understood why a disillusioned lover is figured to be appealing, but such a mention is usually clipped and pasted up in the scrapbook as though a sex-life calamity indicated ability to act, write, produce or direct. You must throw out the old crack that only those who have suffered are capable of success in the arts because some guys who are fourth offenders at the license bureau have suffered enough to qualify as geniuses and they are panhandling their eating money. It gives a man distinction to be sad, I suppose, in a community which is dedicated to frivolity. That is the only explanation I can give and it is not a fad such as slave bracelets or gin rummy

because it was an established theory that a guy carrying a torch must be helped when I first came around. I am one year away from forty and I have spent most of my life in the theatrical district, which includes all the amusement trades and every professional sport.

* * *

There was once a booking agent who lived off a domestic catastrophe which he developed into a big fable of the time. Poverty was his realm and he handled acrobats and fire-eaters; he also handled burlesque sou-brettes and other dismal piece-workers in the slums of the lurid arts. He was a despicable man, alcoholic, foul-mouthed, filthy-minded, obese and crooked. But a young lady who was a stooge for a magician and bore a close resemblance to the rabbits in the act selected him as her companion for life. Such devotion startled the agent into matrimony and the young lady was tolerated by him as long as she was able to get in and out of the trunks and closets employed in the necromancer's deception. But pregnancy made this agile trickery impossible as it takes a very narrow woman to wedge herself in the false bottoms of the luggage used by magicians to fool the people. So she quit her job and her unproductive idleness withered what the agent made her believe was love. He accused her of criminal carelessness and denounced her as an unfaithful wife who did not mind if her husband starved as long as she entered the selfish and distinctly amateur state of motherhood. He drank heavily, gambled off what little money he earned and refused to appear at the charity ward where the child was born. Believing she saw signs of intolerance in this attitude, she sued him for divorce. She demanded no alimony, asking only her freedom. The story was not given a line in the newspapers because the opponents were unknown and their tale was not considered to be news by the city editors. The young lady went to work in a factory to support her child and vanished from the Broadway precinct.

But the agent remained and falsified the truth of the romance and did not give himself the worst of it. He created a myth out of his relationship with the lady and insisted she had given him up for the bottom man in an acrobatic troupe of Arabs. Loudly he protested that he loved her and she had rewarded his devotion with abuse. The surly manners changed and in their place came actions of sad humility. Love had caused his downfall, he protested in the Broadway taverns, although the height from which he descended was never made quite clear because the curbstone is tall if one is a resident of the gutter. The

agent was a man who up to then had talked only of his losses at gambling and the maladies resulting from the consumption of a quart of gin a day. But now his conversation spread out and he described his existence, and people who never would stake him to the time of day were touched by his bogus sadness. Managers who would not permit him up into their offices were generous with him and they considered it a deed of charity when they booked one of his acts. If they refused he would gaze at them with damp eyes and go into a routine something like this: "It don't matter. I'm going to kill myself anyway. All I had to live for was that girl. You know that. My life is nothing without her. I'm a bum, but I was pure when it came to her. But what's the use?"

The managers decided that this was a noble man and they fitted in one of his acts on the bill. No more did he have to tell them about the gifts his actors possessed. All he had to do was weep softly and tap his heart with clenched fist and the act had a job. The managers went along and soon the story spread that if you hired this vile bum as your agent it was possible to work steadily. His business grew and with it his counterfeit sorrow and soon he was high up in the money and doing fine. That was years ago and since then he has kept many a dame on the side, but if nailed with them he goes into his routine which insists they mean nothing to him and they are only someone to listen to him in his incurable loneliness.

He is a wealthy man now and his son was old enough to take a bride of his own recently, but the old man did not show up because the boy said if he did he would belt him for a triple. But he still cries for the woman he chased and now it is a standard act and a soliloquy comparable to Hamlet's and it has run longer on Broadway and made more money than *Tobacco Road* and *Life with Father*. On Broadway a misused lover is considered a reasonably good man and such sorrow indicates a sweet nature in the belief of those who are perpetually on the cheat and go sick with guilt when they believe they have found a man who values love as it should be rated. Happy guys with girls are envied and suspected of many things. But one who declares himself a reject can always shake a drink, a buck, and sometimes a living out of this masquerade. I will go into other case histories which are part of the small talk of the Broadway night and only the laws of libel prohibit me from naming these impostors.

* * *

Gangsters who do not discuss their personal lives with their

mothers are not immune from loose-mouthedness when they become involved with a crepe Suzette. One of them was taken down with a very bad case on a torch singer. The thug sailed for the jack pot and hung the lady's frame with the skins of enough silver foxes to keep all the trappers in the Dominion of Canada working for at least ten years. The lady was lighted up with jewelry, and a solar system of diamonds and star sapphires dazzled you, and she even had diamond buttons on her sports jackets. The death rate of oysters must have risen fifty per cent to supply the pearls she wore and she lived regally in a penthouse which was filled with so many servants that the joint was entitled to a post office based on population figures alone. There were more chauffeurs and as many cars as you will find entered in the 500-mile race at Indianapolis and the toilet handle was made of 18-karat gold. The lady's benefactor was a murderer of national repute and even in the underworld his homicidal traits were considered unethical. There is no doubt that the guerilla cared for this lady, but this was a minor emotion compared to the yearning for respectability. He knew they pointed him out at the ringside tables as a murderous burglar and people got up from their tables and moved away to get out of the line of fire when he came into a café. It distressed him because he had made his money in booze before Prohibition and now was in legitimate businesses into which he had bought with his blood money. Contributions to organized charities and appearances at the opera and the ballet did not help his cause and the fortune he dropped backing shows did not remove the stigma of his early days when he was believed to be as fatal as coronary thrombosis.

But his gift for violence did not prevent the young lady from getting stuck on a saxophone player who was dopey from smoking reefers and as thin and harmless as an alley cat on a hunger strike. The story of this desperate love leaked out and the musician was advised to go out and make his funeral arrangements to save his family the nasty details, so they could do their mourning without being nagged by the problems surrounding such rites. The tale was gossip in the saloon where the gangster went and those who know insist that he decided to make one more attempt to convince the night side of Broadway he had turned square by sacrificing his lady as a bribe to court the society of those who believe murder is not a social grace. He would commit a cavalier's act of generosity and court the sympathy of all those who knew he was being betrayed by his false darling. He sent out

some of his accomplices and they shagged the hornblower and hustled him up to the gangster's office. The murderer tenderly insisted that love was all that was good in life and he realized he had chucked an ace deuce with the girl he had financed so recklessly. He believed that even a saxophone player is entitled to a shot at happiness and he intended to put the money up to make the musician's dream come true. At first the musician thought this meant establishing unlimited credit for him with a marijuana peddler, but he eventually realized that the tough guy was going to bank-roll his romance. It was the killer's intention to buy the musician an orchestra so that he would be able to consolidate his talents with the singer's, but the saxophone player insisted his talent was too meager to make him a leader. The hood prevailed on him and the guy went out on the road with a small combination after marrying the girl. All tabs went to the hoodlum, including the price of the license and the cost of the blood test, and he was their best man.

The deal succeeded because the gangster made the rounds and told what had happened and the story ran in the columns as a blind item without names. It changed his whole life because he spoke about what he had done to all he met and he helped this recital along by buying champagne for those who would listen. They consoled him as they do all lovers in distress and they located in him a decency which never existed. When they identified him in the cafés they did not give you the figures on how many guys he had beaten to death with a baseball bat. They told the epic love story which he had made come to pass by cunning, for other reasons than love of a woman. But I have always doubted that he did this single-handed and I suspect that he had the services of a collaborator, and the whole plot sounds as though it were schemed up by a publicity man. The tenderness of this bandit is now a Broadway fable and he is also mentioned among those who donated a life of peace to a woman he loved, even though it was an existence in which he did not participate. As time passes I hear other angles which I give you without comment. There is a story that the musician did not want to hook up with the lady, but the gangster compelled him to. There is also a suggestion that the saxophonist was warned he would be hit in the head with a .38 if he ever tires of his lady and spoils the gangster's image of gallantry with a divorce. There is another possibility which I must consider. In this version the gangster is supposed to have a wife up in the Bronx and all his money is in her name. The marriage was the gangster's way of proving to her that the singer was his protégée and he was only inter-

ested in her professional career. That is why, some say, he stood up for the couple and squared his wife while achieving a phony respectability among those whose photographs are not preserved for posterity in the rogue's gallery of the F.B.I.

* * *

Many women of Broadway do not think a damaged lover might be deficient in important phases of courtship, but prize him with an appraisal founded in greed and selfishness. They figure any man who permits himself to be wounded by one of them must be a soft touch and is sure to return for seconds. It causes guys to become suddenly attractive beyond any apparent reasons when they are given the wind by a girl and all over the district dames start to feint them into ambushes. There was a stockbroker who was accused of hiring a girl to break his heart and this might not be a lie. The guy was a married man, but he was a fellow with plenty of money and always on the grab. A guy who is unhappily married on Broadway is considered very ordinary if he is still living with his wife because this is the oldest story told by husbands on the snatch. But a guy who is miserable with his wife and also has an unfaithful mistress is a fellow liable to part with a trunkful of C-notes if he finds a right dame. On Broadway a right dame is one the detectives you hire can't get anything on. So this guy was a fellow who was in a slump and could not get himself a girl to keep despite his wealth. He was a homely man and one given to making puns at all times on any subject that came up, and was also a man who liked to eat onions. Up to then I thought that only stinginess would rule you off with the majority of Broadway dames on the prowl, but this guy could not overcome his faults even with bribes of jewelry and the rent money. They would go out with him

once, make their score and then refuse to answer the phone when he called for the second date. He was seen with a different girl every night, but he was a man who could never get past the vestibule because they usually stung him for the touch before they had the first cocktail at dinner. So this guy scouted the town and selected a girl who despised him and wouldn't get close enough to him to pick his pocket, which was one of her many trades. The girl would be around only long enough for him to go into his wallet and come up with the fee and then she was off to meet the fellow she supported. The stockbroker suddenly changed his tactics and accused the girl of having an exceptional talent. Although she had never made this charge against herself it pleased her to hear that there was someone in the world who conceded it was possible to make money without entering a bedroom. He bragged that she was a fine opera singer and all of a sudden the young lady was on her way to Hollywood, which is a peculiar direction for an opera singer to take. But he insisted that she was only interested in a career and he was willing to do anything to make her happy. All expenses were paid by him and she squandered her time in Hollywood while he brooded in the joints of New York explaining how her absence made him ache in every fiber. He cried about her infidelity and insisted she had roughed him up beyond repair and even the letters she sent demanding he increase her allowance came with postage due on them. It took him two years and a big kick in the bank roll to discover a girl with enough maternal instinct to attempt to heal his bleeding heart. The young lady was a frustrated missionary who had planned to go to China before the war, but it was impossible to convince a religious organization that she was sincere and her instincts were holy. The church people based their snob-

bery on a few inconsequential knocks, among them several convictions for soliciting on the streets. So she served humanity on Broadway and specialized in anguished husbands. She devoted her time to the brokenhearted stockbroker, although there was a story she also lifted up the morale of the bellhops and the room-service waiters in the hotel where he paid all the bills. She was mysteriously devoted to him and their alliance was based on a hatred for the apprentice opera singer who was in California. The girl who wanted to be a missionary never met the stockbroker's apprentice opera singer, but she despised her for treating such a nice man so savagely.

The apprentice opera singer saved up a huge sum during the three years she was exiled in California. The stockbroker made telephone calls to her from table phones in restaurants so his pleadings could be heard by everyone in the joint. But after a while the California girl married a guy who played a musical saw, a harmonica and also did bird imitations. It caused the stockbroker much grief and he was nursed during this period by the girl who wanted to be a missionary with a tenderness that was beautiful to behold. Even the marriage could not make him quit sending cash to California, because he realized that his only hold on the rejected missionary was his pose of the underdog. But he was exposed when one of his friends met the California lady and her brand-new husband.

"I never liked the louse," said Mrs. California, "but he insisted I be on the pay roll as long as I stayed here. All I had to do was write him letters saying I loved a career more than I loved him."

As soon as the missionary-hearted dame learned of this she hit the stockbroker over the head with a fifth of Scotch and demanded a large gift of money. She took off for Palm Beach and insisted that he get up a large check every week or she would sue him for seduction. When he realized he had lost her the stockbroker made the same deal with her and now he shows her letters to any girl who will look at them. But he is back on the same beat, doing the rounds with a different girl every night, hoping he will come upon one with the ambitions of a make-believe missionary.

"I love her," he explains after they have read the letters from Palm Beach. "When you're in love you take anything."

The stockbroker isn't getting any younger and around the town they're willing to take a price that the guy is getting so desperate he is liable to take out his wife. But they won't bet that even the wife will go out with him the second time. When a rich guy can't get a steady girl on Broadway, it is time for him to make a deal with a hermit for room and board. #

Continued from page 25



"Draw up a pillow, Miss Clark, and join me in a cup of coffee"

Beef Baron on a Corral Fence

Continued from page 27

Phil to a Los Angeles boarding school.

Academy life palled after two years and Phil came back home, on his own. His father glowered at him and told him to forget school and go to work. Phil found himself back on a ranch harvesting hay and grain. That unromantic work sobered him, but in time wanderlust set in. His father would not finance any sort of travel, and so Phil, remembering, dug up the eight dollars he had buried years before, added a few more he had saved, and set off on his own.

During the next two years he worked in, bought, and sold a small feed store at Santa Monica, California, learned to work as expert trouble shooter on those newfangled horseless carriages and finally came back to Arizona to find his father prominent in politics. "I learnt you the difference between tripe and T-bones," Mr. Tovrea roared now. "So you git in thar and run the new slaughterhouse whilst I run for sheriff."

The new house was at Bisbee, yet another boom town, and it was the forerunner of the modern Tovrea packing plant in that it wholesaled beef. People expected harum-scarum young Phil to bankrupt it in thirty days. Mr. Tovrea missed being sheriff by three votes, but he did go on to serve in Arizona's first state legislature, and, meanwhile, son Phil began finding his business stride. Meat was manly, meat was important, meat was interesting. The retail system in many Arizona towns had been to hang half a steer carcass out over the sidewalk, stick a knife conveniently in a post, and then let customers cut off whatever they chose. Often a customer would shout in, "Charge me with about six pounds, Ed." The system was friendly and easy, but it wasn't efficient, Phil observed. About then, too, some finicky scientists and others back East began warning Americans that houseflies carried disease. Tovrea put screens on the market doors and covered the meat with cloth netting. His business prospered.

From that start in Bisbee Phil progressed fast as a meat man. His brothers had other interests, and his father gradually edged out of the business. Phil cherishes one more memory of him. In Phil's presence he whipped an older son for fibbing one day, then lectured all five. "Don't never lie, boys," Mr. Tovrea said. "If I don't ketch you, somebody else will. It's as easy to make money honestly as it is dishonestly, and causes less trouble."

Phil's spoken word now is as dependable as any legal document, and his assumption, therefore, of the integrity of other men is notorious. A few months ago a cowboy came to him and said, simply, "I need some money."

"How much?" Phil asked.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars."

That's quite a sum even in these inflation times, but Phil Tovrea wrote the check and handed it over without a word. The cowboy stuck it in his shirt pocket, said, "Much obliged," and rode away. Six weeks later, just as casually, the sum was paid back.

A few men have, of course, tried to take advantage of Phil Tovrea. They have lived to regret it, but they have not embittered him. "Every fifth man is a devil," says he. "I deal with the other four." He recognizes them by a quick, straight-in-the-eyes inspection, an allover glance, a few probing words. He has an astonishing memory for a man's personal and business background. He himself looks tough. He is heavy-set, moon-faced, florid, with strong lips often "boogered up" from too much

sun and wind. But that's only a weathered exterior for a gentle kindness that is legendary out West.

He was, for example, jogging horseback across his vast Double O Ranch last year when he came to a roadside tent that housed a down-at-heels transient with a wife and eleven scrawny children. "Take that steer yonder, butcher it, and feed them kids," Phil ordered. "Then pull yourself together and come to my place for a job." Six months later the man was earning \$200 a month and twice that in self-respect.

Some time ago a sub-executive made a mistake that cost the Tovrea firm over \$25,000. Phil called him in. Other employees felt that, surely, the man would be fired from the firm. The man felt the same way. "Sam," Phil greeted him, "I'm raising your salary a hundred dollars a month and giving you two weeks' vacation with pay. When you come back, we'll analyze that little matter, so none of us need make the same mistake again."

Phil Tovrea's dominance of Arizona's meat business began soon after the state was admitted to the Union in 1912. Sheer audacity and energy enabled him to go fast. To reduce costs, he began to raise steers for his own new slaughterhouse. He personally studied every detail. One day he sat on a fence watching the cowboys weigh a small herd by driving it through a chute onto floor scales. After the weighing, a routine scene took place: the cowboys yip-yipped, spurred their

horses, and ran the steers half a mile to a pen in the sizzling sunshine. Phil Tovrea stood up and yelled, "Bring those animals back and weigh 'em again!" He was obeyed, and it was discovered that, at current prices of beef on the hoof, he had lost nearly \$400 in half an hour. Since then the quickest way for a Tovrea cowboy to get fired is to run a steer unnecessarily.

Meat is so highly perishable, yet so important, that dealing in it is among the most competitive of all businesses. To edge out a profit Phil has devised dozens of technical improvements aside from breeding and feeding. When his studies showed him that rural home cooking in general was outmoded, despite all our sentiment about it, he created mobile cooking schools—big vans especially outfitted—and sent them to the most remote villages and corner stores in the Southwest, with lectures and demonstrations

given free. Realizing home meat processing, the nostalgic "hawg-killin' time" of our childhood, was inefficient and unnecessarily costly, he also introduced custom-butcher and processing for the rural folk in his territory.

His hundreds of regular refrigerator trucks—aristocratic in comparison with the bloody, smelly "meat wagons" of the old days—were almost painfully sanitary. They threaded every roadway in the vast Mexican border region. Their drivers were more than delivery men. Phil created a special school for them so that each was an accredited Red Cross agent trained in first aid. They saved dozens of lives after coming onto traffic accidents, or just by happening onto an emergency where no doctor was available.

In the vast pen-feeding system in Phil's back yard, the cattle are constantly in motion, stopping there for custom feeding, watering, and resting, or waiting to be processed in the big meat plant. They are a rare symbol of wealth and empire. But they are beautiful too. Aerial movies show them as a restless sea—a rusty red pattern of many acres against the desert tan, speckled with white as if salt has been shaken on.

To fatten such hordes for butchering, Phil had to go into the feed-production business. Tovrea farm interests now include 75,000 acres of cotton that require seventeen gins; the cotton provides seed cake, oil and meal, rich in nutriment. Nearly 3500 acres of hegari alone are

dumped into the enormous silo at one time. Later, huge trucks drive into it to haul out ensilage with a special sugar content. Green "mountains" looming near by are stacks of baled alfalfa, thousands of tons that are worth up to thirty dollars a ton. A roaring from one big building tells of giant grinders shredding the hay and mixing it with other feeds, making a diet for the steers as carefully specialized as that fed to human babies.

Phil is just as progressive in his advertising methods as he is in everything else. His publicity chief, Emmette Graham, is a young expert who acts as Phil's personal counsel and guide. There is a saddle-and-sirloin friendship that has enriched both lives. When Phil became a director of the American Meat Institute, that organization was, as now, the voice of the industry, but it was not particularly progressive at the time. Phil was one of the prime spirits in opening the way for preliminary promotion that launched a great national advertising campaign. He prepared the copy. The campaign's effectiveness was demonstrated so convincingly that the Institute now has spent millions educating all America to the uses of meat.

For relaxation Phil plays a little poker—as what cowboy doesn't? He collects wild animals for a free zoo that he gave the children of Phoenix. And he probes into the rich archaeology of his native state. He has two grown sons now and is immensely proud of their war records, as well as of the fact that they are fitting into the Tovrea meat tradition. The boys are not pampered; they are learning, as Phil did, from the bloody ground up. Like Phil they are individualists in their own right. And they have his keen interest in history.

The three of them see a vital lesson in the archaeological exhibits which, by chance, are found right under their noses. They took me out behind the main packing plant one day recently, and Phil pointed to a great mound of adobe soil. "See that?" he said. "It's the ruin of a prehistoric clan house. Ten centuries ago thousands of people lived right here where we operate. We dig up their bones and artifacts all the time. They had a remarkable civilization and culture of their own, and it is thrilling to know we are on top of them."

"What happened to them?" I asked.

"They disappeared because they got proud and cocksure and soft. When they became rich, they stopped work, stopped striving, stopped thinking. They 'retired.' Whenever we get cocky that way, we'll disappear."

Phil Tovrea has sold his meat-packing plant, but he hasn't retired. Not by a long shot. Not while his corral fence stands. #



"I know what! Let's have a Bar-B-Que!"

"Good Conduct" Medal for Fabrics

The "bold look" stays bold when it wears this medal-
lion. It's awarded to Mooresville Fabrics because they
won't run from *anything*.

- Colors are brightest, clearest, sharpest you've seen on fabric.
- Wash without slightest worry—keep their size, keep their fit.
- Won't muss easily—stay fresh, crisp, through tough wear.

Look for the Mooresville Medallion when you buy sport shirts.

MOORESVILLE
WASHABLE RAYONS

Mooresville Mills
Sales Office:
Empire State Building



FORECASTING...



A perfect welcome ashore

FROM HUNTER'S QUAY TO OYSTER BAY

It's Hunter's Quay for yachting in Scotland—and it's *Johnnie Walker* for superb Scotch, around the globe. Born of Scotland's misty atmosphere, crystal clear spring waters and distilling craftsmanship—this *smoothest* Scotch could (and does) come only from Scotland.



Yes, it's just *perfect* . . . to be greeted ashore, or anywhere at all, by that genial host—*Johnnie Walker*. Velvety smooth . . . pleasantly mellow . . . the flavour and bouquet of this matchless Scotch make it the unhesitating choice of the choosy everywhere.



ASK FOR SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON—

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL • BLACK LABEL

Both 86.8 proof



BORN 1820
... still going strong

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer

Paris of the Balkans

Continued from page 32

has been trading horses, running a bar, and selling off heirlooms in order to make ends meet.

All titled Hungarians are, for the most part, scrambled together in the city. The Hungarian government, prodded by the Russian occupation forces, confiscated the lands of all persons owning estates larger than 1000 holds. (One hold equals 1.42 acres.) The lands were then subdivided into small farms and given to the farmers who had actually been tilling the soil, preferential treatment being given larger families, skilled farmers, and those active in the resistance against the Hungarian Nazis and their German allies. While the new regime put an effective end to Hungary's feudal system, it made the aristocracy poor as church mice, and most of them now make their living, in their own words, "by conniving."

Most of the residents of Budapest have joined in a vicious whispering campaign to drive out occupying Russian troops. Although the Russian behavior is about the same as that of any occupying troops in a conquered land, the average loyal Hungarian wouldn't feel right if he didn't get off at least one good horror story, guaranteed to be true. Rape stories are favorites. Budapestians have succeeded in scaring one another so well that the streets are deserted after nightfall and most night life takes place in the afternoon. The coup that put all Hungary under the Communist control was effected in spite of the fact that eighty per cent of the Budapest population are opposed to Communism.

Russian soldiers are notably fond of wrist watches. They have been known to pay an American soldier as high as one thousand dollars for a Mickey Mouse timepiece. Sometimes, when American watches have been hard to buy, the Russian soldier has taken action; on such occasions he has yelled "*Dovai chassi!*" at a potential victim—meaning, quite simply, "Hand over your watch." At a local movie theatre, not long ago, one episode of a newsreel showed the late President Roosevelt and Stalin coming toward one another with arms outstretched in greeting. There was a wrist watch on Roosevelt's left wrist, and some wag in the audience shouted, "*Dovai chassi!*" It stopped the show. The Soviet's unknown-soldier's monument in the square in front of the stock exchange has been retitled, "Statue to the Unknown Watch Thief."

Budapest, incidentally, will probably be known as the city in which the new Communist revolution took place. I saw the wife of a Communist minister seated in her box at the opera house wearing a mink coat. She was listening to the first performance of a choice choral number entitled *Stalin, the Lawmaker*.

Life for the average Budapestian revolves around the coffeehouse. The men have their favorite haunts and they come in daily at noon and stay until eight-thirty in the evening. Before the war they used to stay until two in the morning. Most of the places are large and bare-looking. People come to play cards and chess, drink wine or coffee, make business appointments, read newspapers, gamble, discuss politics, and just gossip. So strong is the habit that even when the battle raged within the besieged city the men still went to their favorite spots. The coffee-drinking habit was brought to Hungary in the fourteenth century by the Turks. The coffeehouses (*Kavehaz*) bear such names as Japan, Miami, Biarritz, Ada, DuBarry, My Dear, New York, London, and Broadway—the latter showing a will to honor New York's famous street in spite of a lack of ability to spell its name.

The people in Budapest are remarkably well dressed. They make a fetish of politeness. Men tip their hats to one another in the streets, and they kiss the hands of women. The city's long history is a sad one of pillage, sacking, and conquest, and that fact may explain the popular expression that "cryingly the Hungarian enjoys himself." But the Hungarian enjoys himself in many ways.

Hot mineral springs in the vicinity make Budapest one of Europe's finest spas. Her modern history is one of union and disunion with the Austrian Empire until the close of the First World War when, as we all know, Hungary gained independence if not freedom. The city now covers eighty square miles and is divided into fourteen districts: Var, Vizivaros, O-Buda, Szent Imrevaros and Matyas Kiralyvaros on the right bank, and Belvaros, Lipotvaros, Terezvaros, Ersebetvaros, Jozsefvaros, Ferencvaros, Magdolnavaros, Zuglo and Kobanya on the left bank. There are, roughly, a million inhabitants of the city, with the Magyars accounting for about half

and the Germans for about one hundred thousand. The rest of the population is made up of Croats, Serbians, Rumanians, Russians, Greeks, Gypsies, and Armenians.

Despite the war and occupation, Budapest's night life is still gay. The top jazz band leader is Len Hughes, a Britisher who now wears the Union Jack sewn on his sleeve, but who must have had a rough time of it when the Germans were around. Len plays nightly in the *Casanova Kavehaz*, a hot spot on the *Kossuth Lajos Utza*, where the waiters are more eager to serve you a blonde than a bottle of Tokay. The attractive, carefully dressed bargirls amaze the visitor by their highly unprofessional approach to business. Some girls — not many — make love for a living. It is almost impossible to distinguish the professional of the species because so many of the local charmers frequent the plush *Kavehaz* for nothing more durable than a night's fun. The most popular word in the Hungarian language seems to be "*Igen*," meaning "yes."

One step above the coffeehouse in Budapest's social scale is the typical night club. Of these, the grandest is the *Arizona*, a one-flight-down night spot decorated in modern chrome. Before the occupation it was run by Miss Arizona, a woman built along the lines of a female bouncer. Prosperous Miss Arizona, a Jewess, was carted off by the Gestapo and lodged in notorious Mauthausen concentration camp; she has never been heard from since. The entertainers at the *Arizona* are beautiful, well-groomed, and talented, which is in keeping with the Budapest tradition, but their average pay amounts to only a few dollars a month, American.

The Park Club occupies a unique place in Budapest's night life. At one time it was the playground of the upper-register nobility. It is now an Allied officers' club to which elderly colonels bring their twenty-year-old companions nightly. The small colony of American officers that make up the Allied Commission for

Hungary have made the place famous for having the best food in town.

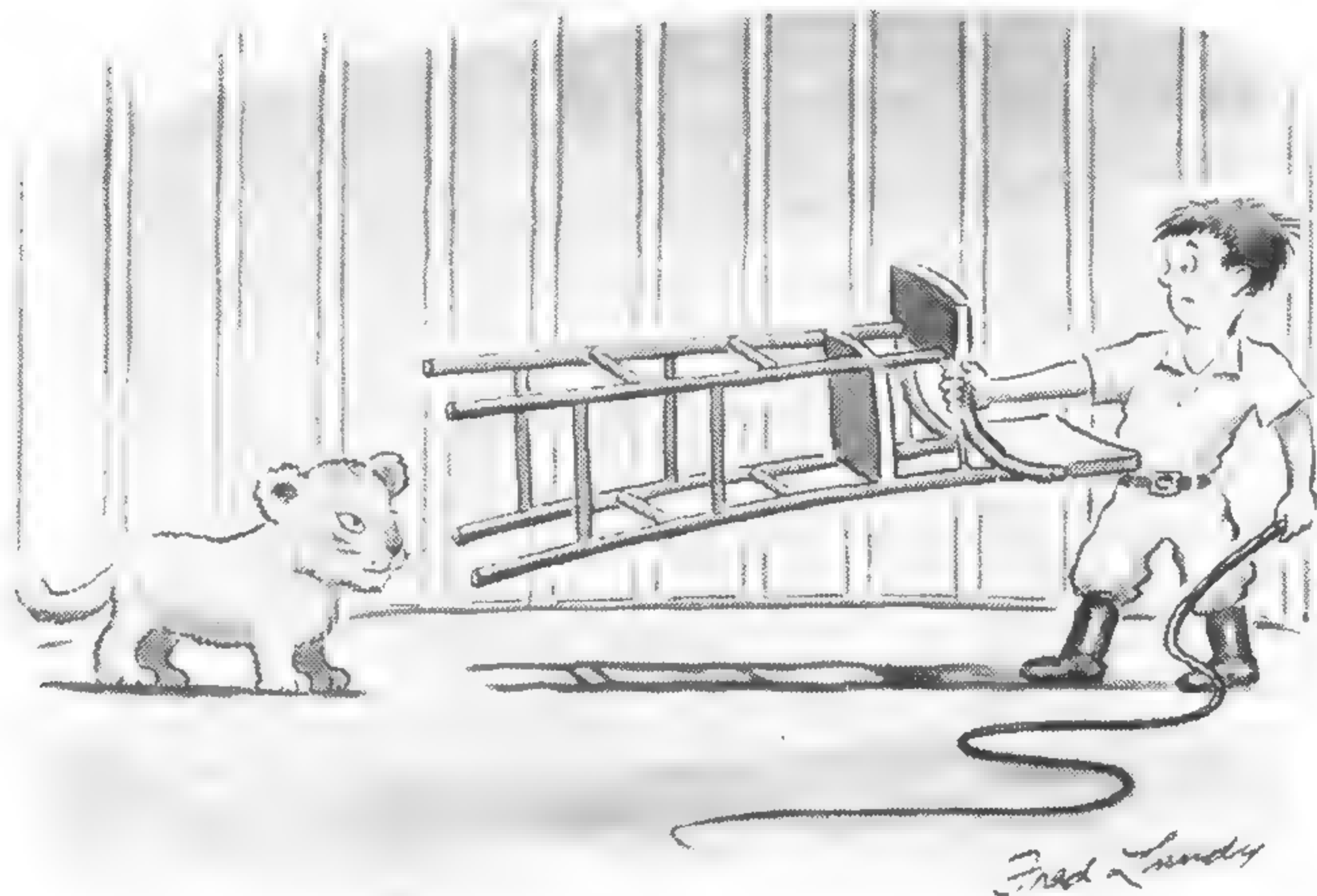
And there are lots of other flourishing night spots. Budapest is still experiencing a postwar jag, and the pace of its social life is emphasized by the fact that there are six willing women to every man. The newest star in the film firmament is Polly Agy, a naïve, wide-eyed girl, who has just completed Budapest's first postwar film at the Hunia studios. Her director is probably the frankest man on record. After outlining the corny plot and telling how the whole thing was done for only two thousand dollars, he is likely to say, "It's really a stinker."

Soccer and motorcycling are popular Budapest sports, but it is the game of *vivas* that holds the lead. *Vivas* (a kind of fencing) consists of two men hacking at one another with thin sabers. The contenders are so fast that the masks they wear are electrically fitted and a light goes on when there is a touch.

At Hungarian weddings the bride places a large bowl on the center of the festive table and all who dance with her must put money inside it. Weddings are likely to be large, complicated occasions, but divorce is very simple. A married couple appear before the local judge and state that they want to be divorced. The judge will tell them to return in either a week, a month, or a year. They return in the prescribed time and the judge asks if they still want a divorce. If both do, then the divorce is granted. This is a postwar innovation, and it not only has the clergy up in arms, but it has Budapest's barristers fuming because it has done away with a lucrative part of their practice.

The crime rate has risen alarmingly. A graveyard gang, well-publicized by the British press, kept a section of the town in terror until a local ordinance ordered all cemeteries closed at four p.m. The last act of the German army before clearing out of the city was to throw open the cell doors of all prisons. Since the Germans also destroyed criminal records, the police cannot be sure whether or not some hardened criminals have found their way into the newly constituted police department. One thing they do know is that a hundred of these wanted criminals were recaptured while applying for jobs on the force. Before the war the principal motive for murder was sexual jealousy and the victim was usually dismembered—a bit of exuberance still in fashion. The motive for present-day murder is prosaic robbery. Major criminals now face a "*statarium*"—which means that they are given a trial within five days after their capture and, if sentenced to death, are executed

Continued on page 114



A jump ahead of all lightweights

Name everything you want in a hat. Lightness? Dobbs Hankachif Felt is the *lightest and most famous of all lightweights*. Good looks? Eye those lithe lines, that buoyant style. Versatility? You can shape your Hankachif Felt just about any way you like.

Height of style! Wear your Hankachif Felt pork pie-wise. She'll think you're heaven-sent!



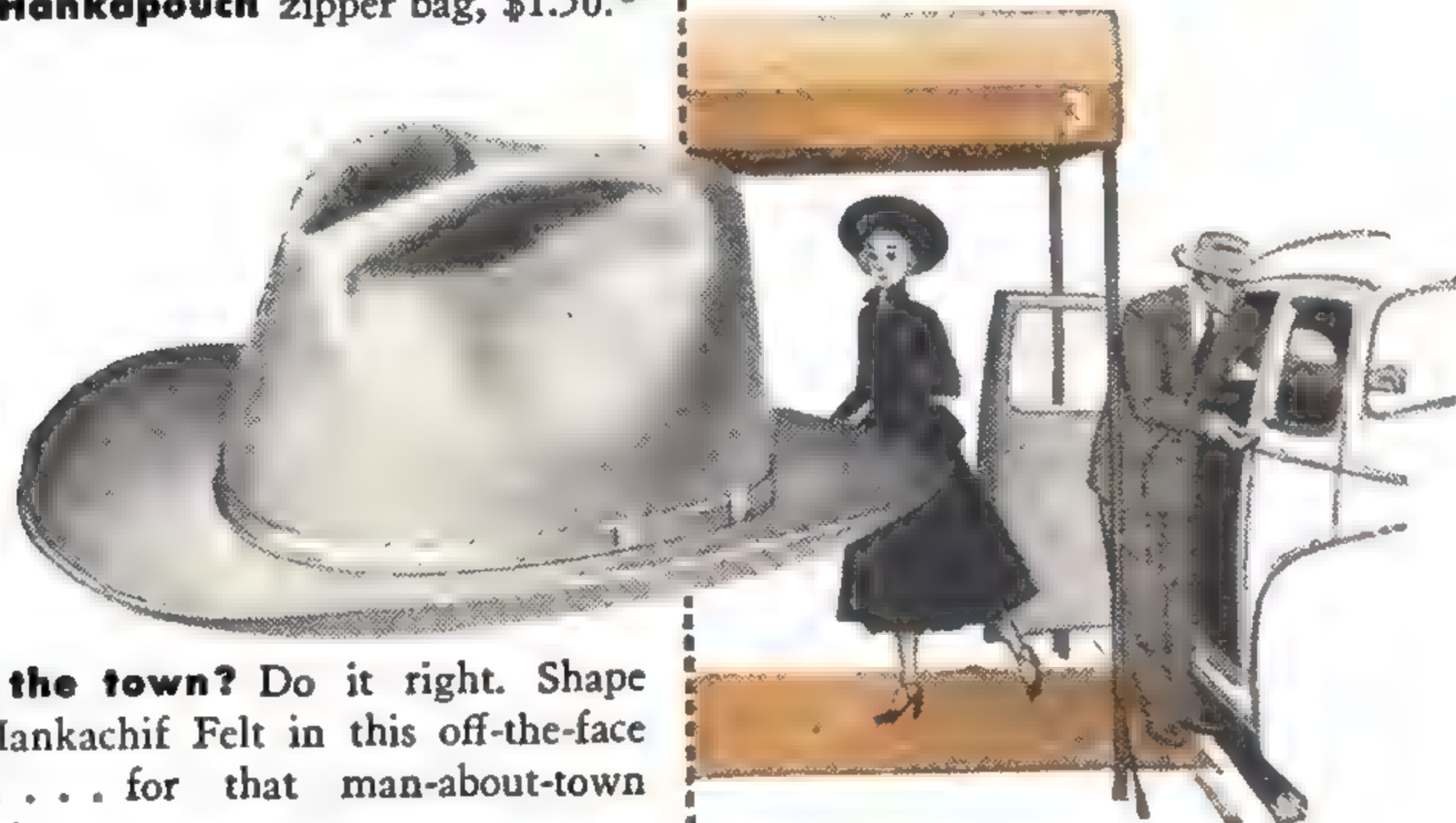
It's the
DOBBS
Hankachif Felt*

\$10 and \$12.50



You can't miss . . . with your Hankachif Felt worn brim down-all-around. Just the ticket for travel.

Dobbs Hankapouch zipper bag, \$1.50.



Doing the town? Do it right. Shape your Hankachif Felt in this off-the-face fashion . . . for that man-about-town manner!

*Trade Mark

Available at  the finer stores.

DOBBS HATS, NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTER
PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Paris of the Balkans

Continued from page 113

within another five days.

Prostitution is legal, but the number of licensed women is small. Streetwalkers haunt Peacock Alley just off the *Rakoczi Ut*. Since inflation is no respecter of profession no matter how ancient, the girls have had to raise their rates to several billion pengő; that much money amounted, the last time this writer figured it out, to about twenty cents. Rape is an almost unknown crime.

The Budapest prison is on Marko Street, and it is an old, dirty, bomb-hit, brown brick building. It is supposed to house four hundred prisoners, but bulges with fourteen hundred inmates. An old Budapest saying has it that Marko Street is the longest street in the world. Inside the women's section of the Marko Street prison, I found a fourteen-year-old girl whose only crime was that she was traveling without identification papers. She was sharing a cell with cutpurses and prostitutes. Executions are held in the main courtyard and are observed by all the inmates. Hanging is considered a disgrace, and the operation is performed by hooking a man to a spike nailed into the top of a six-by-six piece of lumber. Death comes so slowly and painfully that shooting is considered a reprieve. Prisoners are given a choice as to whether or not they want to work. Workers in a bag factory have been paid as low as one penny a month. Prison workers are fed twenty grams of bread—it's no more than a single thin slice—and a bowl of bean soup. Nonworkers receive the same portion of bean soup, but only twelve grams of bread.

There is a neatly kept cemetery on the outskirts of Budapest where two thousand American flyers lie buried, and its rows of crosses bring home sharply the fact that during the war Budapest was a prime target for our bombers. In the wake of bombing raids come horror stories, and a good many of them are pretty gruesome. But Hungarians are used to horror and the sight of horror these days. The city's hospitals are filled with the living dead who have returned from German concentration camps. They are too sick to ever recover and they are not quite sick enough to die immediately. Doctors have discovered diseases unknown to medical science—diseases brought about, it is said, through the concentration-camp policy of systematic starvation.

The present boss of Hungary is a little bald-headed man named Rakosi, and his official title is vice-premier. He is, of course, a Communist, and in the old days he spent some time in a Hungarian prison because of his political activities. The political situation is a most confused one. After centuries of feudalism and autocracy, the country has what

looks, on the surface, like a democratic charter. Yet the Hungarians are no freer than they have ever been, now that they are saddled with Communism. In the last free election, the Communist party polled only seventeen per cent of the total vote. One of the surprises in this figure is that the downtrodden peasant who, as a result of pre-Communist land reforms, had already become the owner of the land he had worked for so long, voted against the Communist party—pretty good proof that it takes only a little property to make a man conservative.

The economic situation is just as confused as the political one. Industry is practically at a standstill. For a time hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of Hungarian equipment was lying idle in the American zone in Austria, and we refused to return it until the Russians made some sort of guarantee that they would not immediately take it over in the name of war reparations. Russia refused to give these assurances, and the Red segment of the Hungarian press got in the habit of calling America the biggest stumbling block to Hungary's recovery. Standard Oil, the largest single American interest in the country, is in a behind-the-scenes losing fight to get its property back from the Russians.

Unaccountably, many people in Budapest still retain a fond feeling for Admiral Horthy, Nazi ex-Regent of the country, and reserve their hatred for Szalasi, the peanut Hitler who was the head of the Arrow Cross green-shirts. Almost singlehanded, Szalasi, the midget führer of Hungary's Nazi party, reduced the Jewish population of the country from more than half a million to under two hundred thousand. "The Jewish problem," he was fond of saying, "hardly exists in Hungary today. I have eliminated most of it."

Budapest today looks forward anxiously to the day when the Red Army's troops will leave and hordes of American tourists, their pockets loaded down with good American dollars, will pour in. Its people are inclined to minimize the effect of Communist control. They don't think the country can afford to keep the American tourist out.

Samuel, the impeccable *maitre d'hôtel* at the Park Club, summed it up for me one day. "It's going to be the same as it was after the other war," he said. "Your school-teacher, secretary, and clerk who saved all year for a vacation can come here and live on three dollars a day. That's cheap for any of them, but for us it could mean enough money to really start rebuilding our city. Your tourist will be happy because we'll give him his biggest money's worth, and we—well, you know how we need your dollars." ‡

Continued from page 32

Book Briefs

Sampling the crop of postwar novelists, you find them concerned more with the social ills than with dramatic stories

	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
That Winter by Merle Miller (Wm. Sloane Associates, Inc., \$3.00) A story of the return of three veterans and their life in New York. One runs afoul of alcohol, another encounters anti-Semitism. All in all, a tough, disillusioning book.	GIFT FOR HIM			
	GIFT FOR HER			
	FUN TO READ			
	BRAINFOOD			

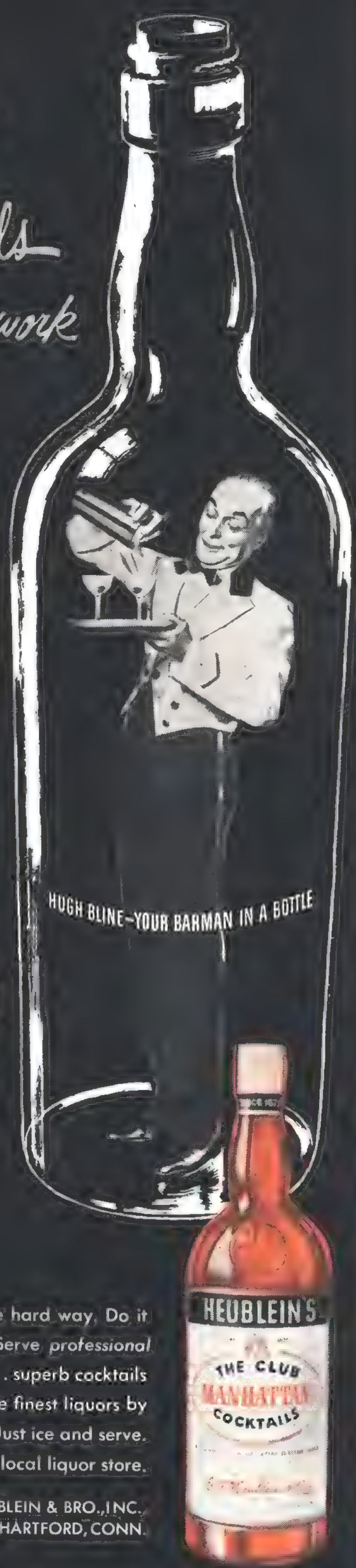
Other Voices, Other Rooms by Truman Capote (Random House, \$2.75) An imaginative and sometimes eerie narrative of a young boy's experiences in a lonely Southern town. The tale follows him from adolescence into emotional maturity.	GIFT FOR HIM			
	GIFT FOR HER			
	FUN TO READ			
	BRAINFOOD			

Raintree County by Ross Lockridge, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin Co., \$3.95) A big broad novel of America in the 19th century, especially the rural Midwest. Through the hero, John Shawnessy, you get glimpses of the Civil War, politics and small-town life.	GIFT FOR HIM			
	GIFT FOR HER			
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The Well of the Unicorn by George U. Fletcher (Wm. Sloane Associates, Inc., \$3.50) Not really a novel, but more of a free-style literary binge. There is considerable action, color and excitement in the writing and a lot that appeals to the imagination.	GIFT FOR HIM			
	GIFT FOR HER			
	FUN TO READ			
	BRAINFOOD			

The City and the Pillar by Gore Vidal (E. P. Dutton & Co., \$3.50) This is a careful, dispassionate study of male homosexuality. It is the old tragic story, rather slow in spots, but valuable for its restraint and credibility.	GIFT FOR HIM			
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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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Free Association

Continued from page 60

Davis suspected was a spurious coat of arms.

This puppet, this pretty pop-injay, Davis thought, how could Alicia have fallen in love with him? It was so unlike her. Alicia, whose fastidiousness, delicacy and feeling for graceful living were her greatest charms. Alicia, who often had laughed, with him, at the posturings and struttings of palpable frauds and bores.

Again doubt swept through Davis' mind. What proof had he, beyond the fact that the man who threatened his home, his happiness and his very life was—from the letter—an egocentric rascal who had been beaten by his mother? What proof had he that this was the man? Still, the other acquaintances in his and Alicia's life were old, trusted friends, medical men, doctors of psychoanalysis and psychiatry, most of them married and too enamored of their careers to consider an extra-curricular affair.

Larsley, on the other hand, was the type who would glory in the conquest of a young and beautiful woman already married. It would be as a feather in his Don Juan's cap.

"Really, old man," Larsley was saying, "I haven't all day, you know. A rehearsal at one, and I always plan a siesta before the evening performance. Really, I don't know why I'm here at all."

Davis said in the tone he reserved for psychotics: "I shan't keep you long. You said you've been bothered with headaches a great deal lately. I may be able to help you get rid of them."

"Nonsense," the actor said. "I'm simply worked to death, that's all. You'd never guess what a strain I'm under."

"I'm sure you are," Davis said. "How frequently do you have these headaches?"

"Nearly every day. I have one now, as a matter of fact. Frankly, I wouldn't be here at all if you hadn't been so insistent last evening. I need a physician, not a witch doctor."

Davis felt his nails draw blood from his palms. "I'm an M.D. as well as a psychoanalyst," he said, "and I am inclined to believe your headaches are less physical than psychosomatic."

Larsley snorted. "Don't try to impress me with your professional pig Latin," he said. "What do you mean, in plain English?"

"A psychosomatic pain," Davis said distinctly, "is one that comes from an underlying mental cause. Grief, fear, insecurity are some of the usual ones. Your headaches are the kind which frequently spring from some such reason, a physical symptom of mental distress. The pain, of course, is real, but relief lies in treating the mind, not the body."

"Nonsense," the actor said.

"I can cure you, Larsley," Davis said with a confident smile. "No more headaches."

The actor sat pouting, but Davis saw a different look in his eyes. The man had been suffering, there was no doubt of that. "How?"

Davis felt triumph. "It's quite simple. We just delve back into your subconscious and find the fear or obsession that is bothering you. Then we get rid of it, and immediately you are cured." He wondered what a purist like Cass would say to such an unscientific explanation as that.

"I will not be hypnotized!" the actor cried fearfully.

"Certainly not. I don't use hypnosis. We'll get at the root of your trouble through free association. Free association of ideas."

"What does that mean?"

"It . . ." Davis began. "Well, here, I'll show you."

Casually he took the knife from the table by its very point and held it out to Larsley. The actor looked at it, then took it by the handle and hefted it.

"What comes immediately to your mind, with that in your hand?" Davis asked. His eyes stayed on the fingers curled around the spotless silver hilt.

Larsley smiled and struck a pose. "Hamlet, of course. Act three, scene four, where I discover Polonius behind the arras in the Queen's chamber. I stab him!" He slashed downward with the knife. "Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune . . ."

"You see," Davis interrupted. "You associated that knife with a role you have played and spoke lines which, probably, you haven't thought of in a long time. In a way, free association is the same thing. You merely relax here, on this couch, and talk about everything that comes to your mind. Let one thought flow unconsciously into another, without guiding them. We'll soon locate the nagging thought that is giving you those psychosomatic pains." He thought, *if only psychoanalysis were really that simple.*

Larsley fondled the knife, but when Davis gestured toward the table, the actor put the thing down. Davis knew triumph. The fingerprints were there, waiting to bear irrefutable testimony.

"Why not try it?" Davis urged. "Just lie down, relax there for a while and talk to me."

"Well . . ." the actor looked doubtful and Davis thought, *he's afraid of what he might say.*

"Of course," he said quickly, "I'll need your full co-operation. No holding back of associations. No attempt to hide or disguise anything which may help us effect a cure."

That did it. "Very well, if it will help my headaches . . ."

Davis assisted the actor to get comfortable on the couch, went back to his chair and picked up his pad and pencil. His instructions to Larsley were casual, but

within himself he was a twisted knot of emotions.

"Well," the actor began. "I suppose I should start with the fact that I am currently playing the role of John Holmes Cruse in *The Minotaur* at the Adelphi. I got the role because . . ."

Davis held the pad and pencil tightly. There was no need to take notes. All he wanted from the actor was a hint, an indication that he had been beaten, as a child, by his mother. It would stamp him as the cowardly monster who had stolen Alicia . . .

"...with William Brady. Then, of course, I was a smash in *Ever Since Eden*, although that bitch Katherine something-or-other who played the mother did everything she could to ruin my performance."

Davis leaned forward intently. "She played what?" he prompted.

"The mother. As a matter of fact, the part reminded me of my own mother. She was a bad person, too."

"You didn't like your mother?"

"I hated her. She treated me abominably. I remember once I caught a frog in a pond near our home and she stepped on it and crushed it to death, on purpose."

Davis' head was pounding, the muscles of his stomach were tight, so tight he could barely breathe. Jerkily, but slowly, he took the handkerchief from his breast pocket. "Go on, please."

Foxy Grandpa Goes to the Olympics

Continued from page 62

time. When he joins any group of people the atmosphere instantly lightens; his enormous joviality and optimism affect everyone.

Months ago Cromwell proclaimed his absolute certainty that his team would win the Games—even though there are only ten events (discus, pole vault, high and broad jumps, hurdles, sprints, javelin and shot-put) in which U.S. men have better marks than the current crop of foreign champions. Although figures may have been against him, Cromwell's optimism was not foolish. He knows how to draw on an athlete's unsuspected spiritual resources to produce phenomenal improvement in a big meet.

Victory in the Games is as much a matter of morale as technique. When all the men in a race are champions and differ only slightly in their potentialities, the man keyed to the highest pitch wins. Lord Burghley, the English 400-meter hurdler, gave the classic demonstration of this in the 1928 Olympics. He was not awed when the times of more favored entries were shown him. "No matter how fast they have run, I am determined to win," he said quietly. He had been running the 110-meter hurdles all season and hadn't trained to build up the stamina needed for the man-killing quarter-mile. Nevertheless, his bulldog determination kept him ahead of the

"She hated me, too, I suppose," Larsley droned on. Davis thought, *he believes he's on safe ground, telling me these things.* "And though I don't suppose she regarded herself as cruel, she certainly seemed so to me. She didn't like to have me play with the other boys and whenever she caught me she was furious."

Davis had the knife now, the handle wrapped in the handkerchief to protect Larsley's prints. But he waited. He could afford to wait now. It would come . . .

"I suppose you'll try to make something of that, won't you? I understand you psycho boys do, but I don't mind. Probably my mother was no worse than the mothers of millions of other boys. Sometimes she was gentle and sweet, I guess, but mostly she was hard. She used to whip me. She whipped me very hard . . ."

Davis was on his feet, the knife extended. It was two steps to the couch, but the actor heard him, for his eyes opened just as the knife drove in.

His shriek raced to the ceiling and around the walls. Blood spurted over Davis' hand. He hadn't planned for that. Stunned, he stood stiffly, clutching the knife.

Behind him the door was flung open.

"G-g-good G-g-god, Davis!" cried Dr. Cass. "W-w-what h-h-have y-y-you d-d-done?" ##

field all the way to the tape in the Olympic finals.

Cromwell once wrote, "In middle-distance races in the Olympics, the test of the champion is his ability to run himself out. If he could have run another step past the tape, he knows he didn't give everything to the race he could." Thus, preparation for the race becomes partly a problem in mental conditioning—and there is no foxier psychologist in the coaching world than Cromwell. His knack of bringing his men to their peak for the meet that counts has given him more national-championship teams than any other coach.

Just before Louis Zamperini won the NCAA mile in Los Angeles from nineteen of the nation's greatest runners, he was in one of his defeatist moods. "I can't run a good race on that track," he told Cromwell. "It's too hard . . . It hurts my legs."

Cromwell shouted with laughter. "The best you could do out there in the two-mile was 9:12.8. Pathetic, wasn't it, Champ? Only twice as far as you have to run this time! Only 9:12.8 and you were grinning when you hit the finish line." The grin was back on Zamperini's face as he walked out of the locker room, and he ran the last lap in 57 seconds, to leave the all-star field choking in his dust.

Zamperini, like most great track men, is high-strung and

Continued on page 118

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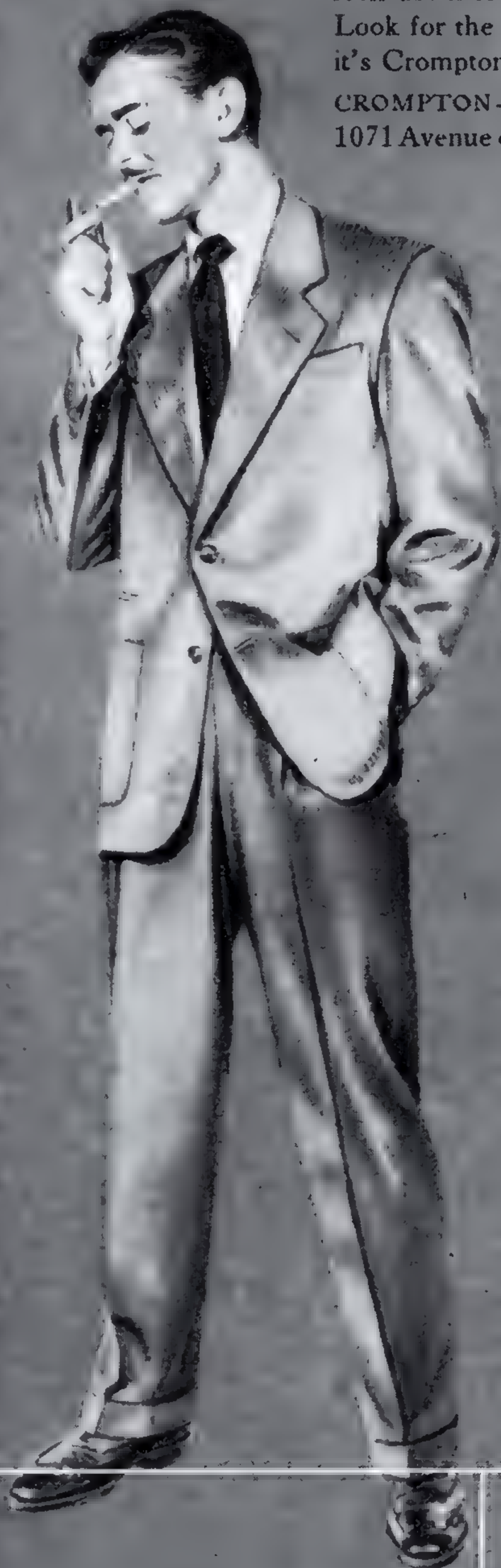
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Foxy Grandpa Goes to the Olympics

Continued from page 117

must be tuned exactly right to win. When he went to Minneapolis for the NCAA championships in 1938 he was tired, thought he was sick, and didn't know whether he should even try to run against the fast field there. Cromwell made sure he got plenty of sleep and rest, kept him from distance work during the week of the meet, and let him put on spikes only long enough to practice a few starts with the sprinters. He ran 4:08.3 to win the national title, yet, when Cromwell left the squad to return to California for his coaching class the next week, Zamperini was beaten in a 4:20 mile in the Big Ten meet.

In relays, where one faint-hearted runner can wreck the whole quartet, morale is particularly important. Cromwell has always been at his best in coaching this event. Not only can he teach a method of baton-passing that saves seconds, but he can unerringly pick his four best prospects for the race at any given moment. Somewhat addicted to last-minute substitutions, he has sent five different USC relay teams to the post to set world records. One of his assignments on the coaching staff in the last three Olympiads was to handle the U.S. 400-meter relay team. Each team won, and each team set a new world record.

Some coaches try to mastermind their athletes into championships by lying to them about their practice times. The phony stop watch that makes a runner think he can travel faster and the rigged tape measure that gives a weight man an exaggerated idea of his prowess are fairly common gadgets. Cromwell never uses them. "I've never lied to an athlete about his time or distance," he says. "I've never told a boy a lie about anything. I never will. I don't like it. My boys know I won't fool them. Everyone knows I call everyone else on the team Champ; I'm not kidding anybody. Each one knows that I believe in him. It helps him develop a belief in himself."

An athlete who is thoroughly convinced that he is a champion will often perform like one. Cromwell's marvelous gift of salesmanship sometimes convinces his men against all odds. Consider the case of the 1940 Pacific Coast championships, when his team came down to the last event, the mile relay, only five points ahead of Stanford. The Indians were certain winners in the relay, having set a world record a short time before; to win the meet, the Trojans had to get at least the single point for fifth place in the race. The catch was that Cromwell hadn't planned to enter the relay, because he had only one fast quarter-miler that year. He had thought he could win the meet before the last event. But now he had to scrape up some kind of foursome to try for the

winning point. It looked hopeless, since five other colleges were entering powerful relay teams.

Cromwell decided that his only possible combination was Zamperini, the temperamental miler; Art Laret, a low hurdler; Art Reading, a half-miler; and Howard Upton, a quarter-miler. Not only were three of them from the wrong events, but all of them were either tired or off form. Zamperini had run himself out to win the mile; when he later tried the 880, he tied up and was too tired to finish. Laret had just run fifth in the hurdles, the event preceding the relay, and was still winded. Reading and Upton had run fifth in the 880 and 440 respectively, and were deeply discouraged.

Cromwell went to work. Beaming with confidence, he said to Zamperini, "Louie, a nice little lap around the track will get that tension out of your legs and send you home feeling like a million dollars. Just follow the boys around and take it easy. Don't run hard unless you feel like it at the finish."

Then he turned to his puffing hurdler. "Laret, you finished that race looking as fresh as a daisy! This flat race should be just a breeze to anyone who can step over the sticks like you." And to the half-miler: "Reading, the way you sprinted up from nowhere to score a point in that half-mile shows you're full of speed today. Put the same kick at the end of your relay lap and you'll start Howard out where he can pick somebody off." Then he gazed proudly at his beaten quarter-miler. "Upton, you're the best 440 man in this meet. It wasn't your fault you got elbowed and pocketed in the race today. Now go out and show 'em how a champ can run without interference!"

Zamperini ran a 51-second lap—faster than he could do when fresh. Laret also turned 51, about his peak at any time. The rest of the field, however, had gone far ahead, and Reading was twenty yards behind the nearest man when he entered the far turn. Suddenly he came to life with a finishing kick, and when he reached Upton he was only eight yards behind. Upton poured on the coal in the homestretch and came in fourth, giving the Trojans a two-point margin in the meet.

Reading, who a few minutes before had felt he was a sad excuse for a broken-down half-miler, had set his all-time record by running his quarter in 48; Upton, who had also been the picture of discouragement, had made 47. The victory was a smashing proof of Cromwell's theory: "Boys don't realize their own capabilities. They react better to praise than anything else."

With Cromwell plying his soft soap, insiders at the Games shouldn't be surprised if some

U.S. athlete who barely squeezed into the last qualifying place suddenly emerges victor in the finals. Previous performances mean little. A pole vaulter may add several inches to his past ceiling because of an optical illusion that Cromwell has used many times on vaulters. In practice he has them use a twelve-foot-wide crosspiece instead of a sixteen-foot one; by moving the standards this close together, he makes the bar look a mile high; and when the vaulter confronts a greater height in the meet, it actually looks lower to him. Similarly, Cromwell has weight men practice with heavier weights than they'll throw in the meet.

Cromwell's favorite psychology with a runner is to put him through a time trial, at top speed, of three-fourths his distance. As soon as the boy finishes, Cromwell is walking beside him. "Look, Champ," he'll say excitedly to a miler who has just done 3:07 for three laps, "you did three fine quarters: 62, 63, 62. And look at you now! You've almost stopped panting already. Feel your legs—they're loose and limber. Now, here's what we'll do in the race. We'll slow you down by two seconds in each of those first three laps. That will leave you so fresh you can do the last lap in 60—you've run it that fast many times—and make your mile in 4:13. We know that the man you'll race can't break 4:15. So you just take it easy until the race, and we'll get that guy!" Maybe Cromwell's protégé has never broken 4:15 either, but the coach's conviction that he can do it is so genuine that the boy is convinced too. More likely than not, he runs his race in 4:12.

This is the sort of psychology that may work miracles at London. A man who has traveled across the ocean to run one race is bound to be tense and fearful as the starting time approaches. Trust the Dean to reassure him he is ready for a great effort.

Even during the race itself, Cromwell may be masterminding someone to victory. He once made Frank Wykoff a world record-holder in the 100 by screaming at him during a race. Wykoff's weakness was his finish: he traveled like a rocket for 60 yards, but had no gather for a closing spurt. Cromwell found that his breathing was irregular and that if he could remember to take a breath at the 80-yard mark it would strengthen him. He also needed some sort of psychological needle to make him gather. So, just before the race started, Cromwell found a seat next to the rail at the 75-yard mark. When his boy flashed by, he bellowed "Frank!"

"There wasn't time for anything else," Cromwell recalls, "but it was all Wykoff seemed to need. It reminded him of the breath he must take, and at the same time gave him a mental kick in the pants that sent him home like a scared rabbit."

Cromwell will not make any effort to change an athlete's style. "Anyone who is a great enough competitor to make the team is great enough to know how to prepare himself for the Games," he says. "Furthermore, I've encouraged every college to send the athlete's own coach with him on the trip. I expect nearly every team member to have his college coach along—and that coach is the authority on that athlete!"

Cromwell has never been an extreme advocate of rigid rule enforcement in training. "Track should be fun!" he proclaims in his book on coaching. "Any system that takes the fun out of it is nonsense. If training means turning down food you like, going to bed early, and rigidly denying yourself all the little pleasures and luxuries of life, then there should be no such thing as training in track and field."

Cromwell has almost never tried to change an athlete's natural style, unless it was obviously handicapping him. There is no such thing as a distinctive "Cromwell style" in any event; the fourteen world-record holders he has produced were representatives of a wide variety of styles.

After thirty-nine years of developing Trojan champions by keeping his hands off them, Cromwell is not likely to change now. His main concern is likely to be to keep AAU dignitaries' hands off the athletes too. Members of Olympic committees love to fill the air with advice and commands. But Cromwell should be as successful in handling them as he has been with Southern California alumni and faculty kibitzers. He becomes their warm friend as soon as he meets them. They bask in his admiration and love. Gradually they realize that he considers them truly great men because of their wisdom in keeping hands off his track team.

Being human, they continue to keep hands off. Who could be so churlish as to shatter Cromwell's faith?

If ever there is to be an Olympic team that is one happy family, this should be it. Any group with Cromwell in it is almost sure to be happy. Laughing, kidding, flattering, he is bound to be all over the place these days, and in the middle of every huddle. He's calling everyone either "Champ" or "My handsome friend." If anyone gets out of line, he's amazed and incredulous. "What in Sam Hill has gotten into you?" he is likely to say. "You're not the kind of fellow who would do anything as ungentlemanly as that!" This simple statement of faith is almost invariably enough to produce a voluntary reform. Cromwell is so friendly to every soul he meets that friction should be virtually impossible. As one of the high dignitaries of the AAU remarked a few months ago in discussing Cromwell:

"It's hard to quarrel with someone who thinks you're a wonderful guy." ‡

Continued from page 62

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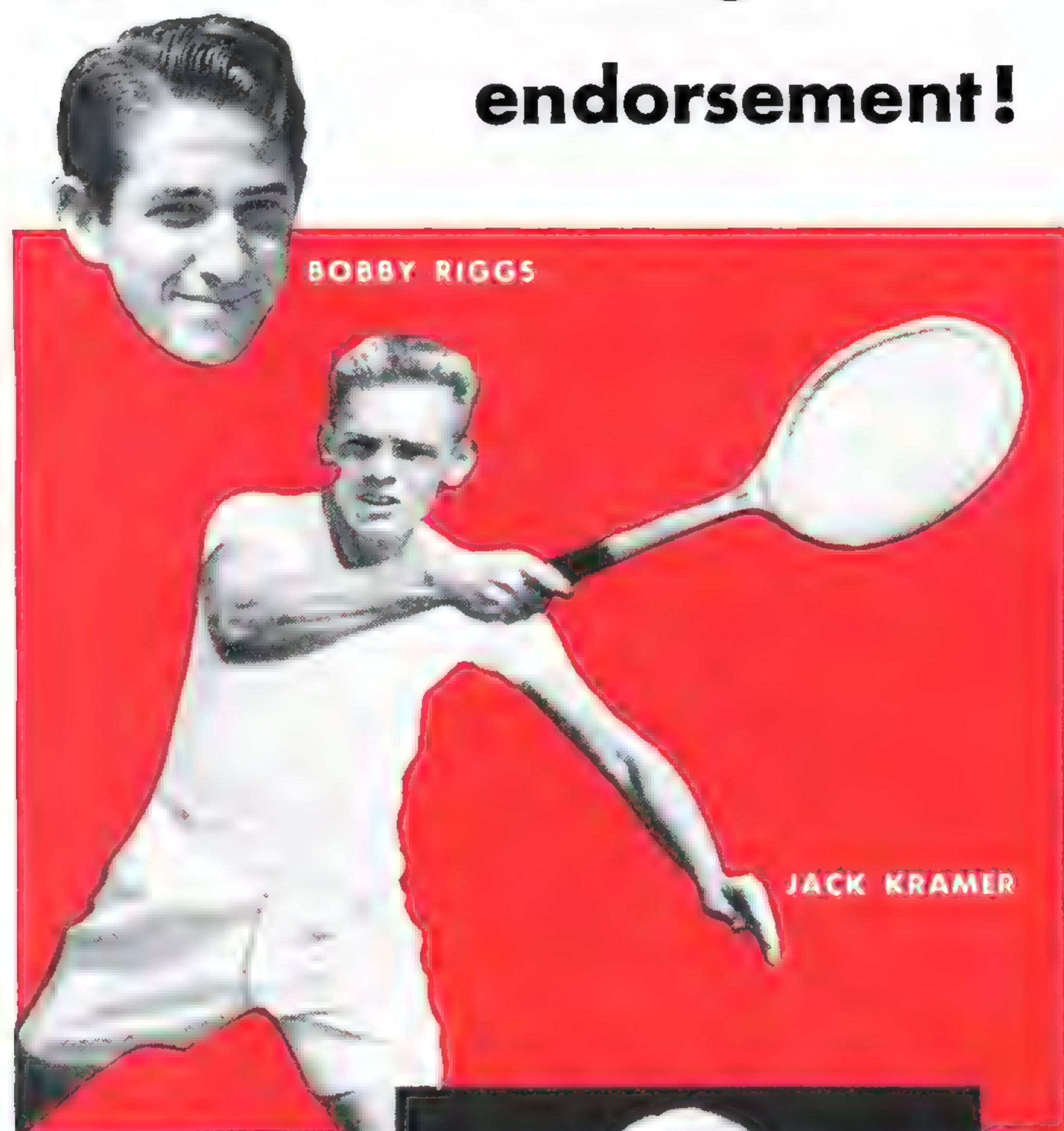
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Eating To Set Sports Records

Continued from page 34

century ago the average person looked on fruits and vegetables with a jaundiced eye; it was suspected that they lowered the vitality. In fact, in the 1860's, when a series of Oxford-Cambridge boat races were held, the Oxford crew was strictly forbidden fruits and vegetables. The oarsmen trained on rare beef or mutton, bread, tea, and beer. On the other hand, Cambridge oarsmen could tuck in all the potatoes, green vegetables, and fruit they could eat, in addition to standard helpings of meat and beer. According to modern theories of nutrition, the Cambridge crew came into the river far better stoked with vitamins and minerals. Yet, for eight years running, the beef-and-beer-bloated Oxford crew won every race.

Nearly every modern coach and trainer has his own ideas about food, some based on scientific research, some based on tradition. There are a few basic dietary truths, however, that no one quarrels about any longer. While the average person, for instance, should be warned to go easy on starches and sugars, it's exactly these foods that an athlete needs for short-term energy. The emotional strain involved in most athletic events, when the body is keyed up and adrenalin enters the blood, sets the heart to pounding and the breath to coming fast; all this is paralleled by a demand for energy. However, nutritionists are united in claiming that for long-term diets for the average person, pure fat is a richer source of energy than pure carbohydrates.

As far as specific, record-making diets are concerned, the University of Illinois' famed expert on physical education, Dr. Thomas K. Cureton, points to the diet of the Japanese swimmers in the 1932 and 1936 Olympics. These little men—some of them barely fourteen years old—put their European and American competitors to shame. What did they eat? They had a special diet of baked fish and lean meat, tiny red beans that resembled soy beans, bamboo shoots, a kind of mineral-rich seaweed, and rice. Occasionally they had oysters and citrus fruits. They drank nothing but tea and lime-water. They consumed large amounts of B₁ tablets. And when Dr. Cureton used an American equivalent of this diet with the Springfield College swimming team, he found his swimmers' endurance improved phenomenally.

Other experts have come along with other recommendations. One famous coach serves dry, hard bread to his men instead of hot breads, or fattening cereals. He favors ripe bananas, baked potatoes, vitaminized yeast, tomatoes, and cantaloupe. Meanwhile, everyone talks about vitamins, but there seems to be little agreement as to their use and effectiveness. There is even less agreement about the best kind of food for an athlete to take as a quick pepper-

upper. At one extreme is the sherry and egg that Ray Barbuti downed between the semifinal and the final of the 400-meter run at the 1928 Olympics. Barbuti won the finals, and it's still questionable how much the sherry and egg helped. At the other extremes are all the 101 varieties of sugars that have become standardized, ranging from honey and corn syrup to various specialized sugar tablets.

In recent years the Russians have been quietly boasting about the scientific research that they're applying to athletic problems. Last fall, when the Moscow-Dynamo soccer team trimmed the Swedish-championship Norrköpings-Kamraterna team by a thumping five to one in Stockholm, a rumor went round that the Russians had special secret-energy pills that energized them through to victory. The Swedes, rummaging through the Russian locker room after their guests had left, came across boxes labeled dextro-energen tablets. Chemists analyzed the pills and found that they were eighty per cent grape sugar. Apparently, the secret Russian pills were merely another form of the familiar standby for quick energy—sugar.

In general, we do know a good deal about the amounts of food that athletes ought to eat. Scientists have checked up and compiled tables that show just how many calories are burned up in nearly every kind of athletic activity. Ping-pong consumes 245 calories an hour; fencing uses up 539; wrestling, 791, and football, 900. The biggest user of food energy seems to be the 100-yard dash—at least for the time involved.

From the facts involved, it's easy to see that athletes require enormous amounts of good, and—on the whole—fairly expensive food. They need it not only when they are competing, but also during training to build up their strength and endurance. Which leaves the Olympics—where?

Meantime, there's the question of the future. Wartime food research came up with some pretty startling discoveries. Special jobs in the Armed Services were found to require special diets. Doctors found out that a tank driver, for example, needed a different diet to keep up his energy from that of an aviator. Troops in cold climates needed greater amounts of food than troops stationed in the tropics. This research is still going on, and it is likely to have important implications for sports. The training table of tomorrow may have separate sections for the different sports, with the menu featuring the different foods needed for peak performance in tennis, let's say, as opposed to shot-putting, or for the two-mile run as opposed to the 100-yard dash. Then the human machinery will function at an increased rate. And sports records will really start to topple. #



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Mello-Stride Feature Shoes

La Tigresse

Continued from page 29

her like faces on cards quickly rifled—blurred, two-dimensional. Only their desire for her mattered.

It was not always easy to keep herself untouchable. That time, for instance, when the young naval officer had taken her home, after one of those exciting long talks she thrived on, and she'd had to fight him off in the dark taxi. When he had realized she meant it his face had become distorted with rage, and he had spat out at her: "You bitch! You filthy, teasing bitch!"

It had been unfortunate, but she had learned her lesson. Now, long before it came to the final reckoning, to payment of promise implied, she began to set the stage for the great renunciation. "Let's not spoil it," she would say, caressing the man's lapels with long, silken fingers. "Let's not spoil what we have . . . This rare, this honest friendship." And she would let him smell her perfume in the golden moment she had spun out of the baser metals around her.

She stretched in bed, stretched like a luxurious cat . . . not a cat—what was it? Something French—*tigresse*—and she slept.

The ringing of the telephone by her bed woke her in the morning. She knew it was a man; it always was. Here was evidence that at that moment she was alive in someone's mind. It made her feel immortal. She luxuriated in these disembodied telephone conversations. "Darling, I can almost see you, almost touch you now." It was intimate yet distant; thrilling yet safe.

She lifted the receiver. "Ye-es?" she said in her low, husky voice. It was the Frenchman. Still, he was a man and he had been thinking of her. "Hello, you," she murmured. "How did you know? How did you know I've been lying here alone, thinking?" With him, however, she was not quite sure how far she could go.

"Yes," he said. "I know. Tonight you will come to me. I wait."

Was the man out of his mind? She recalled how intriguing Bea's description of him had been: "My dear," Bea had said, "he's utterly charming. Simply oozing with sex. A bachelor, and a mad success with the ladies. I'm just dying for you to meet him." Well, she had met him, but she certainly would not see him again. "No—oh, no," she whispered, infinite regret in her voice, infinite longing. "You see, my husband . . ."

"In that case," the man said, "this afternoon is better. Three o'clock?"

"That's impossible," she said. "I'm sorry, but it's impossible."

"Nothing is impossible," he said. "Three-thirty?"

But it was unthinkable. She was never at her best in daylight and, besides, she had no intention, not the slightest intention. "Look," she said, "I have a million things to do, but let me call you. Maybe next week. Maybe for dinner."

"Next week," he said, "I go to Paris."

At once she pictured Paris, a distant city in the night, shimmering with lights. Perhaps they might write each other. She loved to write letters: "It is midnight, and I cannot sleep. I sit by the window in the pale moonlight, my hair streaming down my bare shoulders . . ."

"Four o'clock?" he was saying.

This was ridiculous. She must make it clear. But nothing in her experience had ever taught her to be clear, decisive, honest. "Perhaps tomorrow night," she murmured, thinking she could always call it off.

"There is not much time. I go to Paris in one week." It was as if she had not spoken.

"Ah," she sighed. (What was the man's name?) "Ah—Maurice,"—and the name was a caress—"you're so domineering. Don't—don't frighten me. Give me time to get used to you."

"There is no time," he repeated. "You'll come at four, then."

She thought quickly. "Come here for cocktails," she said. "At five-thirty." It was her good hour—the shades drawn, her pale-blue tea gown against the gold-brocade sofa. It would be safe. The maid would serve quietly. She herself would be gracious and remote. (Or her black velvet, perhaps, her cheeks pale and a hint of violet shadow on her lids?) Her husband would be home at seven; that gave them over an hour in the twilight. "*Le moment crépuscule*," she thought, pleased to find how much of her school French she still remembered.

He did not bring her flowers when he came. He brought her nothing. Carefully he put his hat down on the foyer table, and again she noticed the white scalp showing through his thinning hair. "If only he didn't use lotion on it," she thought with distaste.

She was wearing the black velvet gown and she was almost sorry, for the maid had failed to show up and so she herself had to arrange the cocktail things in the living room. She found it difficult to make conversation. He sat on the edge of his chair, his hands on his knees, not really listening to her. He seemed ill at ease, and soon, no longer afraid, she began to feel that she could handle the situation. She savored its humor, thinking how she would describe it to her friends. To him she said: "Somehow . . . I don't know. No other man has ever . . ." But his attention was not on her.

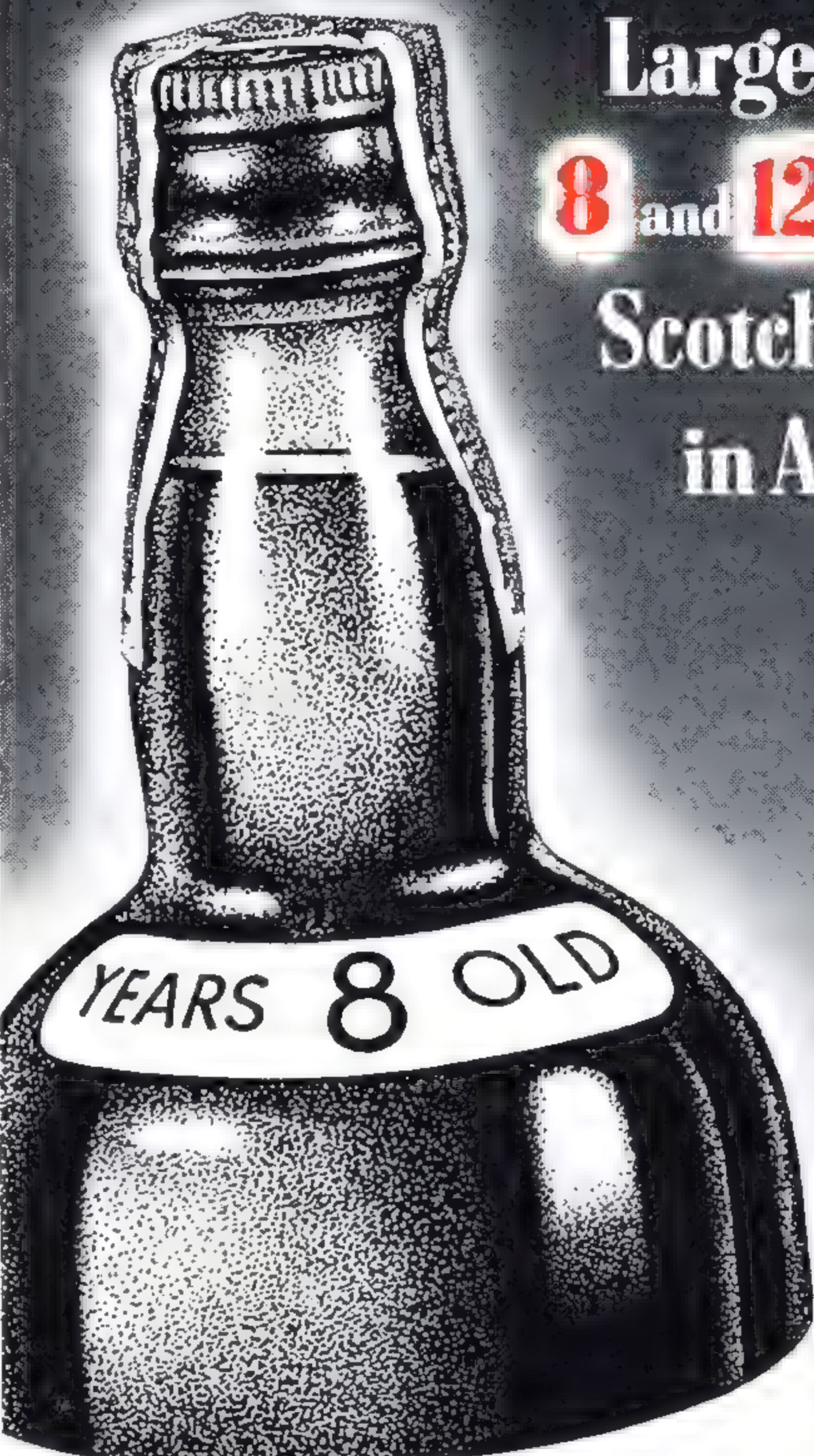
"You have an elegant house," he suddenly said.

Proud of herself in the splendid setting of her home, she offered to show it to him. He expressed his admiration of the study, the book-lined library, the paneled dining room, as she walked ahead of him, the gracious mistress of her castle, in her regally flowing gown. As they were passing through her

Continued on page 124

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La Tigresse

Continued from page 123

mauve bedroom, though, he took her in his arms—so suddenly and without warning that she stumbled clumsily. She tried to push him away, but he was stronger than she thought.

This was the time for indignation, for imperious dismissal. "I'm afraid," she began haughtily, still struggling, "I'm afraid..."

"Don't be afraid, *ma petite*. I know how to make you happy. You will see."

She couldn't quite understand, later, how it had happened. Who would have thought that sheer force, sheer audacity...? It had been so utterly *senseless*. Her hair had come undone, and her lipstick had been smeared, and her lovely dress crushed. Not that he had noticed. He was aware of nothing but himself. He said nothing. Nothing to remember. Only her cheek tingling still from the coarse stubble of his beard.

It wasn't at all what she had imagined it might be like, if she should ever grant this rare gift of herself. It was—and this was unforgivable—a little ludicrous. Oh, how could she have been so cruelly betrayed, so savagely disillusioned? She began to see a kind of pathos in the picture of herself thus ravished: a delicate flower trampled in the mud. A tragic woman betrayed by brute force—no, better still, by her own unbridled passion. She tried to make herself feel guilt toward her husband, her gentle, unsuspecting husband. And he seemed to her suddenly so wronged that she cried, but not much, because she was at an age when tears leave little puffs and tiny lines under her eyes.

In her mind all night was the feeling that something had changed for her, in some way, forever. In the morning she didn't go to the fitter's. She dismissed her *masseuse*. She neglected to acknowledge the flowers Bill sent. All morning she waited at the telephone, so that she could make her anger plain to Maurice. All afternoon she stayed in, furious, thinking of the things she would say.

Toward evening she called him. He sounded neither surprised nor glad. "I wait for you," he said. "I wait all day. Come to me, now."

Where was her outrage, her fury? She heard her low, vibrant voice—habit had so smoothed it that she could no more change it than she could change what had happened last night. "No—oh, no," she said, thinking: So he was expecting me!

He sounded puzzled: "We have something. I don't know. We have something together."

What a pity he would remember her always as disheveled as when he last saw her! If she could show herself to him once more before he left...

"What time?" he was saying in his toneless, insistent voice. Without waiting he asked, "Seven?"

"No," she said, thinking, "Never, I can't ever..."

"Seven-thirty?"

"No," she said, calculating—so long to dress, so long for make-up, her new striped suit back from the cleaner's.

"Eight?"

"Yes," she said suddenly. "I can always call him back," she thought. "I can always say I have a headache"—feverishly looking for her sheerest stockings—"I can always say no."

When she got to his street she walked quickly past the number he had given her. Then briskly, purposefully, she walked around the corner, around the block. She passed his house again and went on slowly, with lagging steps, to the corner. There she lingered for a moment, frowning slightly, as if considering a forgotten market list; and then she turned back. "My poor husband," she thought, seeing herself a tragic figure, tossed upon this doorstep by a tide of savage, tigerlike passion. "My poor, poor husband," and she rang Maurice's bell.

This time, as before, his preoccupation, his almost painful absorption in himself was intense. What she herself felt she did not know, for always before she had been concerned only with the effect she was producing on others.

"I'm never mistaken in woman," he said, stroking her cheek with the back of his warm, hairy hand.

Every evening, that whole week, she went to his rooms. No longer did she hesitate or invoke a sense of guilt. She hailed a taxi, gave his address, ran up the stairs, and rang his bell. As she began to know him, she understood that what she had thought to be boorishness was an almost childlike directness and simplicity. Like a child, too, he was warm, unaffected, and selfish. He had the combination, irresistible to women, of ruthlessness and tenderness. To get what he wanted he would go to any lengths, yet he was capable of unexpected gentleness. Once, when she found that he had filled his cigarette boxes with her favorite brand of cigarettes, she was touched to tears, out of all proportion to the act.

In his arms she felt confused, for she was unaccustomed to sensation and did not know how to define it in words. Best of all she liked the quiet moments afterwards, when, her coiffure restored and her color renewed, she sat at his feet in the candlelight, smoking from a long amber cigarette holder and talking. Once, smoothing her bright hair from her forehead, he said musingly: "A woman like you walking in the Bois... Sitting in the café... a woman like you would be in France *magnifique*."

She began to recognize the situation as a more dramatic one than any she had ever evoked in her mind. One evening she tried to

tell him so, but he only looked at her with his heavy, mournful eyes and pulled her face down on his chest. "Talk to me," she pleaded softly. "Tell me . . ."

Slowly, sleepily he spoke. "I will tell you from Baudelaire: *Viens sur mon coeur, âme cruelle et sourde, Tigre adoré . . .*"

The rest of it she found difficult to follow, but she shook her mane and stretched her tawny legs.

At last, one morning, she awoke to a grey mist outside, and, seeing her face in the mirror, knew it was going to be one of her bad days. Her skin looked loose and sallow, and the lines around her eyes seemed magnified in the glass.

When the telephone rang, she knew it would be he, but she scarcely recognized his voice. For the first time it vibrated with excitement. He was leaving for Paris in three hours. His plane reservation had come through earlier than expected. Would she come?

Even as she said yes, she wondered how she could manage to dress in time. Ordinarily it took her two hours to get ready and, on her bad days, longer. But she could not risk missing her farewell scene. Already she pictured herself: the severe grey dress with the pearls, and the new hat with its heavy black veil.

Feverishly she began to dress. She was practiced in the routine of her toilet, but now her hands jerked like puppet hands as she slapped on her creams and lotions and shadows and tints in rapid succession. With her last look in the mirror she felt a resentment against him for not arranging his departure in the evening, when she could take leave of him in a more flattering light.

His place was in disorder, his luggage strewn about; and for a moment she had a strange feeling, as if she had come home, only to find it ransacked. He took her in his arms and they stood in the middle of the room in a silent embrace.

After awhile she drew away from him. She arched her white throat and looked at him from lowered lids. She looked at his thinning hair, the tired lines around the full mouth, the blue shadow of beard stubble, the heavy-lidded eyes, and suddenly her heart contracted with a feeling she had never before known. "Then this is how it is," she thought. And she knew with a sudden and overwhelming certainty that this tired and aging man was infinitely more dear to her than anyone else had ever been or ever would be. It was as simple as that, and as final. In that moment she longed fiercely to be good, to

be generous and honest, to suffer pain for him, to protect him, to follow him on foot across burning deserts.

"We have something. You feel it?" he was saying.

He loves me too, she thought. He is waiting for me to say: "I will go to you. I will leave everything for you." All the words he had ever said to her took on a new meaning—*A woman like you in the Bois . . . Nothing is impossible . . .* But could she do it? To follow him on bleeding feet through burning desert sands—ah, that she was capable of; but to have breakfast with him in the cruel sunlight, her hair growing dark at the roots?

He was waiting, she thought, for her words. She felt their destiny trembling in her hands. And she saw this as the greatest renunciation scene she had ever played.

She searched his face hungrily with her eyes and moistened her lower lip, her practiced fingers caressing his lapels. Almost through force of habit, she found her lips saying the words she had

so often said before. "Let's not spoil it . . . You will write to me, my dear, my dear . . ."

His face was impassive. "I never write," he said.

She couldn't remember how she got home. Her apartment was empty, and she walked through all the rooms in her hat and coat. She made her way into her bedroom and sat down on the bed, still in her coat and hat. She sat like a stranger come to call, like an indifferent passenger in a railway station. "So," she thought dully, "it's over." For the first time in her life she had felt something real. And she had let it slip away. Had he loved her, or had she only imagined it? Had he waited for her, at the end, to say one sincere, one honest word? He was gone, and the years stretched before her like an endless, empty tunnel.

The ringing of the telephone didn't startle her. As soon as she heard it she knew she had been expecting it and that it was he. That's why it was difficult for her to understand that it wasn't he calling, but Bill. She heard her voice, polished by long use, saying, "How did you know I've been thinking of you, my dear, my d . . ." But the words stuck in her throat. Carefully she hung up the receiver, for her hand was shaking; carefully she removed the hat with the black veil and laid it beside her on the bedspread. Hugging herself, she rocked back and forth, back and forth on the bed, keeping the tears inside, so that they would not leave little puffs under her eyes. ‡

Continued from page 29



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Big Girls Don't Cry

Continued from page 36

go tomorrow," the interpreter says. "His Excellency has important work here tonight. He assures you the airplane will be well guarded."

I shrug, and we go out. I think bitterly, *Fine. As far as you're concerned, Benson, she's a man.*

She's looking around then, at the filth and flies and masses of coolies, and for a moment there's a flicker of fear. Then it's gone and there's that husky voice, even. "Where do we stay?"

It brings things back; the hard look, and I can't help it. I say harshly, "I can doubtless find you a nice private hut, complete with crawling things, and in the middle of a lot of slopeys who may or may not have any scruples about white women. I'll sling my own mosquito net under the ship's wing."

She says nothing, and it doesn't make me feel any better. We go back to the ship; they've finished unloading and we dig out K-rations, not talking much, and eat the cheese and stale biscuits. After a while we don't talk at all, but I can't help watching her; the motion of her body, the way she moves. The tension grows between us, and when it gets dark I give up and climb into the cabin. I say wearily, "Get your blankets and net. A jacket or your parachute for a pillow."

We sling the nets under the wing and she's still, but I know she isn't asleep. I lie there a long time, watching the flickering fires of the camp, feeling the dampness creep into the wool. And slowly there's anger; anger at myself. *There are women in Shanghai; British, White Russians, Eurasians, Koreans... and I want this one.* I knew it then; I want her badly, and she's hard.

I doze. I doze until there's the sudden flare of a match beside us, then I'm rolling, fumbling for the .45 tucked into the blankets. I stop; it's only a guard, cigarette in mouth, but I hear her gasp. I find the flashlight and she's up on one elbow, and she's holding her own gun steadily on him. Silence, then she says, "Damn!"

I reach out impulsively, touch her. "Look," I start. "Relax. I..."

I feel her freeze; she jerks away from my touch. "No!"

My hand comes back. Her face is a white blur in the dark, then she finds words. "Perhaps I'd better make myself clear, Mr. Benson. Hands off. Now, and from now on. Is that understood?"

Her voice is steel hard; I move back under the blankets. "You," I say softly, "can go to hell."

We're awake in the first grey of daylight, and the anger is still in me. I make coffee without speaking, and it's the same on the run back to Shanghai; we load the general and his staff and it's business only. Once, when she brushes against me in the cockpit, it's like an electric shock, but I turn away.

Then the ragged, creviced terrain ends in sprawling mass of city. We land, the general climbs out, and she faces me quietly. "We're scheduled tomorrow?"

I look at her, the tall firmness of her and I say, "Yes," wearily. I walk into Operations and throw my papers on the desk and go into the city and try to get her out of my mind. There's a Russian girl, and the bars, but I'm restless. Once, when the bottle of vodka is gone, I tell the Russian girl I wish she had a husky voice.

It's worse the next trip, when we find trouble at Jig King.

It's a new flight strip in the south-central country, unfinished, and as we break out of the clouds above it I see a typical work gang beside the runway; a hundred or more coolies hauling a huge roller, smoothing the rough earth. I don't mean to; it's the blind, unreasoning anger when I see the disdain on her face when she looks at them; I say, "It's your landing."

The minute the words are out I want to eat them. I caution her as we approach. "There's a good chance one or two or a dozen of that gang will run across the runway in front of you as you land. Superstition. The closer they come to death without getting killed, the more devils it drives out of 'em. There have been ships broken up trying to avoid them, so there are strict orders not to try."

She nods, unbelieving, but it happens. She's light on the controls, the wheels are rolling, then there are three of them waving, running wildly. In a split second I see her hands white on the wheel; my own feet are on the rudders, steadying, but she makes no move. Two, safe, disappear under the wing, but there's a heavy, sickening thud as a prop finds the third. I see her face go tight, frantic, just for a second, but there's no emotion as we roll to a stop.

I get out, sick. She's beside me, and she's composed. She says angrily, "Fools! Do we report it?"

Anger, when a man runs into a huge, whirling knife. *She's angry, Benson, when your stomach, your whole being is tied in a knot.* I say, "No," somehow. "There's nobody to report it to, and nobody cares."

I don't even look at her on the return trip. I wish it had been my landing, my conscience instead of hers, but then I see the little hard twist to her mouth, and I shrug.

But when we get back to Shanghai, to the relief of civilization, I can't leave her. I look at her and I hear myself saying, "I'll take you home."

"The Park Hotel."

We thread our way through the narrow, teeming streets, and there's the Park, and she gets out. I start to leave, then I turn. I say, "I'm taking you to dinner," and my voice is rough.

It's a quick, surprised look, then she nods. "If you like."

I find my own hotel, cursing the traffic, myself, everything. I clean

up and go back and wait in the Park bar, and when she comes in it's as if I hadn't seen her before.

Her blonde hair, tawny in the yellowish light, is brushed smooth, shoulder length, and it's the first time I've seen her in a dress. It's slim, clinging, and I catch my breath. Woman-dressed, there's a quick, pulsing beauty to her; men turn as she walks by.

And strangest of all there's no trace of the hardness I have known before; the change leaves me with nothing but confusion.

We drink the first one fast, then she laughs lightly and it breaks the mood. I touch her arm. "For the time being, truce? No China. No flying. Strangers. Right?"

She lifts her glass. "Strangers."

I take her to a Russian place. We dance and she's close, supple, and the game of strangers lasts. There's vodka, and variations of vodka, the amount that goes with each return from the hills, and for those hours she's more feminine than anyone I have ever known. Close to her, the want grows strong, demanding.

We dance for a long time; then, on the way to another place, the ricksha cuts through a narrow, shadowed alley. It's a sight common in China; a dead Chinese sprawled against a building, but it breaks the spell. Inside, at the bar, she turns on me suddenly, her fingers white on her glass. "Life isn't worth much here, is it?"

It brings back with a rush the hardness of her that's been hidden during the evening, the cold lack of emotion. I can't help it; I say cuttingly, "Some people it doesn't seem to bother."

For a split second there's a hurt look, almost pleading, then the familiar hard, tight lines slip over her face and I say, "You're having no trouble learning this place. It's come hard to me from the first trip on."

"First trip?"

I think back, and the stirring rod snaps in my fingers. "I was co-pilot then, and we landed at Roger Mike. One of the slopeys backed a truck into the airplane. He started to run, but the guards caught him."

"Guards?"

"The usual army guards." I add slowly, "They stood him up behind the airplane and pumped three bullets into his head. That's what one of 'em gets for damaging an airplane. Anything with wings is worth a thousand lives."

For a moment she's quiet, then that soft mouth is a thin white line, and there's a little gesture. A shrug. She says tersely, "These coolies aren't human beings anyway. They're animals."

Animals. The drink, the whole evening turns bitter. I say, "Home," and I want to slap her until those hard lines are gone.

But at her door there's the closeness of her, the urgency of want, and I try again. I turn her to me. "Dorrey! You've got to quit! Now! There are high-pay jobs on the ground over here. The

back country is no place for any woman like you. An apartment . . ."

She doesn't move. For a second she's sort of misty, swaying towards me, then again there's the twisted, stubborn smile. She says quietly, "Tomorrow. At the field."

I turn away, cursing. When I go home I lie awake a long time . . .

Manther gives me the bad news next day. "We're starting to move the 71st Army, Captain Benson, from here to Item Fox. All available ships. You'll load twenty-six men at a time; one round trip a day per ship. Usual orders; the ship comes first in an emergency."

I groan; I know what that means. Human cargo without oxygen or parachutes over the worst mountain country in China, and the ship comes first. I say wearily, "We're fighting on the right side of this war, Manther, but someday I'm going to tell you what to do with your filthy \$1500."

Dorrey is in the ship, and there's a knot of half-starved coolies chattering under the wing. I don't say anything until I load them, sitting cross-legged in two long rows on the cabin floor, then I turn to her. "You know the orders on this job?"

"No."

She's checking the radios; I can't look at her. "We're overloaded, to get troops there in a hurry, and it's high altitude because of the mountains. We'll cruise at twenty thousand feet and most of those coolies will be unconscious at fifteen; we can neither get nor carry oxygen for them. There's another reason for no oxygen. With the weight we have, if an engine quits or we ice up, we'll never hold altitude, and those mountains will be damn close underneath. If that happens, orders are to get rid of the weight. These are orders from the guys running this show: push 'em overboard. The ship comes first."

I try to keep it matter of fact, but the bitterness creeps in.

She says, "Starting right engine," quietly, as if she hasn't heard. We roll out onto the asphalt and the ship gets off sluggishly, staggering under the load. We head northwest, listening to the roar of straining engines. We're an hour out, flying through grey milk, before she speaks.

"Have you ever had to do it?"

"No!"

That's all, but I know what she's thinking. I can feel it.

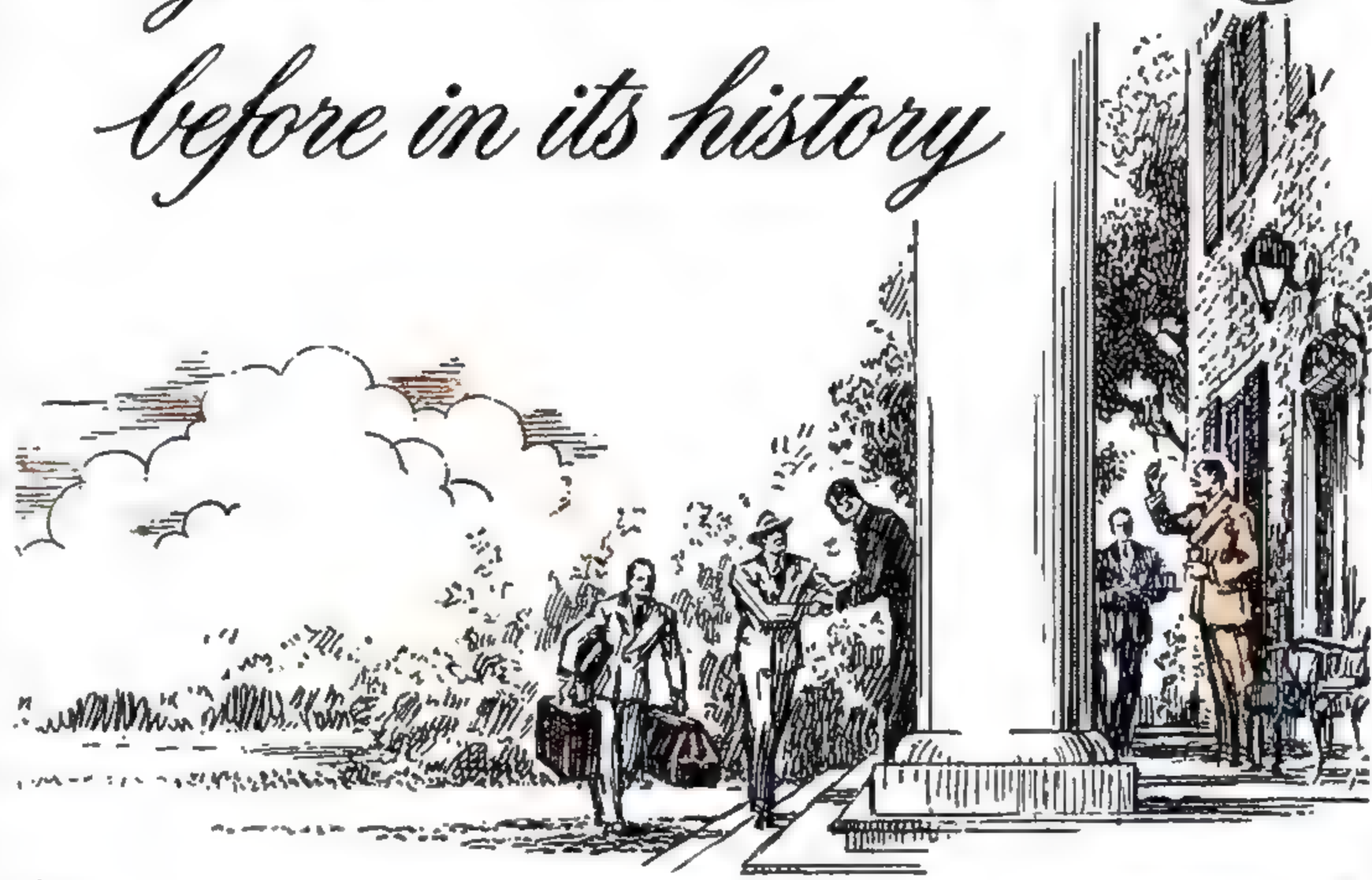
The turbulence starts as we reach the 20,000-foot level; somewhere in the clouds below those jutting, barren peaks are sliding towards us. Then I'm fighting the ship; the dark grey turns black and there's the quick drumming of hail on the windshields. If it turns to rain at that altitude . . . ice. She says nothing . . .

It doesn't turn to rain for almost half an hour; just the wild bucking of the ship through air gone mad. Then suddenly, with the fierceness that is part of the sky, it's water forming clear, solid ice on our wings. Her eyes find

Continued on page 128

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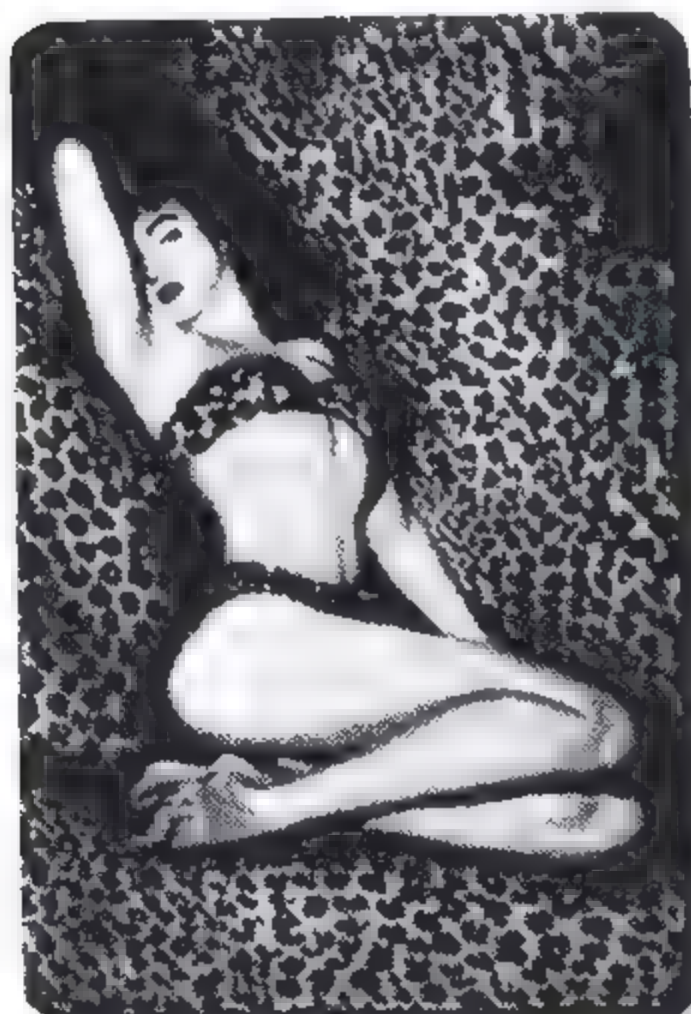
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Big Girls Don't Cry

Continued from page 127

me; they're questioning, worried. "Turn on the prop alcohol, full! Wing de-icers at thirty-second intervals!"

Minutes later it's still blasting freezing rain, and in it an airplane picks up ice like a snowball rolling downhill. Ice that's fatal, destroying lift, weighing down. I turn the cockpit lights up bright and I can see her face, strained, taut in the greenish glow. Twice the wing boots crack off the ice; then it stays. I push the throttles wide, work the controls to keep them from freezing. I think, *we've got to get out of it, now*, and the first quick fear sets in...

We sit, helpless, for minutes that are years; I curse into the mask, watching the flickering needles, listening to the sharp, pistol-like reports as ice thrown from the props slams into the fuselage.

Then, as the ice builds up, our eyes travel together to the rate-of-climb needle, but even before I look, I know. The ship is logy, wallowing. The needle reads one hundred feet per minute—down.

I snarl into the mask. *Easy, Benson; steady. This is your job.* I think, *I wish I knew where we were; I wish to hell I knew where we were.* The radio, antenna ice-covered, is a useless crackle of static, and there's no telling where the storm has blown us. We might be beyond the peaks where we could lose altitude safely... or another thousand feet down might find us ripping, tearing into them...

I wrench the mask aside, trying to keep my voice even, but the words come slow, labored. "If we lose another five hundred feet this ship has got to be... lightened!"

I think sickly, *she's nodding*, but I can't look. I can see only the blackness, the thickening crust of ice on the windshields, the needle slanting down. My eyes move to the altimeter, fascinated. 19,700... 19,600...

Premonition. Human beings. Twenty-six lives, 19,500... steady. But I know that nothing in the world can save us but lightening the ship. 19,400...

I clip the walk-around oxygen bottle onto my mask with stiff fingers, and stand up. My legs feel weak; I hear my voice as if from a great distance. I say, "You fly it," and start for the cabin door, clutching the seat back for support. I shudder. Animals.

My hand is on the knob when she turns. Her mask is off and her eyes seem to blaze from a flat-white face. "You... can't!"

"I have to! Mountains..."

"We may be beyond them! We'll... find out!"

It's almost hysteria. I look at her, blurred, for long seconds, and it is then that I know Anne Dorrey. There's torture in her face, torture at the thought of those humans in the cabin behind us, and every trace of hardness is gone. For a fleeting instant the

picture of Manther comes into my mind: Orders. War. Ships more valuable. Then her eyes; tight, unbelieving horror. I get into the seat, numb, unfeeling.

Time, hazy, endless, longer than life itself. Down. Seconds from a wall of rock. The airspeed needle at 160 miles an hour and rock, head on. Now or seconds from now. Blackness. Manther and that suave, purring voice. 17,000. We must be in a valley between peaks; skin crawling. Blackness that's crushing, closing in. Any second... when? Beside me, she seems unreal, shaking, the sheen of sweat above the ugliness of the mask. Rushing, roaring into a black void that means destruction... waiting...

I do not know what it feels like when we break out of the cloud. Just suddenly there is light, a glimpse of green-swirling jungle, and complete, gasping relief. For a time there's no physical reaction at all; then, automatically, watching the ice melt and disappear in the higher temperatures. We're low, flying by instinct, then after a while there's the strip of brown, hard-packed earth. The wheels touch; the roar of the engines is gone.

And Anne Dorrey is crying.

For a long time I make no effort to move; then, dully, it comes to me what I must do. I sit forward, deliberate, hoarse. "Stop it! You're too damned hard to cry!"

Her face is away from me, muffled in her arms.

I shake her, feel my fingers biting into her skin. "You were hard enough when we took that ground fire at Queen Peter! When you pulled the gun on that guard! When you caught that slop on the prop! They're just animals, aren't they?"

She raises her head quickly then, as if she doesn't believe what she's hearing. Her face is hot-angry, and her words are a rushing, tumbling torrent. "I am not hard! I've been terrified since I first walked into Operations! From what you said when I met you! Of those bullets and that guard! I was sick when I hit the coolie, physically sick when I left the airplane! You..."

Her voice drops to a whisper. "I had to fight it! I had to be hard. But I'm quitting."

There's pride in her even then, pride in her look, in that husky voice that's a wild, racking sob. "Go ahead! Laugh! That's what you wanted to hear!"

I'm not laughing. I say softly, "You're not quitting, Dorrey. You're just finding out that this isn't for a woman; not for a woman with any kind of feeling. Not for your kind of woman."

I'm touching her then, hungrily, her face, her shoulders, and she isn't pulling away. She's sort of misty, swaying towards me, and the want is stronger than I have ever before known. I whisper, "Shanghai, Anne..." #

Continued from page 36

Nothing To Be Done

Continued from page 73

bet wasn't among them. You don't think I'd pocket it, do you?"

"I didn't mean that," Nat said, and paused despondently. "I wish I could remember. It got busy suddenly and I don't know what I did with the envelope. I must have lost it or given it away by mistake."

"Carl," Huck said, "call up the syndicate. I bet it's up there somewhere."

"No," Nat said. "I didn't phone it in."

"Call them anyway," Huck insisted.

"All right," Carl said.

"Call up London for me," Nat said. "Try and explain it to him."

"It won't do any good," Carl said.

"Do it anyway, will you?"

"All right," Carl said.

The two boys left, and Carl stood up and began dressing. When his shirt was buttoned, he rolled up his sleeves and walked out. The long room downstairs was empty. Huck sat on a corner of one of the tables in the back, talking to Nat, who was hunched up furtively on a bench against the wall.

"I'm going to call," Carl said.

"Thanks, Carl," Nat said. "And talk to London for me."

Carl nodded and started for the door. "Don't sit on the tables," he said to Huck as he walked by.

When he was outside, Carl stopped briefly to look up at the sky. For some reason he didn't know, he wanted it to rain. Next door to the poolroom was a small luncheonette. Carl nodded to the counterman as he walked back to the telephone. He closed the door of the booth carefully, looked out to the front of the store for a moment and then stared at the phone. After awhile he left the booth.

Two young boys were using the first table when Carl returned to the poolroom. He eyed them closely as he walked to the back where Huck and Nat were waiting.

"I called the syndicate," he said. "They never got the bet."

"How about London?" Nat asked. "Did you talk to him?"

"I couldn't get him," Carl said. He stared down into the boy's eyes.

"He's on his way over here, I guess," he said slowly. "He'll bring some friends."

Nat didn't speak and in the silence the noise of the ticker bringing in a rehash of the previous day's results grew very loud. Carl turned and looked down at the boys playing on the first table. He asked Huck, "School kids?"

"I don't know," Huck said.

"Better get them out," Carl said.

"The law might be around."

Huck walked slowly toward the front. Carl watched him move away, waiting until he was out of earshot before turning back to Nat.

"You'd better beat it, Nat," he said.

Nat shook his head. "No. I don't want to run away."

"They can get pretty rough," Carl said.

"I'll talk to them," Nat said.

"I'll try to explain."

"They won't listen," Carl said.

Nat looked down at the floor without answering. He made no move to go. Carl studied him for a moment. "My brother has a farm in Jersey," he said. "You could go there. He'll treat you right."

Nat didn't move.

"Nat," Carl said, his voice growing sharp. "You'd better go. I've seen them work. They could kill you easy. I've seen them do it."

Nat's face grew white and he shifted nervously.

"They worked someone over right outside," Carl said. "They beat him bloody. I've seen them do it, Nat."

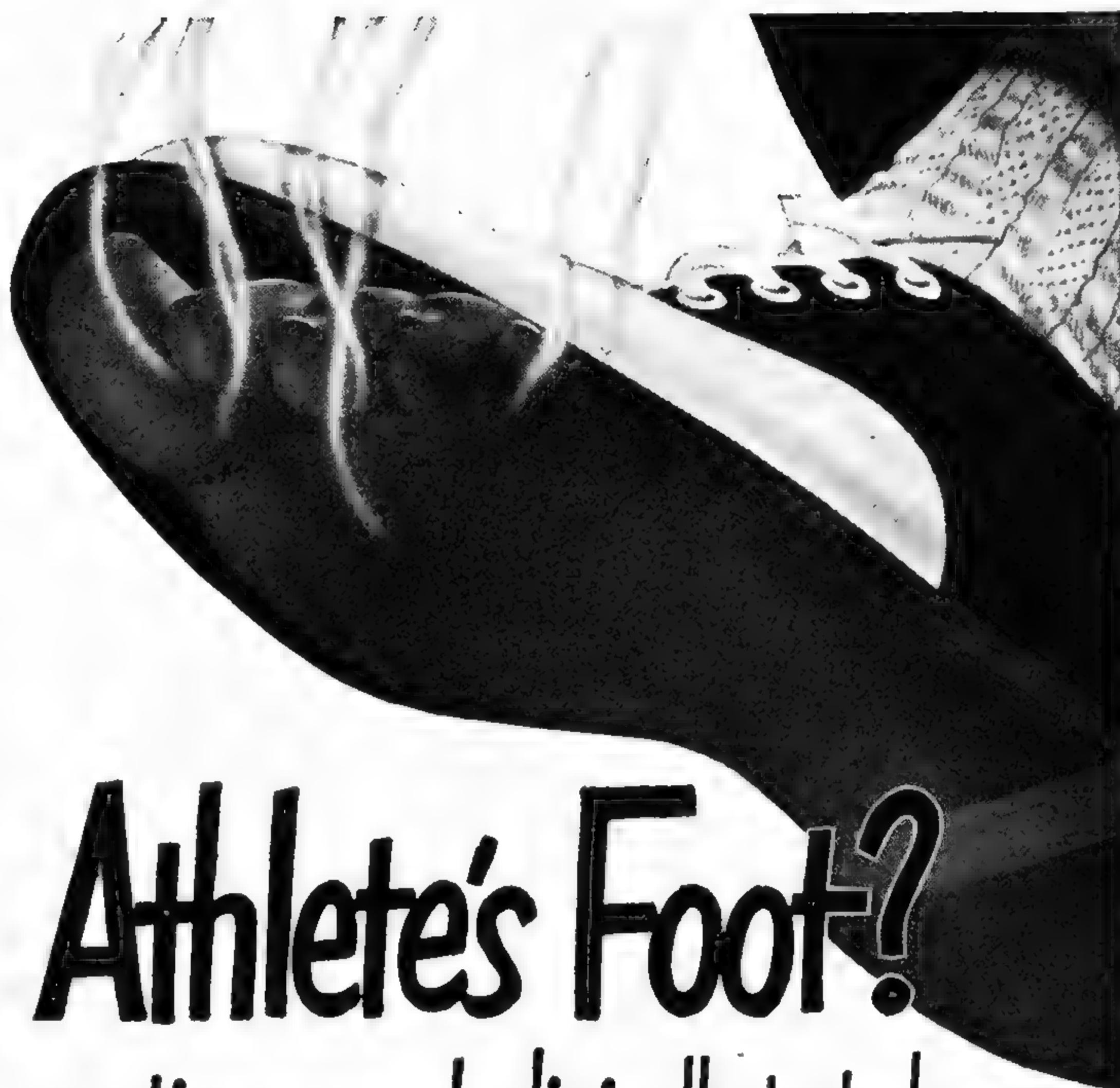
Nat looked up at him quickly. For a moment, Carl thought he might decide to go. Then Nat shook his head vehemently. "All right, Nat," Carl said unhappily. He squeezed Nat's shoulder and then went up to his room. When he got there, he removed his shirt and shoes and lay down on the bed.

A long time passed before he heard footsteps rushing up the stairs, and Huck burst into the room. "They're outside," he said. "They just drove up."

Carl didn't move. "Where's Nat?" he asked slowly.

"He's downstairs," Huck looked

Continued on page 130



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Nothing To Be Done

Continued from page 129

at Carl. "Aren't you going down?"

"There's nothing I can do."

"But they'll beat him up."

"Sit down, Huck," Carl said.

Huck sat down. He watched Carl steadily.

"Just relax," Carl said. "Smoke a cigarette and relax."

There was a long, intense silence. Then they heard a door close downstairs. There was the barely audible sound of footsteps. They stopped, and for several minutes all that could be heard was the faint chatter of the ticker in the poolroom. Then, suddenly, there was a cry that broke off abruptly, followed immediately by a loud scramble of footsteps that slowed gradually and disappeared. The silence that followed was complete. Even the ticker was dead.

Huck was sweating profusely. Streams of perspiration flowed freely down his face, and the neck of his shirt was soaked with a dark, spreading stain. "I can't hear anything," he said to Carl in a hoarse whisper.

"I can," Carl said. "I can hear you sweating."

Huck ran his hand over his forehead and looked at the hand with surprise. He pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his face and neck thoroughly. When he was through, he held the handkerchief between his hands in a crumpled ball.

Minutes passed. The door downstairs opened and closed. Huck rose quickly and moved to the side of the window. A car door slammed, and seconds later an automobile started up and drove off. Huck turned from the window. "They're gone," he whispered hoarsely.

"All right," Carl said. He sat up and reached for his shirt. "We'll go down now."

Huck moved across the room slowly, scarcely breathing, and started downstairs. Carl stood up and walked to the door. He stopped there and listened to Huck's footsteps going down cautiously. Then he closed the door and turned the latch. He bent down to the floor, reached under the rug, and withdrew a small white envelope.

He had found it buried in his pocket the night before. Somehow it had got separated from the other bets that Nat had given him, and when he had discovered it, it was already too late. He had been thinking about it all night and all morning, trying to figure out if there was anything that could be done and realizing all the time that there wasn't. Twelve hundred dollars was due, and someone had to pay for the mistake. It was best the way it had happened, he kept telling himself, because he was a soft, middle-aged man, and Nat was young and in good health. He felt very sad about it, because Nat was a good, honest kid, and Carl liked him a lot.

Standing by the door, he opened the envelope and looked at the money inside. It contained a hundred dollars, and Carl stared at it for a moment, deliberating. Then he walked slowly into the bathroom and tore it up, money and all. He watched the pieces carefully as they fell into the bowl, but when he came back into the other room he felt no better. He unlatched the door and went downstairs. ‡

Continued from page 73

Everybody's My Boss

Continued from page 55

pal." The pro visits for a few moments, then departs, apologizing for having to be on the lesson tee for an appointment already past due. Result: for not sitting down and having a clubby chat with the member and his visitor, the member may spread the word around that the pro is so hungry for a dime that he won't stop to say a few kind words. On the other hand, the member who has had a five-minute wait on the tee may accuse the pro of being more interested in bulling and having drinks with Bill McThirst and his friend than in giving lessons.

There is no office or factory employee who could please 350 bosses and their wives or who could be exposed to punishment for this inability, but the pro has to do that impossible job or have club politics catch up with him. Often new administrations at clubs don't come into office until early spring, when it's too late for the professional who is dropped without warning to find another job. Yet the professional, who is supposed to be responsible primarily to the chairman of the committee that hired him, is in reality held

personally accountable by every member of the club.

Pros can make mistakes, of course. I've made plenty of them on my pro jobs—some mistakes of thoughtlessness and some of sheer ignorance. But, in honest reflection, I am sure that I've made fewer mistakes in my relations with members than members have made in their relations with me. So many of them simply don't realize what the conditions are. When they see me playing golf—which isn't very often—they think I have an easy job and am out on the course entirely to enjoy the company of some other favored member. Usually I am giving a lesson. Only on Monday afternoons, when I rush from my shopping to the first tee of any tournament our professional association may be having, do I get a chance to play for myself. When I manage a free hour or two, though, I do enjoy playing with members just for the fun of it. After all, in spite of all this griping, I know my club has better people than any other club. I've felt that way about every club I've worked for.

I like to play with as many club

members as I can. (Not for bets, though. The pro who gambles heavily with any of his members is not handling his job properly.) However, strangely enough, it isn't always easy to get games with members; some of them are embarrassed, when I'm along, because of their high scores.

But if they only knew it, they teach me how to enjoy golf. Anybody who can hit so many bad shots and still keep playing has an answer I've never been able to find. As I've said before, some of them lack what it takes to play good golf, as well as the time or inclination to practice. But at least they have fun!

The private-club professional gets about three different kinds of pupils. The largest class wants to learn without devoting much time or work to the job. If you don't get one of this group hitting the ball well in three easy, quick lessons, he reverts completely to whatever excuse for a grip, stance, and swing he had before; he may even say that you taught him that way and ruined his game. His is what I call the "unteachables" class. About the best I can do for pupils of this type is to correct their more flagrant faults and hope they'll gradually graduate into the next class, which is that of the fellows who enjoy lessons as another challenging game. They will play ball your way and realize that golf isn't quickly mastered.

The fellows who shoot from par to 80 at your club belong to the third and smallest class. The best thing you can do for them is to diagnose their faults and let them give themselves most of the treatment, with you as a supervisor.

Pros have been trying for years to discover one sure way to teach good golf, and they're still looking.

One of the home-club pro's big problems is getting and training desirable assistants. When I get a good assistant and spend hours teaching him how a pro shop should be run to care for members' needs and how the books should be kept so that the place will make money (and, too, so that he'll know how to run his own business when he graduates into a master-pro job), I still have another full-sized training job ahead of me. I must teach him my way of teaching so that competent instruction service will be available to members for whom I simply haven't enough hours in the day. Most young men who want to be professionals prefer playing golf to teaching it. That's natural. I did, myself. But to impress upon them that around a golf club a member's game comes first seems to be getting to be a tougher task every day.

However, all our problems can be ironed out pretty well. There's even a way to avoid being put in the middle when rules disputes come up. I just show people the rules book and say to them, "The answers are there, to protect the pro from getting into a crossfire."

Although I'm with a club in a

metropolitan district, I think the pro in a smaller city has the edge on the majority of professionals at the larger clubs. In the smaller clubs, the members are proud of a pro who serves them well and does something to bring favorable publicity to them. They send their old faithfuls on winter trips back to the Scotch homeland and, if they have promising younger men, contribute toward providing them with the training and opportunities of the winter-tournament circuit. The professional who performs competently and sincerely for the sound smaller club can be an outstanding citizen without arousing jealousy and can do his work on a semisocial basis at his club without incurring the risks that the metropolitan-district professional must take when he treats a member other than as a customer.

But I wouldn't trade my job for one at a smaller club. I worked at smaller clubs when I was younger, and I was treated fine. Where I am now I get more headaches, but I get more money too, and more prestige. The prestige gratifies my vanity. I know I've made good or I wouldn't have the job I hold. The headaches are part of the job, just as headaches are part of every really good job everywhere.

For every headache I have a hundred delights. Somebody in the locker room may be beefing when I come in late some afternoon; but somebody else may be bragging that I got him out of his habit of topping the ball and slicing and he has just shot a 95—the best game of his life. I calm the complainer and share the joy of the celebrator.

At night I go home dead tired. The kids are in bed. My wife asks if there was a big crowd at the club for dinner, and I tell her there was. They are paying to have fun and they're having it. That's great for them and for me. That's my business.

And when I compare their jobs with mine, I wouldn't trade—not even for an office job that pays \$50,000 a year. A couple of weeks away from the club after the season's ended, and I'm eager to get back on the job. The winter gives me plenty of time for reflecting that being a golf professional at a club is no career for a fellow who's lazy, untidy, stupid, or a show-off. I get to thinking that the members must think my character is good or they wouldn't be sending their children and wives to me for lessons. It occurs to me that comparatively few fellows who had to start to work as early as I did have done so well financially and have succeeded in a business where a fellow can contribute so much to the health and happiness of others.

So then I am halfway ashamed of myself for ever saying, as I've done here, that my job isn't all sunshine. But maybe it's a smart thing for me to tell about the troubles of a pro. Otherwise, everybody would want to turn pro.

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The Code of the Escribiente

Continued from page 52

if she expected him to perform with a monkey. They parted in anger, Ramon gathered his savings and secured a ride to San Diego with Pablo, a truck driver of his town.

"Here," said Ramon resolutely, "I will find musical employment befitting my ability. I will play indoors, perhaps in a teatro, or a restaurante, perhaps even with the San Diego Symphony Orchestra."

I wished Ramon good fortune, saying that I was always at his service.

"Good," he said. "I will return tomorrow. I promised my mother that I will have a letter written to her each day."

The next morning when I reached my office I found Ramon sitting on the doorstep, and we began with the letter at once. Again I read from the carbon copy that I kept for my files:

"Dear Madre: As yet I have not found employment. I must fill certain requirements before I can obtain work. First, it seems one must join a union before one is acceptable even to receive an audition. I have already made myself accessible by the payment of a fee for which I was given a multicolored button and a card with beautiful handwriting.

"My repertoire does not include that type of music most popular in this country: jive. But this, too, I am mastering. I am being given instructions in jive, a peculiar rhythmic type of music.

"I am confident that in a few days I will be musically engaged. My jive teacher is a former musician with Freddy Showpan and his Jive Five. He is also a composer of a melody entitled, *If You Don't Jive You're Not Alive*. It is gratifying to associate oneself with such a notable.

"Please inform Felicita of my progress, and have no concern for my welfare. I am pleased with my rooming house where I share a bed with but one lodger, a luxury after sleeping for so many years in one room with my three brothers. This roommate is an engaging young man. Last night he taught me an interesting game played with two cubes. It is called dice. Tonight, I am sure, it will be my turn to win.

"Your loving son, Ramon."

Now, señores, it is true that I invited Ramon to learn the card game of poker and that I won from him eleven dollars. But if Ramon considered his roommate an engaging person for teaching him dice, why am I to be regarded less favorably for the playing of poker?

Each day Ramon visited my office for his letter. Our relations were most amicable. I do not deny that I offered to teach him to read and write for a fee. But is that a crime, gentlemen? Is the educating of an illiterate to be considered undesirable?

As to my making a certain investment for Ramon, I was dic-

tated purely by an unselfish interest in the boy. Am I to be blamed if the investment turned out badly? The accursed horse ran second at Tijuana, a photo finish, señores. So you see that my judgment was not without soundness.

Yes, one of my interests is to serve the community as a betting commissioner.

The first day of the second week of Ramon's visits, I confess I was forced to break the code of the escribiente. But, señores, I am above all a human being, a man with a soul and a heart. I could not ignore Ramon's letter from which I now quote:

"My jive teacher informed me today that I must have patience. For jive, he said, I have a touch of genius. However, it will require almost a year for this genius to develop. This comes as a shock to me, as my financial status shrinks at an alarming pace with expenses of food, shelter, lessons in jive, lessons in reading and writing, investments, dice and poker. Perhaps I should return home to you, to Father, to my brothers and sisters and, yes, to Felicita and the monkey."

When I had received my fee, I turned to this unfortunate boy. He was a pitiable sight, with his chin in his hands and grief in his eyes. I could not permit him to depart from San Diego broken in spirit.

"Ramon," I said in a gentle manner, "I have come to regard you as a brother. Although it is the code of the escribiente to refrain from involvement in a client's letters, the time has come when I must give you the benefit of my experience and offer a solution."

"I will be grateful, Señor Hernandez," Ramon said.

"First," I said, "you must not be discouraged. What you did in Sentimiento, you can do in San Diego. Take your violin, go to the market places. Go to the Tijuana race track, the baseball park, the suburbs. Play, play for the turistas in Balboa Park and for the sailors at the water front. Serenade your public as you did in Sentimiento."

"But alone, señor, without Father?" asked Ramon. "In Sentimiento I did not do well playing by myself."

"Ho," I said enthusiastically, "that was Sentimiento. In Sentimiento there was the siesta which consumed much of the afternoon. You did not work, you rested. Yes?"

"Yes, señor."

"In Sentimiento you traveled by foot. Here you will cover thrice the distance by utilizing the trolley cars. Yes?"

"Yes, oh, yes, Señor Hernandez." Ramon's words were paeans of joy.

"Then go, Ramon, play," I commanded him. "No siestas during the afternoon, more people,

the trolley cars, you cannot fail."

That evening, as I was locking the door, I heard a jingling noise behind me. I turned and saw the happy face of Ramon. His hands were in his pockets and he was jingling coins.

"Amigo," he cried, "I have been favored with success—six dollars and eight cents."

Of a certainty, I thought, this boy has a rich musical talent.

"And that is only my share, Señor Hernandez," he continued. "There was six dollars and eight cents for my partner."

This was too much. The boy must have violated the law. "Twelve dollars and sixteen cents and a partner—Ramon, what crimes have you committed?"

"No crimes, amigo," he said. "Let me tell you. Or better, let us go inside to your office. I will talk, you will write to my mother."

In the office we sat before my desk. Ramon spoke, I transcribed:

"Dear Madre: At the suggestion of my good friend, Señor Hernandez, the escribiente, I today returned to the playing of my violin in the streets. And Madre, querida, what happened to me was fantastico. The first place I selected for a performance was the water front.

"I located myself before a fish store and played my favorite medley of *La Paloma*, *La Piñata*, *La Golondrina* and *La Cucaracha*. I played from the heart, giving much vibrato to the violin. The passers-by responded to my music with indifference. I completed the medley with my only audience a small dog who barked at my playing.

"With some discouragement I walked a short distance until I came to Ferdinando's Fish Market. It was a busy area.

"Hardly had I played the first few bars of *Estralita* when there appeared a young girl who smiled at me. Hoping to receive a penny or two, I smiled back at her. She was a striking brunette, slender, with flashing eyes and the warmth of the sun in her smile.

"But she did not toss any pennies to me. Instead, she walked toward me, humming. Her walk was startling. With her hands on her hips and her exquisitely shaped head held high, she approached me in a rhythmic motion, her hips swaying from left to right in a most provocative manner.

"By the time she reached my side a group of sailors had stopped to watch. More sailors came along, then some young boys, old men—in a few minutes a crowd of about twenty people had gathered. All the while I played and the girl walked with her intriguing swaying motion, serenading first one sailor, then another, humming vivaciously. Several sailors made as though to embrace her. Cleverly, but always with poise, she drew away from them.

"Then it was over. We were assailed by coins. There were cheers, huzzahs, bravos, vivas. I was amazed that a girl who merely hummed a song could draw such a

crowd and such a rain of coins.

"What do we do now?" I whispered to her.

"She laughed. 'We start all over again.'

"What shall I play?" I asked her.

"What's the difference?" she said. 'Just play.'

"We quickly picked up the coins, I raised my violin to my chin and began the playing of *Rosita*. The girl began to hum and sway, with the crowd cheering so that I had to play fortissimo to be heard.

"Such enthusiasm, such gaiety, such a congestion. At last a policeman called to the crowd, 'Break it up, break it up.' In a few minutes we were alone. We were so worn from our performance that we sat on the curbstone.

"I said to her, 'Who are you? What kind fate sent you to me?'

"I work in Ferdinando's, paring fish,' she said. 'I watched you playing down the street; you looked so sad, I thought to have some excitement and see if I could draw a crowd for you.' She laughed up into my face. 'I did pretty good for you, eh, amigo?'

"I nodded, but I felt a lump in my throat. 'And now you will return to the fish market of Ferdinando?' I asked.

"She raised her eyebrows and looked at me archly. 'How much money did we collect?'

"We counted the money together.

"Two dollars and ninety cents,' exclaimed the girl. 'Imagine! I can hardly believe it.' She gripped my arm. 'Come, we will play before Rosario's Bar and Grill where there are many sailors.'

"Well, dear Madre, we played before Rosario's, at the Coronado Ferry Wharf, on the Municipal Pier and along Pacific, California and other Streets. For the afternoon's performances we divided twelve dollars and sixteen cents—more than Father and I used to earn in a week. The girl's name is Carmencita Garcia, she has resigned from the fish market, we have formed a partnership and I will advise you more tomorrow after our day's concerts.

"Please tell Felicita.

"Your loving son, Ramon."

I assure you, my heart was glad for Ramon. I wished now only to meet the girl who had made all this possible.

"Ramon," I said, "I would like to see this Carmencita. Where are you planning to start your playing tomorrow?"

"We have not planned," Ramon answered.

"You could start your itinerary right here in the Mexican Quarter," I suggested. "Right here by my office is a busy section."

"Gladly, Señor Hernandez," he said.

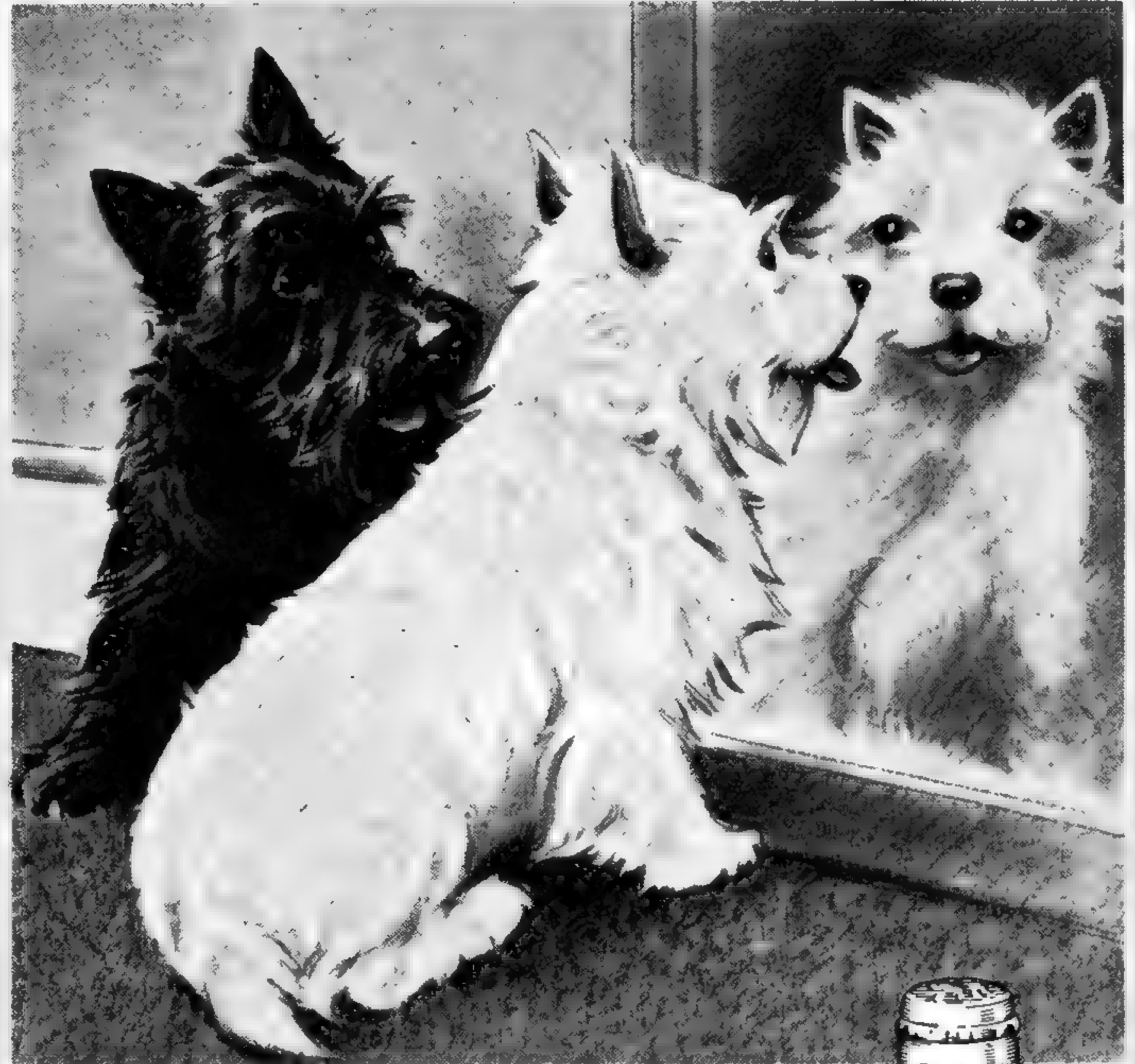
The next morning I heard the strains of a violin outside my office. I went out and there in the gutter were Ramon and Carmencita. She was brillante, even celeste.

They were surrounded by a substantial crowd. Ramon played

Continued on page 134

Hello

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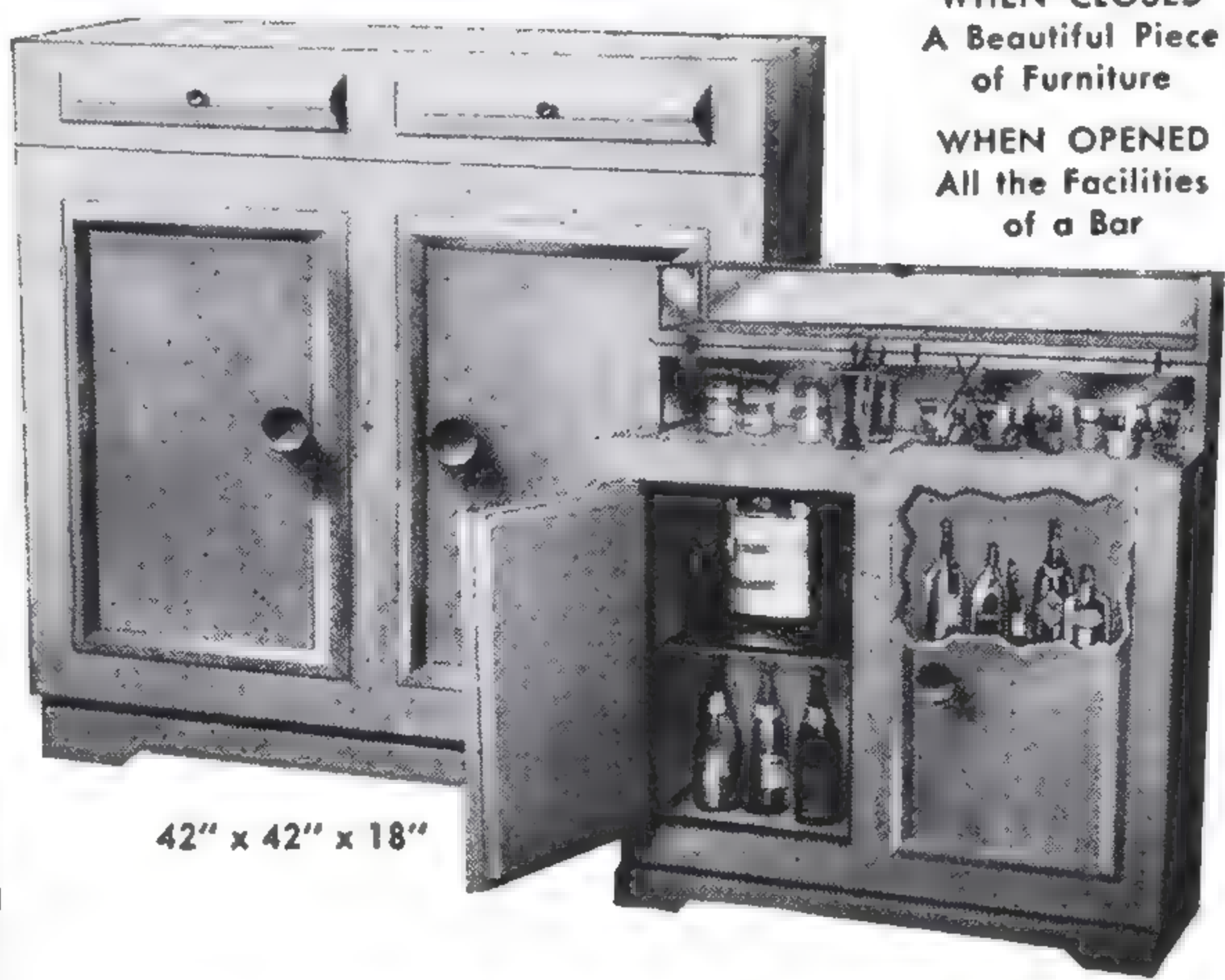
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The Code of the Escribiente

Continued from page 133

his violin, Carmencita hummed. It was her delivery that was awe-inspiring. Never before had I witnessed such intricate body gyrations. I watched as one hypnotized.

The song was ended, the people cheered and tossed pennies, nickels and dimes. I edged my way through the crowd.

"Carmencita," Ramon called, "I wish you to meet my good friend, Guillermo Hernandez."

Carmencita looked up, her hands full of coins. She returned my appraising glance coolly. She was, I could see, a girl of spirit, fully aware of her talents.

"Carmencita," I said in a most gracious manner, "your performance was breath-taking. I am enthralled."

I placed my hand on Ramon's shoulder in brotherly fashion. As a music lover I had detected a slight blur in his playing. "Ramon," I said, "I have a criticism to offer. I fear that you are using an inferior grade of strings on your violin and this does not allow the maximum beauty of your playing."

Ramon looked at me in wonderment. "Are there different grades of strings?" he asked.

"Of course," I answered, "and with the best grade you will reach even greater heights. There is a music store which carries only the finest grade of strings. This is Joe's Music Shop over on Broadway. If you hurry, you can get there, buy a set and return within the hour."

Ramon glanced at Carmencita. She looked dubiously at me.

"We do all right with these strings," she said.

"Carmencita," I said, "believe me, you will not regret Ramon's going for new strings."

She shrugged her shoulders. Ramon did likewise and then left for Joe's Music Shop.

Well, rather than to have Carmencita wait outside for Ramon, I invited her to my office. Inside, we spoke casually. Our conversation pertained to our mutual love for music, the difficulties of an escribiente, the hardships of street musicians and of the wonders of a successful career.

Now, my good friends, as to why I left my office with Carmencita before Ramon returned, can I be blamed if the young lady expressed a desire to go to a restaurant for breakfast?

As to why I did not return to the office with her after breakfast, amigos, can I be castigated if Carmencita found my company desirable? Am I to be censored for agreeing to escort her to Balboa Park where we could continue our conversation?

Yes, of course I told her she was a great artist. Are there any of you who disagree with this opinion of her talents?

No, I did not return to my office with her that day, nor the next. A situation arose from our

conversation which required immediate action. There was no time to return to my office or to find Ramon. I had no choice. Carmencita and I were obliged to go on a journey for the benefit of all.

Yes, I insist it was for the benefit of all. If you will permit me to read the letter which Ramon had Señor Jaime Ferraro write to his mother, I can explain that to you. I will read it aloud:

"Dear Madre: It is three days since I have had a letter written to you. The reason is that I have been engaged in a city-wide search for Carmencita who, together with Guillermo Hernandez, has disappeared. I am at present in the office of Señor Jaime Ferraro, an escribiente who is writing the letter for me. Señor Ferraro believes that Señor Guillermo Hernandez has abducted Carmencita for his own devices. He advises me that Señor Hernandez is a scoundrel entirely capable of such deceit and that he will track down Señor Hernandez for my sake.

"Señor Ferraro says to do this is part of the code of the escribiente—to serve a client beyond the requirements of letter writing. He urges me to remain here and prefer charges against Señor Hernandez. He says he can get Carmencita back for me and then serve as our agent at a ten-per-cent fee.

"If Señor Ferraro can bring back Carmencita I will be happy to return here. But meanwhile I have come to regard San Diego as an area hostile to me. I return tomorrow to you, to Father, to my brothers and sisters and, yes, to Felicita and the monkey.

"Your loving son, Ramon."

You see, gentlemen, it is the chicanery of Jaime Ferraro that is responsible for this confusion. It is only because of Ferraro's greed for a ten-per-cent interest in Ramon and Carmencita that he unrelentingly traced my whereabouts and caused Ramon to accuse me falsely and you to return me to San Diego.

You can readily see, señores, that I was motivated by humanitarian reasons. I wished only to do what was best for all. There was the monkey going to waste. There was Felicita wasting away with love for Ramon and Ramon lonesome for his home. There was Carmencita wasting away her talents in street performances. Is it not true that I am responsible for correcting this situation?

Now, señores, here is a fine cigar for each of you. If you will release me I can take the next airplane back to New York and be there tomorrow evening in time for Carmencita's performance at the Fandango Room of the Skyline Hotel where she is celebrated as the leading dancer of the Strip Tease.

As to the charge of my kidnapping Carmencita, that is absurd. Is there a punishment for kidnapping one's own wife? #

Continued from page 52

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rounded up again." He picked up
a phone and talked for a few min-
utes. "They're all in the tank.
Want to listen to their story?"

I shook my head. Something was
wrong. "I'll check with you later,"
I told him. I went back to the
hotel, ordered a fifth of rye and
when it came I did some serious
thinking. A neat pattern was
building itself in my mind and by
the time I got it all figured out I
was seeing two of everything, even
two Crystals when she walked in-
to the room. I guess she put me to
bed; at least that's where I was
the next morning.

I got out without waking her.

Lamson looked at my bloodshot
eyes and laughed. Then he told
me that Dell's apartment had
been broken into late last night
while she was out with her boy
friend. He'd had two men watch-
ing, but they didn't even know it
had happened until Dell reported
it. I tried to talk him into putting
a tab on every one of the heist
boys, but he wouldn't; he doubled
the guard at the apartment.

I had enough then, so I called
on Dell again. She was getting
ready to go to work and while she
dressed I prowled the living room.
Just before she came in I pocketed
the cover of the candy dish. She
didn't miss it, and we passed some
small talk before I got out.

The Old Man was sitting in my
room when I went back to the
hotel. Crystal was gone.

"Fancy quarters," he told me.

"Yeah."

"Fancy roommate, too."

"You saw her?"

"Of course. But not for the first
time."

"You know her."

"She's Monk Taylor's property.
What did you get out of her?"

"Don't pry," I told him.

"I'm not interested in your love
life. Monk is a fence, she does his
errands. You might have com-
bined business with pleasure."

"I didn't," I said.

"What have you done?"

"I'll leave for New York in a
week," I said. "I'll give you a full
report then. Nothing now. Okay?"

The Lasher Ice

Continued from page 48

He didn't like it, but he took it.
As soon as he left the room I put
the candy-dish cover in a box and
addressed it to Duke Wallace,
General Delivery, New York, and
mailed it.

For the week that followed I sat
around and watched while San
Francisco had a wave of gang kill-
ings and Detective Lamson went
almost crazy. When the smoke
cleared four of the heist boys were
dead and two were in jail for at-
tempted robbery of Dell's apart-
ment. The rest were being held
for the killings. I left for New
York and Crystal was on the train.
Besides other things I spent the
time getting her side of the story.
I'd figured most of it anyway.

Monk was at the station to
meet her, but it didn't seem to
make any difference in the way
she kissed me good-bye and it was-
n't until I got to my apartment
that I found my key gone.

I got my package and went up
to the Old Man's office.

"I'll tell you a story," I said.
"When the Lasher ice was lifted
and disappeared, nobody doubted
that Smoke got it. But when he
didn't use it to make a deal the
smart boys thought maybe he
hadn't lifted it. The only trouble
with that thinking was that he
couldn't make a deal after the
butler died. You remember who
was D.A. then? A deal wasn't in
his book at all; he didn't care
about the diamond so long as he
could tab Smoke for the killing.
That's why Smoke clammed up.
He planted the rock with his sis-
ter and she took a powder and
nobody thought anything about
it. So just as long as the diamond
didn't surface Smoke could hope
for parole; once the sister put it
in the market Smoke was set to
spend the rest of the time in the
pen. Get that?"

"I figured it myself."

"I'm wasting your time?" I
asked.

"Go on."

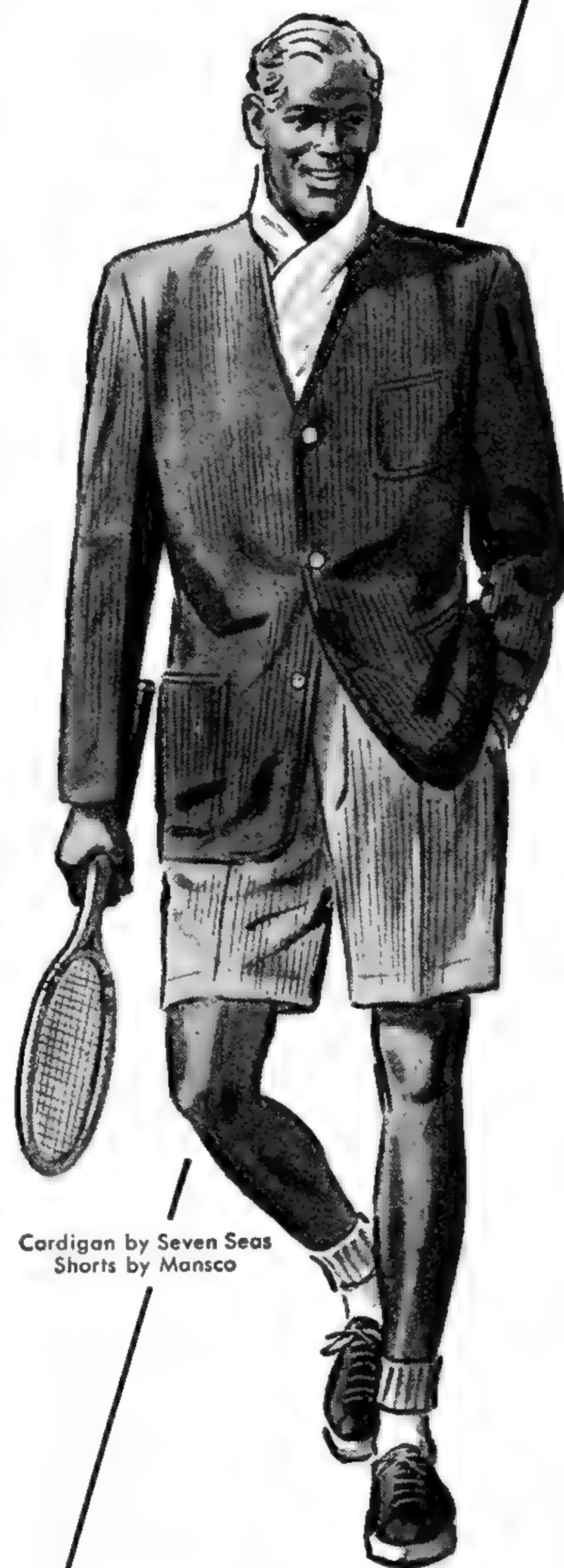
"Allright. Big John was Smoke's
pal and he knew about the plant,
but because he was a pal he didn't
spill. When he knew it was up with

Continued on page 136



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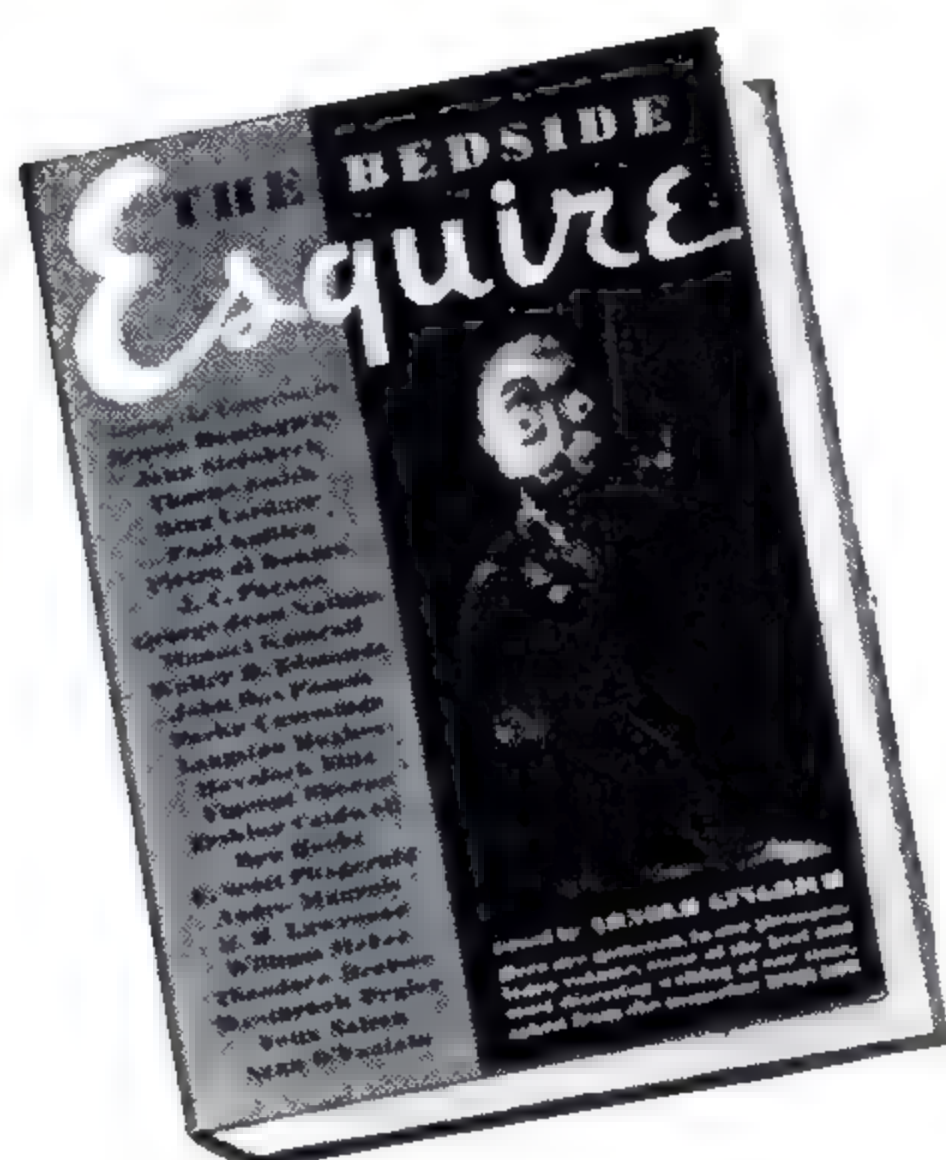
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The Lasher Ice

Continued from page 135

him he passed the information to the guy closest to him, Harry the Cat. And what Harry didn't tell was that Big John made him vow not to do anything about it until Smoke was out or dead. But Harry never did anything about it. He didn't have the guts to try to crack a new territory like San Francisco; instead, after Smoke died, Harry started selling his information. Monk was one of the buyers. There were a lot of them and Monk got them all together and made a proposition. He'd pay sixty grand for the rock; if they all went at it alone they'd muffle the deal, so he suggested they form a syndicate and get it that way. So the ten heist boys did. But they couldn't trust any one of the crowd to go alone, so they all went. And Monk couldn't trust any of them, so he sent Crystal. The syndicate decided the best way to work it was to include one San Francisco boy and let him do the actual job. The guy was Buck Anglette and he blew the job and killed Smoke's sister. Also he didn't get the rock, but the syndicate didn't believe that, so they tried to make him talk and then killed him.

"Most of that," I continued, "I got from Crystal while combining business with pleasure. The boys didn't get the rock when the sister was killed. Lamson was able to pull them all in. And when Buck got bumped off and the boys still were around town I knew that Buck hadn't got the stone either. So I knew it must still be around. The syndicate thought the same way; they tried the apartment again, using one of their own members. He reported failure.

"Now here's the pay-off. The sister had the rock; she'd had it all the time and she'd known just how valuable it was and just what it meant to Smoke. Even after he died she didn't try to sell it, although she could have and there were times when she needed dough. Maybe you can understand how she felt; I can't. I guess she just liked the idea of having a

hundred-twenty-five-grand plaything."

"Never mind the theories."

"Sure. You know what happened. The syndicate began to go to pot because they started suspecting that one of them had lifted the rock and meant to deal with Monk on his own and that led to open war."

"Where's the diamond?"

I opened the package and handed him the dish cover. It was cut glass and the handle was a diamond-cut ball on the top. In fact it was the diamond, glued on in place of the regular handle.

"I didn't think she'd hide it away," I said. "She liked to see it and feel it and after all a diamond doesn't look a hell of a lot different than a piece of cut glass until you know what it's worth."

"How did you pick this thing?"

"It was about the only thing that she'd brought to the room. Besides I read a story by Poe . . ."

"So did I; skip it. I've got a job for you in Boston . . ."

"There's just one thing," I said.

"Yes?"

"You didn't withdraw the reward. Did you think I was stupid enough not to check? It's still on the books. Ten grand."

His face got red and then white and then red again. Finally he sighed and shrugged.

"You know the rule about our own men collecting rewards?"

"It's not for me," I told him. "Make the check payable to Dell Harris."

"And if I don't?"

"I can't do much," I admitted, "except tell it to the newspapers. I stole the thing from Dell on your orders."

He wrote the check and then he gave me an assignment tailing a guy whose wife wanted a divorce. And while I was sneaking around prying, he turned the rock over to the insurance outfit and collected a lot of front page for himself. My name didn't get a mention. I did get a nice note from Dell and that helped. But what helped most was Crystal used her key twice that week. #

Continued from page 48



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The Waxworks

Music from behind the Iron Curtain to the recitative of Phil Harris

by HERBERT KUBLY

The High

THE Big Three of Russian music—Serge Prokofiev, Dimitri Shostakovich and Aram Khatchaturian—have their ins-and-outs with Soviet officialdom. Khatchaturian's official spanking came at the very moment when he was the darling of the democratic U.S.A. and American record companies.

Khatchaturian's symphonic *Masquerade Suite*, a whirling potpourri of un-Soviet Czarist romanticism, is recorded by the Santa Monica Symphony, Jacques Rachmilovich conducting (Disc, 5 sides); the Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conducting (Victor, 4 sides), and by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Leopold Stokowski conducting (Columbia, 5 sides) ♣. Since it's the type of flamboyant music Stokowski conducts with a flossy hand, his version is the best.

Another lush Khatchaturian score, the *Violin Concerto*, is recorded by Violinist Louis Kaufman with the Santa Monica Symphony, Jacques Rachmilovich conducting (Concert Hall, 8 sides). Kaufman, who plays violin solos on Hollywood's sound tracks, has a fine heart-throbbing tone for this ice cream music.

Best Khatchaturian to reach records is the *Gayne Ballet Suite No. 1*, recorded by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Efrem Kurtz conducting (Columbia, 6 sides) ♣ ♣. The *Gayne's* fiery *Sabre Dance* is also recorded in a single-disc piano arrangement by Oscar Levant (Columbia); and by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski conducting (Victor), a single disc which has as its turnover the waltz episode from the *Masquerade* played by the Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conducting. The swing bands are also giving the *Sabre Dance* a whirl. Freddy Martin calls his, *Sabre Dance Boogie* (Victor), and Woody Herman's clarinet (Columbia) turns those sabres into nervous little stilettos.

A curious American composer of Armenian ancestry, named Alan Hovhaness, writes music that is ethnologically more Armenian than Khatchaturian's. Hovhaness' new album, containing *Lousadzeck* (*The Coming of Light*) and *Tzaikerck* (*Evening Song*) (Disc, 6 sides) ♣ is completely beguiling to the western ear. The Armenian-American pianist, Maro Ajemian, is soloist in *Lousadzeck*, a one-movement vortex of exquisite nonharmonic melodies, and her sister, Violinist Anahid Aje-

mian, is soloist in *Tzaikerck*, a gentle tinkle on a twilight breeze which sounds like the gamelang bands of Bali.

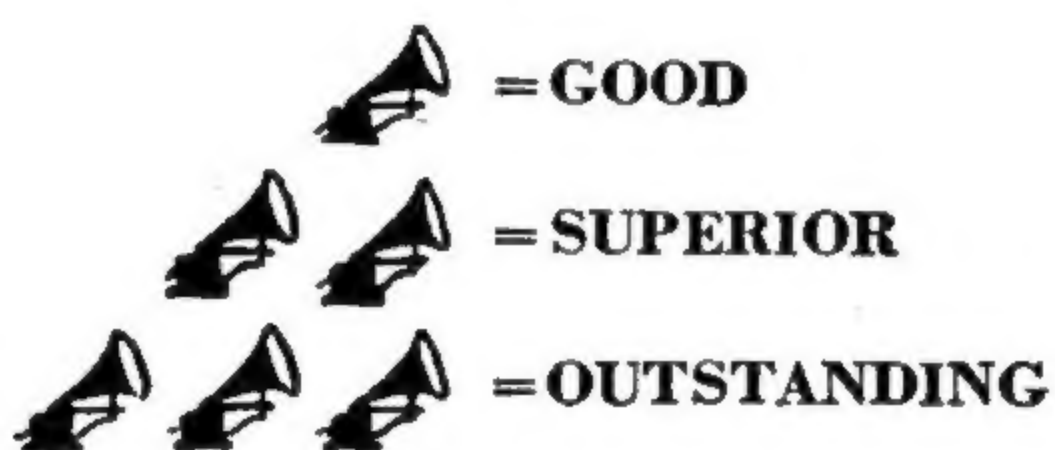
The Low

RICHARD DYER-BENNETT practices minstrelsy like an Elizabethan lute singer. Two new albums of Bennett songs are available: *Twentieth Century Minstrel* (Decca, 8 sides) ♣ ♣ and *Minstrel Songs of the U.S.A.* (Vox, 8 sides) ♣ ♣. In performance and recording they are equally good, so the choice must lie in the selections. Decca's *Eggs and Marrowbone* is the unsavory history of a lady who tries to liquidate her husband in the river, but is pushed in by him instead, and *The Willow Tree* tells of a poetic young homicidal who sinks six maidens in the sea, but, alas, is done in by the seventh. The Vox album includes *The Quaker Lover*, who is spurned, *The Lass from the Low Country* who loved a "lord of high degree" and the American spiritual, *Were You There?*

Three old-time barrel-house entertainers banded together for a rare album of their own compositions, called *Deep Woods Blues* (Circle Records, 6 sides) ♣ ♣ ♣. Bertha "Chippie" Hill, blues shouter currently prospering in Manhattan bistros, is accompanied by a washboard and a kazoo for her *Black Market Blues*; Montana Taylor, the most relaxed boogie player of all, ambles through his *Rotten Break Blues*, and Hociel Thomas, a lusty gal from Texas, sings *Go Down Sunshine*. In Circle's album, *This Is Jazz* (6 sides), "Chippie" Hill sings her great, *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home*, with the All Star Stompers, seasoned New Orleans and Chicago jazz veterans. Circle has also released a curious 4-sided recording of the late Bessie Smith, dubbed from the sound track of her only film short, *St. Louis Blues*.

Vocalist Phil Harris' frenzied recitative style sounds like an auctioneer trying to sell a decrepit mule. His new album, *On the Record* (Victor, 8 sides) ♣ includes *Darktown Poker Club*, *Woodman, Spare that Tree* and *Minnie the Mermaid*. ##

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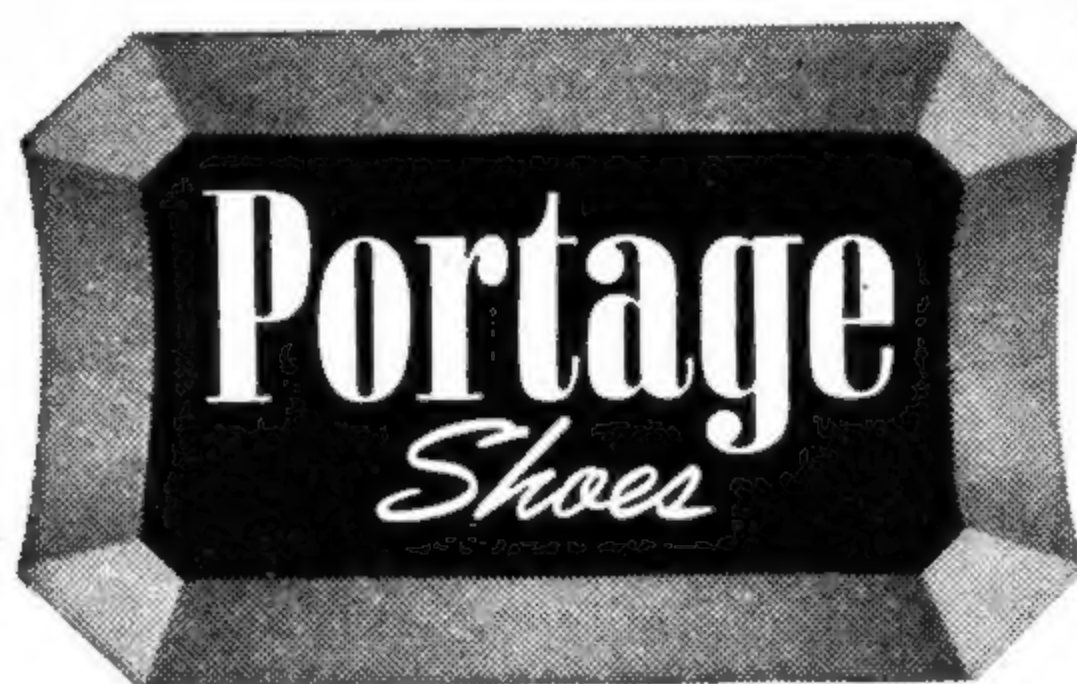
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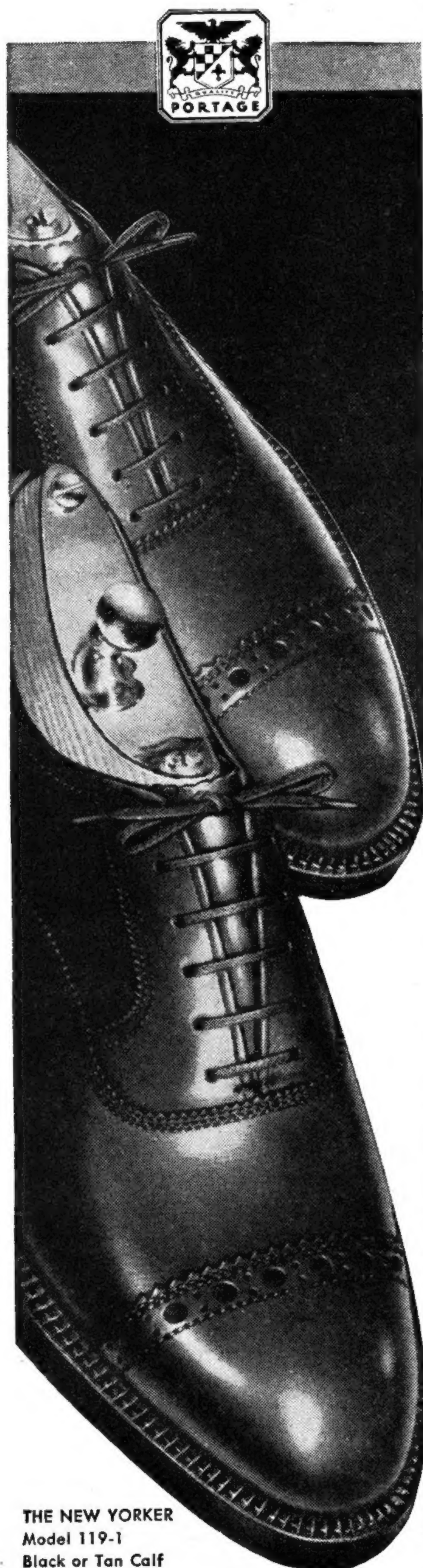
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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

AUGUST, 1948

Abels, Robert	8	Kelly's, Jimmy	21
Absorbine Jr. (W. F. Young, Inc.)	129	Kettle Cove Industries, Inc.	15
Adler Shoes for Men	8	Kings, The	21
Allen Edmonds ("The Saddle")	137	Knapp-Monarch Co. (Sparklet Devices Inc.)	132
Alligator Company, The	126		
American Wine Co. (Cook's)	138	Lentheric, Inc.	116
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.)	101	Lewis & Conger	19
Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. (Grant's)	123	Linguaphone Institute	13
Bar Mart	8	Mail Mart, Inc.	16
Bauer & Black ("Bracer Royal")	131	Melville (Ben Parkoff, Inc.)	136
Bendiksen Company, E. H.	16	Merz & Co., F. O.	16
Benner Glass Company	15	Mooresville Mills	111
Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc. (I. W. Harper)	12	Myers Industries, Joe Franklin	124
"Black & White" (Fleischmann Distilling Corporation)	133	Myers's (R. U. Delapenha & Company, Inc.)	134
Bond Clothes	14		
Book League of America	7	National Distillers Products Corp:	
Booth's House of Lords (Park & Tilford Import Corp.)	20	Old Angus	20
"Bracer Royal" (Bauer & Black)	131	Old Crow	127
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. (Old Forester)	18	PM	24
Burger, Joseph	15	Native Boot Company	13
		Navarro Bros.	14
		Noveltyme Studios (The Hicking Post)	13
Camel (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company)	IV Cover		
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:		Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corp.)	20
Mixers	III Cover	Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corp.)	127
Johnnie Walker	112	Old Forester (Brown-Forman Distillers Corp.)	18
Cape-Jac (Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co.)	14	Old Thompson (Glenmore Distilleries Company)	121
Carillon Importers Ltd. (Harwood's Canadian)	130	Orange Blossom (Traub Mfg. Co.)	8
Cash's	19		
Cavalier, The	21	PM (National Distillers Products Corp.)	24
Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co. (Cape-Jac)	14	Park & Tilford Import Corp:	
Classics Club, The	3	Booth's House of Lords	20
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow)	101	Private Stock	125
Collar-Bobs Co.	132	Reserve	117
Concord Shoes	16	Parkoff, Inc., Ben (Melville)	136
Consol-ette (Refrigerated Equipment Sales Corp.)	134	Portage Shoe Mfg. Co.	138
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc.	21	Private Stock (Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc.)	125
Cook's (American Wine Co.)	138		
Corcoran Inc.	8	Rabsons	16
Corsair Coaster Co.	14	Rainbow Plastic Hanger Sales Co.	15
Crompton-Richmond Co., Inc.	118	Rand (Roberts, Johnson & Rand Div., International Shoe Co.)	17
Cross Pencil Co., A. T. (Cross Century)	13	Ranger Electronic Inverter	16
		Refrigerated Equipment Sales Corp. (Consol-ette)	134
		Renfield Importers Ltd. (Haig & Haig)	119
Davis Mfg. Company	13	Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J. (Camel)	IV Cover
Dealer & Collector, The	15	Roberts, John C. (Friedman-Shelby Div., Internat. Shoe Co.)	122
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's)	134	Roberts, Johnson & Rand Div., International Shoe Co. (Rand)	17
Dennis Co., The Martin (Lexol)	21	Rum and Maple	15
Dillon, Mrs. D. F.	21		
Dobbs Hats (Hankachif Felt)	114	"Saddle, The" (Allen Edmonds)	137
Dutch Masters	137	Santa Cruz Ranch Supply	15
		Schenley Distillers Corporation (Reserve)	102B
Fleetwing Gifts (Chip-Chop)	19	Schenley, Sir John	4
Fleischmann Distilling Corp., The ("Black & White")	133	Schirmer, G.	15
Friedman-Shelby Div., International Shoe Co. (John C. Roberts)	122	Seagram Distillers Corporation (V. O.)	23
Frost Co., George	8	Sigma Products Corporation (Breath-O-Lator)	16
Fruit Industries, Ltd.	135	Smokers Robot Company	16
Frye Shoe Co., John A.	19	Sparklet Devices Inc. (Knapp-Monarch Co.)	132
		Springs Mills	11
Gem-Dandy, Inc.	135	Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. (Elevators)	19
Gillette Safety Razor Co.	13	Stokway Products	136
Glenmore Distilleries Company (Old Thompson)	121	Studebaker Corporation	II Cover
Grant's (Austin, Nichols & Company, Inc.)	123	Sugar Manufacturers' Association (of Jamaica), Ltd., The	20
Greenberg: Publisher	8		
		Taylor Wine Co., The	20
Haig & Haig (Renfield Importers Ltd.)	119	Textron, Inc.	102A
Hankachif Felt (Dobbs Hats)	114	Traub Mfg. Co. (Orange Blossom)	8
Harley-Davidson Motor Co.	21	Trija Company, The	21
Harper, I. W. (Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc.)	12		
Harwood's Canadian (Carillon Importers Ltd.)	130	V. O. (Seagram-Distillers Corp.)	23
Health Books	13		
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F. (Club Cocktails)	115	Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.)	112
Hicking Post, The (Noveltyme Studios)	13	Ward, Inc., Ashley F. (Nimrod)	14
House of Murphy	21	Wilson Sporting Goods Co.	120
Hull Mfg. Company	21		
Huntington House	20	Yield House	19
		Young, Inc., W. F. (Absorbine Jr.)	129
Jiffy Jigger Mfg. Co.	19		
Johnson Smith & Co.	14	Zephyroy (A. J. Juilliard & Co.)	135
Juilliard & Co., Inc., A. J. (Zephyroy)	135		

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.



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Imperial
AMERICAN
Champagne

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ESTABLISHED 1859

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OF YOUR DRINK"



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—uniform the world over

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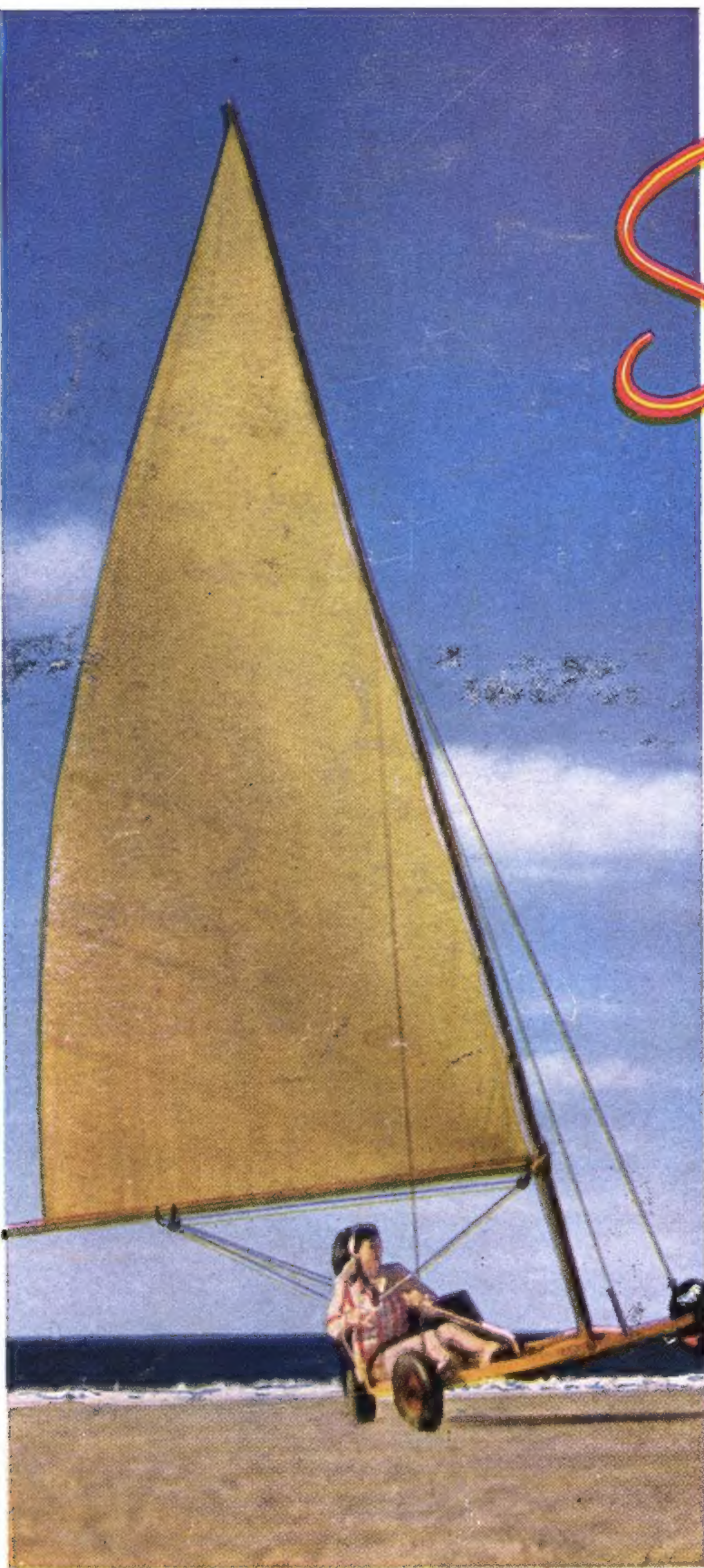
IT TAKES EXPERIENCE TO GO

Sailing on the Sand

Skipper
PEG NEELEY
agrees: "In sand
sailing—and in
cigarettes too—
**EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!"**



*Sailing on water is too slow for Peg Neeley and "crew." In these specially designed "boats on wheels," speeds of over a mile a minute are common. But it takes *experience* to sail that fast on sand!*



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